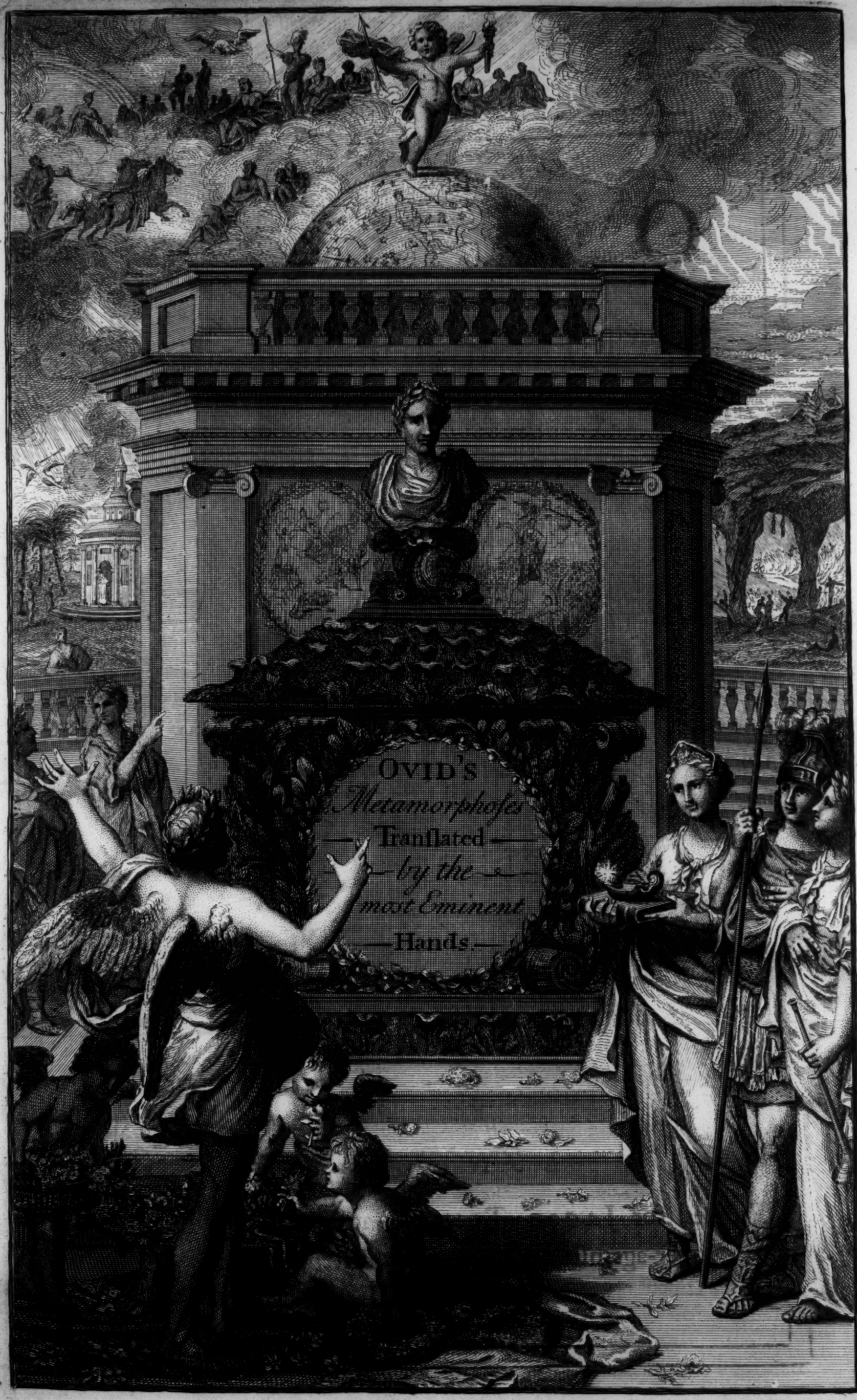

OVID'S
Metamorphofes
—Tranſlated—
—by the—
moſt Eminent
—Hands—

Ovidius Naso (P.)
[Metamorphoses
English.]

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES

IN

FIFTEEN BOOKS.

Tranſlated by the moſt Eminent HANDS.

Adorn'd with SCULPTURES.

LONDON:

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M DCC XVII.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES

IN

FIFTEEN BOOKS

K



Her Royal Highness the
PRINCESS of WALES

G. Kneller Eques Baron^tus pinxit.

Geo: Vertue Sculpsit.



Berchet del. *E Kirkall Scu.*

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM,

SINCE I am allow'd the honour, and Privilege of ſo eaſy Acceſs to Your Royal Highneſs, I dare ſay, I ſhall not be the worſe receiv'd for bringing *Ovid* along with me. He comes from Baniſhment to the Fautreſs of Liberty; from the Barbarous to the Polite; and has this to recommend him, which never fails with a Clemency, like Your's; He is Unfortunate.

DEDICATION.

Your Royal Highneſs, who feels for every one, has lately been the mournful Occaſion of a like Senſibility in many Others. Scarce an Eye, that did not tell the Danger You were in: Even Parties, tho' different in Principles, united at that time in their grief, and affectionate concern, for an event of ſo much conſequence to the Intereſt of Humanity, and Virtue; whilſt Your Self was the only Perſon, Then, unmov'd.

It was remarkable, That She, who, with a Manner moſt engaging, taught the innocent Pleaſures to appear more deſirable, than the criminal; who was every day the Life of ſome new agreeable Diverſion; ſhould behave Her Self, upon that cruel Tryal, with a Magnanimity ſo unſhaken, that thoſe who were Witneſſes might have imagin'd, She ſcarce ever had done any thing, but ſtudy how to Dye.

It is the greateſt Happineſs can attend an Age under a long depravation of Morals, to be bleſt with Examples, where Virtue is ſet off by the advantage of Birth. Such Qualifications, when united, do not only perſuade an Imitation, but Command it. Humane Nature is always more affected by what it ſees, than what it hears of: And as thoſe Ideas, which enter by the Eye, find the ſureſt paſſage to the Heart; ſo the more the Object, whatever it be, ſeems deſirable to the One, the longer it continues in the Other.

There are Perfections ſo ſhining, that one muſt be the very Worſt of Mortals, or the very Beſt, not to admire in all Thoſe who poſſeſs them. To be bleſt with a diſpoſition to Charity, not confin'd by any other Limits, than the Modeſty of thoſe who ask It: To know, and be rea-

dy

dy to excuſe Faults; yet, ſo ſtrict in Life, as not to want the like Indulgence; To have a Superiority of Genius capable of judging of the higheſt Affairs, and an Application ſo obſervant, as to penetrate into the moſt Minute: To be eaſy to lay down Grandeur upon familiar Occaſions, and diſcerning to take It up, when Dignity of Station requires; To know the politer Languages of the preſent Age, as a Native, and the greater Occurrences, and Periods of the Paſt, as an Hiſtorian, make up a Character, which is ſo obvious, that Every one will know where to apply it, except the Perſon, whoſe it really is: and if in this Your Royal Highneſs be at a Loſs, I think it is the only thing within the Province of Your Sex You are ignorant of.

I ſhall take up no more of Your time in this Dedication; becauſe, to do every thing that may be moſt acceptable to You, ſhall always be the Endeavour of,

MADAM,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S *moſt Humble,*

and moſt Obedient Servant,

S. GARTH.

PREFACE.

THE Method I propoſe in writing this Preface, is to take Notice of ſome of the Beauties of the *Metamorphoſes*, and alſo of the Faults, and particular Affectations. After which I ſhall proceed to hint at ſome Rules for Tranſlation in general; and ſhall give a ſhort Account of the following Verſion.

I ſhall not pretend to impoſe my Opinion on others with the magiſterial Authority of a Critic; but only take the Liberty of diſcovering my own Taſte. I ſhall endeavour to ſhow our Poet's Redundance of Wit, Juſtneſs of Compariſons, Elegance of Deſcriptions, and peculiar Delicacy in touching every Circumſtance relating to the Paſſions, and Affections; and with the ſame Impartiality, and Frankneſs, I ſhall confeſs the too frequent Puerilities of his luxuriant Fancy, and the too great Negligence of his ſometimes unlabour'd Verſification.

I am not of an Opinion, too common to Tranſlators, to think that One is under an Obligation to extoll every thing he finds in the Author he undertakes: I am ſure one is no more oblig'd to do ſo, than a Painter is to make every Face that ſits to him handſome. 'Tis enough if he ſets the beſt Features he finds in their full, and moſt advantageous Light. But if the Poet has private Deformities, tho' Good-breeding will not allow to expoſe him naked, yet ſurely there can be no R. ſon to recommend him, as the moſt finiſh'd Model of Harmony, and Proportion.

Whoever has this undiſtinguiſhing Complaiſance, will not fail to vitiate the Taſte of the Readers, and miſguide many of them in their Judgment, where to Approve, and where to Cenſure.

It muſt be granted, that where there appears an infinite Variety of inimitable Excellencies, it would be too harſh, and diſingenuous to be ſevere on ſuch Faults, as have eſcap'd rather thro' want of Leiſure, and Opportunity to correct, than thro' the erroneous Turn of a deprav'd Judgment. How ſenſible *Ovid* himſelf was of the Uncorrectneſs of the *Metamorphoſes*, appears from theſe Lines prefix'd before ſome of the Editions by the Care of his Commentators;

Orba parente ſuo quicunque Volumina tangis,
His ſaltem veſtrâ detur in urbe locus.
Quòq; magis faveas; non ſunt hæc edita ab Illo,
Sed quaſi de domini funere rapta ſui.
Quicquid in his igitur vitii rude carmen habebit,
Emendaturus, ſi licuiſſet, erat.

Triſt. El. vi.

Since therefore the Readers are not ſolemnly invited to an Entertainment, but come accidentally; they ought to be contented with what they find: And pray what have they to complain of, but too great Variety? where, tho' ſome of the Diſhes be not ſerv'd in the exacteſt Order, and Politeneſs, but haſh'd up in haſte; there are a great many accommodated to every particular Palate.

To like every thing, ſhows too little Delicacy; and to like nothing, too much Difficulty. So great is the Variety of this Poem, that the Reader, who is never pleas'd, will appear as monſtrous, as he that is always ſo. Here are the Hurries of Battles for the Heroe, tender Emotions of Soul for the Lover, a Search, and Penetration into Nature for the Philoſopher, Fluency of Numbers, and moſt expreſſive Figures for the Poet, Morals for the Serious, and Plaiſantries for Admirers of Points of Wit.

'Tis certain a Poet is more to be ſuſpected for ſaying too much, than too little. To add is often hazardous; but to retrench, commonly judicious. If our Author, inſtead of ſaying all he could, had only ſaid all he ſhould; *Daphne* had done well to fly from the God of Wit, in order to crown his Poet: Thus *Ovid* had been more honour'd, and ador'd in his Exile, than *Auguſtus* in his Triumphs.

I ſhall now attempt to give ſome Inſtances of the Happineſs, and vaſt Extent of our Author's Imagination. I ſhall not proceed according to the Order of the Poem, but rather tranſcribe ſome Lines here, and there, as my Reflection ſhall ſuggeſt.

Nec circumfuſo pendebat in aere tellus
Ponderibus librata ſuis ———

Thus was the State of Nature before the Creation: And here it is obvious, that *Ovid* had a diſcerning Notion of the Gravitation of Bodies. 'Tis now demonſtrated, that every Part of Matter tends to every Part of Matter with a Force, which is always in a direct ſimple Proportion of the Quantity of the Matter, and an inverſe duplicate Proportion of the Diſtance; which Tendency, or Gravitating is conſtant, and univerſal. This Power, whatever it be, acting always proportionably to the ſolid Content of Bodies, and never in any Proportion to their Superficies; cannot be explain'd by any material Impulſe. For the Laws of Impulſe are phyſically neceſſary: There can be no αὐτεξούσιον, or arbitrary Principle in meer Matter; its Parts cannot move unleſs they be mov'd; and cannot do otherwiſe, when preſs'd on by other Parts in Motion; and therefore 'tis evident from the following Lines, that *Ovid* ſtrictly adher'd to the Opinion of the moſt diſcerning Philoſophers, who taught that all things were form'd by a wiſe, and intelligent Mind.

Juſſit & extendi campos, ſubſidere valles,
Fronde tegi ſylvas ———

The *Fiat* of the *Hebrew* Law-giver is not more ſublime, than the *Juſſit* of the *Latin* Poet, who goes on in the ſame Elevated, and Philoſophical Style.

His

His ſuper impoſuit liquidum, & gravitate carentem
Æthera ——

Here the Author ſpreads a thin Veil of *Æther* over his Infant Creation; and tho' his aſſerting the upper Region to be void of Gravitation, may not, in a Mathematical Rigour, be true; yet 'tis found from the Natural Enquiries made ſince, and eſpecially from the learned Dr. *Hally*'s Diſcourſe on the *Barometer*, that if, on the Surface of the Earth, an Inch of Quickſilver in the Tube be equal to a Cylinder of Air of 300 Foot, it will be at a Mile's height equal to a Cylinder of Air of 2700000: and therefore the Air at ſo great a Diſtance from the Earth, muſt be rarify'd to ſo great a Degree, that the Space it fills muſt bear a very ſmall Proportion to that which is entirely void of Matter.

I think, we may be confident from what already appears, as well as from what our Author has writ on the *Roman* Feaſts, that he cou'd not be totally ignorant of Aſtronomy. Some of the Criticks wou'd inſinuate from the following Lines, that he miſtook the annual Motion of the Sun for the Diurnal.

Sectus in obliquum——— Met. B. 2.

Tho' the Sun be always in one or other of the Signs of the *Zodiack*, and never goes by either Motion more Northward, or Southward, than is here deſcrib'd; Yet *Phaeton* being deſign'd to drive the Chariot but one Day, ought to have been directed in the *Æquator*, or a Circle Parallel to it, and not round the other Oblique one of the Ecliptick: a Degree of which, and that by a Motion contrary to the Diurnal, he was obliged to go in that length of Time.

I am inclin'd to think, that *Ovid* had ſo great an Attention to Poetical Embeliſhments, that he voluntarily declin'd a ſtrict Obſervance of any Aſtronomical Syſtem. For tho' that Science was far from being neglected in former Ages; yet the Progreſs which was made in it, by no means equall'd that of our preſent Time.

Lucretius, tho' in other things moſt penetrating, deſcribes the Sun ſcarce bigger, than he appears to the Eye.

Nec nimio ſolis major rota, nec minor ardor
Eſſe poteſt, noſtris quam ſenſibus eſſe videtur.

And *Homer*, imagining the Seats of the Gods above the fix'd Stars, repreſents the falling of *Vulcan* from thence to the Iſle of *Lemnos*, to continue during a whole Day.

Πᾶν δ' ἦμαρ φερόμην, ἅμα δ' ἠελίῳ καταδύντι Il. B. 1.
Κάππεσον ἐν Λήμνῳ ——

The *Greek* Poet aims here to give a ſurpriſing Idea of theheight of the Celeſtial Manſions: but if the Computation of a modern Aſtronomer be true,

true, they are at ſo much a greater Diſtance, that *Vulcan* wou'd have been more Years in falling, than he was Minutes.

But leaſt I ſhou'd exceed the uſual Length of a Preface, I ſhall now give ſome Inſtances of the Propriety of our Author's Similes, and Epithets; the Perſpicuity of his Allegories; the Inſtructive Excellence of the Morals; the peculiar happy Turn of his Fancy; and ſhall begin with the Elegance of his Deſcriptions.

Met. B. 1.

——Madidis Notus evolat alis,
Terribilem piceâ tectus caligine vultum.
Barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis,
Fronte ſedent nebulæ, rorant pennæque, ſinuſque.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Sternuntur ſegetes, & deplorata coloni
Vota jacent, longique labor perit irritus anni.

Theſe Lines introduce thoſe of the Deluge, which are alſo very Poetical, and worthy to be compar'd with the next, concerning the Golden Age.

——Sine militis uſu
Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia gentes.
Ipſa quoque immunis raſtroque intacta, nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus, per ſe dabat omnia tellus.
Contentique cibis, nullo cogente, creatis,
Arbuteos fœtus, montanaque fraga legebant,
Et quæ deciderant patulâ Jovis arbore glandes.
Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris
Mulcebant Zephyri natos ſine ſemine flores.

Virgil has alſo touch'd upon the ſame Subject in the end of the Second *Georgick.*

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat,
Nec dum etiam audierant inflari claſſica, nec dum
Impoſitos duris crepitare incudibus enſes.

And again

Æn. B. 8. l. 319.

Primus ab ætherio venit Saturnus Olympo
- - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Aurea, quæ perhibent, illo ſub rege fuerunt
Sæcula: ſic placidâ populos in pace regebat.

Some of the Lines, a little foreign to the preſent Subject, are omitted; but I ſhall make the moſt admirable Author amends by tranſcribing at length his next Deſcription. 'Tis of a Stag, which gave the firſt Occaſion to the War betwixt the *Trojans* and the *Rutulians*: I chuſe this, becauſe my Deſign is to have theſe two great Poets ſeen together, where the Subject happens to be almoſt the ſame, tho' the Nature of the Poems be very different.

Æn. B. 7. l. 483.

Cervus erat formâ præſtanti, & cornibus ingens,
Tyrreidæ pueri, quem matris ab ubere raptum

Nutri-

Nutribant, Tyrrheuſque pater, cui regia parent
Armenta, & latè cuſtodia credita campi.
Aſſuetum imperiis ſoror omni Sylvia curâ
Mollibus intexens ornabat cornua ſertis:
Pectebatque ferum, puroque in fonte lavabat.
Ille manûm patiens, menſæque aſſuetus herili
Errabat ſylvis———————

The Image which *Ovid* gives of the Favourite Stag ſlain accidentally by *Cypariſſus*, ſeems not of leſs Dignity.

Ingens cervus erat, latéque patentibus altas
Ipſe ſuo capiti præbebat cornibus umbras:
Cornua fulgebant auro, demiſſaque in armos
Pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
Bulla ſuper frontem parvis argentea loris
Vincta movebatur: parilique ex ære nitebant
Auribus in geminis circum cava tempora baccæ.
Iſque metu vacuus, naturalique pavore
Depoſito, celebrare domos, mulcendaque colla
Quamlibet ignotis manibus præbere ſolebat.
Gratus erat Cypariſſe tibi, Tu pabula cervum
Ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores:
Nunc, eques in tergo reſidens, huc latus & illuc
Mollia purpureis frænabas ora capiſtris.

In the following Lines, *Ovid* deſcribes the watry Court of the River *Peneus*, which the Reader may compare with *Virgil*'s Subterranean Grott of *Cyrene* the *Naïad*, Mother to *Ariſtæus*.

Eſt nemus Hæmoniæ, prærupta quod undique claudit Met. B. 1.
Silva: vocant Tempe, per quæ Penëus ab imo
Effuſus Pindo ſpumoſis volvitur undis:
Dejectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos
Nubila conducit, ſummaſque aſpergine ſylvas
Impluit; & ſonitu plus quam vicina fatigat.
Hæc domus, hæ ſedes, hæc ſunt penetralia magni
Amnis: in hoc reſidens facto de cautibus antro.
Undis jura dabat, Nymphiſque colentibus undas.
Conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum;
Neſcia gratentur, conſolenturvé parentem,
Populifer Spercheos, & irrequietus Enipeus,
Eridanuſque ſenex, leniſque Amphryſos, & Æas.
Moxque amnes alii, qui, quà tulit impetus illos,
In mare deducunt feſſas erroribus undas.

Triſtis Ariſtæus Penei genitoris ad undam G. B. 4
Stat lacrymans———————

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Jamque domum mirans genetricis, & humida regna,
Speluncisque lacus clausos, lucosque sonantes,
Ibat; & ingenti motu stupefactus aquarum,
Omnia sub magnâ labentia flumina terrâ
Spectabat diversa locis, Phasimque, Lycumque,
Et caput, unde altus primum se erumpit Enipeus,
Unde pater Tiberinus, & unde Aniena fluenta,
Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

The Divine Poet goes on in Pomp of Numbers, and easy Magnificence of Words, till he introduces the Story of *Orpheus* and *Euridice*; in the Narration of which, he is as much superior to *Ovid*, as the Reeds of his own *Mantuan* Shepherds are less Musical, than the Lyre of *Orpheus*.

That I may not be too long on this Article, I shall recommend to the Reader, *Ovid*'s admirable Description of Sleep——*Est prope Cimmerios*—— Met. B. 11.
That of Hunger———*Est locus extremis Scythiæ*——— B. 8.
That of the Plague———*Dira lues*——— B. 7.
That of Fame———*Orbe locus medio est*——— B. 12.

Virgil has also touch'd on the two last; in the one he had *Lucretius* in View; in the other, *Homer*: and I think it will not be to the Disadvantage of our Author to appear at the same time.

There are many other Descriptions scatter'd in the *Metamorphoses*, which, for just Expression of Nature, and Majestick Modulation of Words, are only Inferior to those already transcrib'd, as they are shorter; which makes the Objection, that his Diction is commonly loytring into Prose, a great deal too severe.

The *Metamorphoses* must be consider'd, as is observ'd before, very uncorrect; and *Virgil*'s Works as finish'd: tho' his own Modesty wou'd not allow the *Æneids* to be so. It seems it was harder for him to please himself, than his Readers. His Judgment was certainly great, nor was his Vivacity of Imagination less; for the first without the last is too heavy, and like a Dress without Fancy; and the last without the first is too gay, and but all Trimming.

Our Author's Similitudes are next to be consider'd, which are always remarkably short, and convey some pleasing Idea to the Imagination. 'Tis in this Branch of the Poem, that he has discover'd as just a Judgement, as any of the Classicks whatever. Poets, to give a Loose to a warm Fancy, are generally too apt, not only to expatiate in their Simile's, but introduce them too frequently; by doing the first, they detain the Attention too long from the principal Narration; and by the latter, they make too frequent Breaches in the Unity of the Poem.

Those two Errors *Ovid* has most discerningly avoided. How short, and significant are generally his Comparisons! he fails not, in these, to keep a stiff Rein on a High-mettled *Pegasus*; and takes care not to surfeit here, as he has done on other Heads, by an erroneous Abundance.

His

His Simile's are thicker ſown by much in the Fable of *Salmacis*, and *Hermaphroditus*, than in any other Book, but always ſhort.

The Nymph claſps the Youth cloſe to her Breaſt, and both inſenſibly grow one.

——Velut ſi quis conducto cortice ramos Met. B 4.
Creſcendo jungi, pariterque adoleſcere cernat.

Again, as *Atalanta* reddens in the Race with *Hippomenes*,

Inque puellari corpus candore ruborem Met. B. 10.
Traxerat; haud aliter quam cum ſuper atria velum
Candida purpureum ſimulatas inficit umbras.

Philomela's Tongue ſeem'd to move after it was cut out by *Tereus*.

Utque ſalire ſolet mutilatæ cauda colubræ, B. 6.
Palpitat——

Cadmus ſows the Dragons Teeth, and the Sons of the Earth riſe gradually.

Inde fide majus glebæ cepêre moveri; B. 3.
Primaque de ſulcis acies apparuit haſtæ;
Tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono,
Mox humeri, pectuſque ——
Sic ubi tolluntur feſtis aulæa theatris
Surgere ſigna ſolent, primumque oſtendere vultum,
Cætera paulatim, placidoque educta tenore
Tota patent, imoque pedes in margine ponunt.

The Objection to *Ovid*, that he never knows when to give over, is too manifeſt. Tho' he frequently expatiates on the ſame Thought, in different Words; yet in his Simile's, that Exuberance is avoided. There is in them all a Simplicity, and a Confinement to the preſent Object; always a Fecundity of Fancy, but rarely an Intemperance: nor do I remember he has err'd above once by an ill-judg'd Superfluity. After he has deſcrib'd the Labyrinth built by *Dædalus*, he compares it thus,

Non ſecus ac liquidus Phrygiis Mænandros in arvis B. 8.
Ludit, & ambiguo lapſu refluitque, fluitque;
Et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare verſus apertum
Incertas exercet aquas———

He ſhould have ended at the cloſe of the Second Line, as *Virgil* ſhould have done at the end of the Fourth in his noble Similè, where *Dido* proceeds to the Temple with her Court about her.

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi Æn. B. 4.
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille ſecutæ
Hinc, atque hinc glomerantur Orëades, illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſque deas ſupereminet omnes:
Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.

I ſee no Reaſon for the laſt Line: Tho' the Poet be juſtly celebrated for a moſt conſummate Judgment, yet by an Endeavour to imitate *Homer*'s Simile's, he is not only very long, but by introducing ſeveral Circumſtances, he fails of an applicable Relation betwixt the principal Subject, and his new Ideas. He ſometimes thinks fit to work into the Piece ſome differing Embroidery, which, tho' very rich, yet makes at beſt but glorious Patchwork. I really believe his excellent Poem had not been the leſs ſo, if, in this Article, he had thought fit to have walk'd on in his own regular and Majeſtick Grace, rather than have been hurry'd forward through broken By-ways by his blind Guide.

I ſhall tranſcribe one of his Simile's which is not cull'd out, but exactly of the ſame Texture with all the reſt in the four laſt Books of the *Æneids*.

Turnus leaps in Fury from his Chariot.

Æn. B. 12. L. 684.

Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas,
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu
Exultatque ſolo, ſylvas, armenta, viroſque
Involvens ſecum———

It does not ſeem to be at all Material, whether the Rock was blown, or waſh'd down by Wind, or Rain, or undermin'd by Time.

But to return to *Ovid*; the Reader may take Notice how unforc'd his Compliments, and how natural his Tranſitions generally are. With how much Eaſe does he ſlide into ſome new Circumſtance, without any Violation of the Unity of the Story. The Texture is ſo artful, that it may be compar'd to the Work of his own *Arachne*, where the Shade dyes ſo gradually, and the Light revives ſo imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceaſes, and the other begins.

When he is going off from the Story of *Apollo*, and *Daphne*; how happily does he introduce a Compliment to the *Roman* Conquerors.

Met. B. 1.

———Et conjux quoniam mea non potes eſſe,
Arbor eris certè———
Tu Ducibus lætis aderis, cum læta triumphum
Vox canet, & longæ viſent Capitolia pompæ.
Poſtibus Auguſtis eadem fidiſſima cuſtos
Ante fores ſtabis; mediamque tuebere quercum.

He compliments *Auguſtus* upon the Aſſaſſination of *Julius*; and, by way of Similè, takes the Opportunity from the Horror that the Barbarity of *Lycaon* gave.

——Sic cum manus impia ſævit
Sanguine Cæſareo Romanum extinguere nomen, &c.

Julius is deify'd, and looks down on his adopted Son.

B. 15.

——Natique videns benefacta, fatetur
Eſſe ſuis majora, & vinci gaudet ab illo.

Add

And immediately follows———

Hic ſua præferri quanquam vetat acta paternis;
Libera fama tamen, nulliſque obnoxia juſſis
Invitum præfert. ———

The Author in the two firſt Lines ſhows the Affectionate Condeſcention of the Father; in the three laſt, the pious Gratitude of the Son.

The Compliments to *Auguſtus* are very frequent in the laſt Book of the *Metamorphoſes*; as thoſe to the ſame Emperor are in the *Georgicks* of *Virgil*, which alſo ſtrike the Imagination by their agreeable Flattery.

Hæc ſuper arvorum cultu pecorumque canebam, G. 1.
Et ſuper arboribus; Cæſar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello, victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.

Again on *Julius*,

Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet aſtris Æn. B. 1.
Julius ———

The Compliments have a great Sublimity, and worthy of the Grandeur of the Heroes, and the Wit of the Poet.

Ovid as much deſerves Praiſe, for ſaying a great deal in a little, as Cenſure for ſaying a litle in a great deal. None of the Claſſick Poets had the Talent of expreſſing himſelf with more Force, and Perſpicuity.

Phaeton deſires ſome Pledge of his Father's Tenderneſs, and asks to be truſted with his Chariot. He anſwers,

Pignora certa petis; do pignora certa timendo. B. 2.

However, the latter complies with his Importunity: the Conſequence is fatal, the World is ſet on Fire, even the Rivers feel the force of the Conflagration. The *Tagus* boyls,

——— *Fluit ignibus Aurum.*

The *Nile* retreats,

Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet———

Zanthus is parch'd up,

Arſuruſque iterum Zanthus———

The Poet's Fancy is here full of Energy, as well as in the following Lines. *Apollo* courts *Daphne*, and promiſes himſelf Succeſs, but is diſappointed.

Quodque cupit, ſperat; ſuaque illum Oracula fallunt.

And again,

The River *Achelous* combats *Hercules*, and aſſumes ſeveral Shapes in vain, then puts on at laſt that of a Snake; the Heroe ſmiles in Contempt.

Cunarum labor eſt angues ſuperare mearum.

Ovid never excells himſelf ſo much, as when he takes Occaſion to touch upon the Paſſion of Love; all Hearts are in a manner ſenſible of the ſame Emotions; and, like Inſtruments tun'd Uniſons, if a String of any one of them be ſtruck, the reſt, by conſent, vibrate.

Procris is jealous of *Cephalus*; ſhe endeavours to be confirm'd in her Fears, but hopes the contrary,

——*Speratque miſerrima falli.*

The next is not leſs Natural,

———*Sed cuncta timemus amantes.*

Biblis is in love with *Caunus*. The Struggle is betwixt her unlawful Flame, and her Honour.

She's all Confuſion at the Thoughts of diſcovering her Paſſion ——,

———*miſerere fatentis amorem.*

She attempts to write,

Incipit & dubitat: ſcribit, damnatque tabellas,
Et notat, & delet: mutat, culpatque probatque

In the End, Inclination, as it does always, gets the better of Diſcretion.

This laſt Fable ſhows how touchingly the Poet argues in Love Affairs, as well as thoſe of *Medea*, and *Scylla*. The two laſt are left by their Heroes, and their Reflections are very Natural, and Affecting. *Ovid* ſeem'd here to have had *Virgil*'s Paſſion of *Dido* in his Eye, but with this difference; the one had convers'd much with Ladies, and knew they lov'd to talk a great deal: The other conſider'd no leſs what was natural for them to ſay, than what became them to ſay.

Virgil has, through the whole Management of this Rencounter, diſcover'd a moſt finiſh'd Judgment. *Æneas*, like other Men, likes for Convenience, and leaves for greater. *Dido*, like other Ladies, reſents the Neglect, enumerates the Obligations the Lover is under, upbraids him with Ingratitude, threatens him with Revenge, then by and by ſubmits, begs for Compaſſion, and has recourſe to Tears.

It appears from this Piece, that *Virgil* was a diſcerning Maſter in the Paſſion of Love: And they that conſider the Spirit, and Turn of that inimitable Line——*Qui Bavium non odit*——cannot doubt but he had an equal Talent for Satyr.

Nor does the Genius of *Ovid* more exert on the Subject of Love, than on all others. In the Contention of *Ajax*, *Ulyſſes* his Elocution is moſt nervous, and perſwading. Where he endeavours to diſſwade Mankind from indulging carnivorous Appetites in his Pythagorean Philoſophy, how emphatical is his Reaſoning!

B. 15.

Quid meruêre boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare laborem?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus
Qui potuit curvi dempto modò pondere aratri
Ruricolam mactare ſuum——

I think *Agricolam* had been ſtronger, but the Authority of Manuſcripts does not warrant that Emendation.

Through the whole Texture of this Work, *Ovid* diſcovers the higheſt Humanity, and a moſt exceeding good Nature. The Virtuous in Diſtreſs are always his Concern; and his Wit contrives to give them an Immortality with himſelf.

He ſeems to have taken the moſt Pains in the firſt, and ſecond Book of the *Metamorphoſes*, tho' the Thirteenth abounds with Sentiments moſt moving, and with calamitous Incidents, introduc'd with great Art. The Poet had here in View, the Tragedy of *Hecuba* in *Euripides*; and 'tis a wonder, it has never been attempted in our own Tongue. The Houſe of *Priam* is deſtroy'd, his Royal Daughter a Sacrifice to the *Manes* of him that occaſion'd it. She is forc'd from the Arms of her unhappy Friends, and hurry'd to the Altar, where ſhe behaves herſelf with a Decency becoming her Sex, and a Magnanimity equal to her Blood, and ſo very affecting, that even the Prieſt wept.

——*Ipſe etiam flens, invituſque ſacerdos, &c.*

She ſhows no Concern at approaching Death, but on the Account of her old, unfortunate Mother,

Mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere poſſit.
Mater obeſt, minuitque necis mea gaudia; quamvis
Non mea mors illi: verum ſua vita gemenda eſt.

Then begs her Body may be deliver'd to her without Ranſom,

——*Genetrici corpus inemptum*
Reddite; néve, auro redimat jus triſte ſepulchri,
Sed lacrymis: tunc, cum poterat, redimebat & auro.

The unhappy Queen laments, ſhe is not able to give her Daughter royal Burial,

Non hæc eſt fortuna domûs——

Then takes the Body in her decrepid Arms, and halts to the Sea to waſh off the Blood,

——*Ad littus paſſu proceſſit anili*
Albentes laniata comas.——

The animated Thoughts, and lively Images of this Poem, are numerous. None ever painted more to the Life, than our Author, tho' ſeveral Groteſque Figures are, now and then, ſeen in the ſame Groupe. The moſt plentiful Seaſon, that gives Birth to the fineſt Flowers, produces alſo the rankeſt Weeds. *Ovid* has ſhown in one Line, the brighteſt Fancy ſometimes; and in the next, the pooreſt Affectation.

Venus makes Court to *Adonis*,

——*Et ecce!* B. 10. l. 556.
Opportuna ſuâ blanditur Populus umbrâ;
Et requievit humo; preſſitque & gramen & ipſum.

Phœbus requeſts *Phaeton* to deſiſt from his Requeſt.

Conſiliis

———*Conſiliis, non curribus utere noſtris.*

Cæneus in the Battle of the *Centaurs* wounds *Latreus* in ſeveral Places.

———*Vulnuſque in vulnere fecit.*

Theſe are ſome of our Poet's Boyiſms. There is another Affectation, call'd by *Quintil.* Ὀξύμωρον, or a witty Folly, which wou'd not have appear'd quite ſo trifling, had it been leſs frequent.

Medea perſuades the Daughters of *Pelias* to kill their Father, in order to have his Youth renew'd. She that loves him beſt gives the firſt Wound,

B. 7. *Et, ne ſit ſcelerata, facit ſcelus*———

Althea is enrag'd at her Son *Meleager*, and to do Juſtice to the *Manes* of his Brothers, deſtroys him,

Impietate pia eſt ——

Envy enters *Athens*, and beholds the flouriſhing Condition of the City,

Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.

Ovid was much too fond of ſuch Witticiſms, which are more to be wonder'd at, becauſe they were not the Faſhion of that Age, as Punns, and Quibbles are of this. *Virgil*, as I remember, is not found trifling in this Manner above once, or twice.

G.B.1. l. 63. *Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem,*
Unde homines nati, durum genus———

Juno is in Indignation at *Æneas* upon his Arrival in *Italy*.

Æn. 7. l. 295. *Num capti potuere capi? num incenſa cremavit*
Troja viros?———

The Poet is ſo far from Affecting this ſort of Wit, that he rarely ventures on ſo ſpirited a Turn of Fancy, as in theſe following Inſtances.

Juno upbraids *Venus*, and *Cupid* Ironically, that two Deities cou'd be able to get the better of one weak Woman,

Æn. B 4. l. 95 ———*Memorabile nomen,*
Una dolo Divûm, ſi fæmina victa duorum eſt.

Euryalus, going upon an Enterpriſe, expreſſes his Concern for his ſurviving Mother, if he ſhou'd fall, and recommends her to the Care of *Aſcanius*, who Anſwers,

Namque erit iſta mihi genitrix, nomenque Creüſæ
Solum defuerit ——

Venus is importunate in her Sollicitations to *Vulcan*, to make Armour for her Son: He Anſwers,

Æn. 7 ———*Abſiſte precando*
Viribus indubitare tuis———

At

At the first kindling of *Dido*'s Passion, he has this most natural Thought,

——Illum absens absentem auditque, videtque.

But to return to *Ovid*; tho' I cannot vindicate him for his Points, I shall endeavour to mollify his Criticks, when they give him no quarter for his Diction, and attack him so inflexibly for ending his Lines with Monosyllables, as——*si quis*——*si non*, &c. and as I think he cannot be excus'd more advantagiously, than by affirming that where he has done it once, *Virgil* has twenty times——*Et cum*

——*Si quis*——*Nec dum*—— G. 1.
——*Si quam*——*Si quis*—— G. 2.
——*Jam bos*——*Nunc nunc*—— &c. Æn. 1. Æn. 7. Æn. 12.

There are a great many Endings of Lines in this manner, and more indeed than seems consistent with the Majesty of Heroick Verse. When Lines are design'd to be *sermoni propiores*, this Liberty may be allowable, but not so when the Subject requires more sonorous Numbers. *Virgil* seems to endeavour to keep up his Versification to an Harmonious Dignity; and therefore, when fit Words do not offer with some ease, he'll rather break off in an Hemistick, than that the Line shou'd be lazy, and languid. He well knew how essential it was in Poetry to flatter the Ear; and at the same time was sensible, that this Organ grows tir'd by a constant Attention to the same Harmony; and therefore he endeavour'd now and then to relieve it by a Cadence of Pauses, and a Variation of Measures.

Amphion Dircæus in Actæo Aracyntho. Ecl. 2.

This Line seems not tuneful at the first hearing; but by Repetition, it reconciles it self, and has the same Effect with some Compositions of Musick, which are at the first Performance tiresome, and afterward Entertaining.

The Commentators, and Criticks are of Opinion, that whenever *Virgil* is less Musical, it is where he endeavours at an Agreement of the Sound with the Sense, as,

——Procumbit humi bos.

It wou'd show as much Singularity to deny this, as it does a fanciful Facility to affirm it, because it is obvious, in many Places he had no such view.

——*Inventa sub ilicibus sus.* Æn. 3. l. 390.
——*Dentesque sabellicus exacuit sus.* G. 3. l. 255.
——*Jam setis obsita, jam bos.* Æn. 7. l. 790.
——*Furor additus, inde Lupi ceu*, &c. Æn. 11. l. 355.

The Places, which favour most the first Opinion, are,

Saxa per & scopulos, & depressas convalles. G. 3. l 275.
——*Sepe exiguus mus.*
Omnia sub magnâ labentia flumina terrâ. G. 4.

The last Line is the only Instance, I remember (except one in *Ecl.* 2.) where the Words terminate in the same Vowel, and seem to represent the constant, and uniform sound of a sliding Stream.

Thoſe, that are moſt converſant in Claſſick Poetry, muſt be ſenſible, that *Virgil* has been much more ſolicitous, than *Ovid*, to keep up his Lines to an eaſy, and a Muſical Flow; but tho' the Criticks charge the latter with breaking through *Proſody* and *Grammar*, and allowing himſelf too often the Licence of Græciſms; I take this Cenſure to be only an arrogant Pedantry in the Grammarians, and groundleſs in it ſelf; but tho' it were true, I dare be confident it is full as juſt upon *Virgil*,

Ec. 5. l. 29. ——*Curru ſubjungere Tigres*,

For *Currui*, according to the Grammarians.

Often Adjectives for Adverbs; and the contrary.

G. 1. ——*Pinguia culta*; an Adjective for a Subſtantive.

——*Denſo diſtinguere pingui*; the ſame.

Æn. 11. l. 69. ——*Seu languentis Hyacinthi*; firſt Foot of the Dactyl ſhort.

Æn. 4. ——*Tulerunt faſtidia menſes*; the penultima of the Verb ſhort.

Obſtupui ſteteruntque comæ——the ſame.

So *Lucretius*, *prodiderunt*, *occiderunt*, &c.

——*Pampineo gravidus autumno*; an Iambick for a Spondee.

G. 1. l. 283. *Fluviorum rex Eridanus campoſque per omnes*; an Anapeſt for a Dactyl, or a Spondee.

Æn. 10. l. 29. *Nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Mneſtheo*; a Trochee, unleſs the two Conſonants *M N* of the following Word be allow'd.

G. 1. l. 456. *Fervere. non illâ quiſquam* ——

The Penultima commonly ſhort with *Virgil*, ſo *fulgere*, *ſtridere*, &c.

G. 1. l. 456. Æn. 12. 680. ——*Sine me furere ante furorem*; a Græciſm.

—— *Imponere Pelio Oſſam*; a Græciſm, where there is no Eliſion, but the long Vowel before another made ſhort.

The learned, and Reverend Dr. *Clark* has obſerv'd, (as he tells me) that tho' there be ſeveral ſhort Vowels made long in *Homer*, yet there is no Inſtance on the contrary, of a long Vowel (ſuch as the firſt Syllable of τιμὴ, ψυχὴ, νίκη, and the like) made ſhort, except in ſuch a Caſe as that I have cited, where the next Word begins with a Vowel; which ſhows, that there is no ſuch thing as a *Poetica licentia*, properly ſo call'd.

Certainly no body can imagine but theſe two celebrated Authors underſtood their own Tongue better, than the ſcrupulous Grammarians of After-ages, who are too Dogmatical, and Self-ſufficient, when they preſume to cenſure Either of them for not attending ſtrictly enough to Syntax, and the Meaſure of Verſe. The *Latin* Tongue is a dead Language, and none can decide with Confidence on the Harmony, or Diſonance of the Numbers of theſe Times, unleſs they were thoroughly acquainted with their Pauſes, and Cadence. They may indeed pronounce with much more Aſſurance on their Diction; and diſtinguiſh where they have been negligent, and where more finiſh'd. There are certainly many Lines in *Ovid*, where he has been downright Lazy, and where he might have avoided the Appearance of being obviouſly ſo by a very little application. In recording the Succeſſion of the *Alban* Kings, thus,

Epitus ex illo eſt, poſt hunc Capetuſque, Capyſque,
Sed Capys ante fuit——

There

There are alſo ſeveral Lines in *Virgil*, which are not altogether tunable to a modern Ear, and which appear unfiniſh'd.

Scilicet omnibus eſt labor impendendus, & omnes G. 2 l. 61.
Cogendæ in ſulcum———
Præſertim ſi tempeſtas a vertice ſylvis G. 2. l. 310.
Incubuit———————
Quaſve referre parem? ſed nunc, eſt omnia quando Æn. 11. l. 509.
Iſte animus ſupra———
Iſta quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas, Æn. 12. l. 808.
Jupiter———

But the Sun has its Spots; and if amongſt Thouſands of inimitable Lines, there ſhou'd be ſome found of an unequal Dignity with the reſt, nothing can be ſaid for their Vindication more, than, if they be Faults, they are the Faults of *Virgil*.

As I ought to be on this Occaſion an Advocate for *Ovid*, whom I think is too much run down at preſent by the critical Spirit of this Nation; I dare ſay, I cannot be more effectually ſo, than by comparing him in many Places with his admir'd Contemporary *Virgil*; and tho' the laſt certainly deſerves the Palm, I ſhall make uſe of *Ovid*'s own Lines, in the tryal of Strength betwixt *Achelous* and *Hercules*, to ſhow how much he is honour'd by the Contention.

———Non tam Met. B. 9.
Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendiſſe decorum.

I ſhall finiſh my Remarks on our Author, by taking Notice of the Juſtneſs, and Perſpicuity of his Allegories; which are either Phyſical or Natural; Moral; or Hiſtorical. Of the firſt Kind is the Fable of *Apollo*, and *Python*; in the Explanation of this all the *Mythologiſts* agree; Exhalations and Miſts being the conſtant Effects of Inundations, are here diſſipated by the Rays of the Sun.

Of the Second Kind, are *Acteon* torn to Pieces by his own Pack of Dogs, and *Eriſicthon* ſtarv'd by the Diſeaſe of Hunger. Theſe two Allegories ſeem to ſignify, that Extravagance and Luxury end in Want.

Of the Third, is the Story of the Rape of *Europa*. Hiſtory ſays, ſhe was Daughter to *Agenor*, and carry'd by the *Candians* in a Gally, bearing a Bull in the Stern, in order to be marry'd to one of their Kings nam'd *Jupiter*.

This Explanation gives an Occaſion for a Digreſſion which is not altogether foreign to the preſent purpoſe, becauſe it will be of Uſe to juſtify *Ovid* on ſome other Occaſions, where he is cenſur'd for being too free with the Characters of the Gods. I was once repreſenting the *Metamorphoſes*, as an excellent Syſtem of Morality; but an illuſtrious Lady, whoſe leaſt Advantage above her Sex, is that of being one of the greateſt Princeſſes in *Europe*, objected, that the looſe and immodeſt Sallys of *Jupiter* did by no means confirm my Aſſertion.

One muſt conſider, that what appear'd an Abſurdity in *Ovid*, is not ſo much his own Fault, as that of the Times before him. The Characters of the Gods of the old Heroick Age repreſented them unjuſt in their Actions; mutable in their Deſigns; partial in their Favours; ignorant of Events; ſcurrilous in their Language. Some of the ſuperior Hierarchy treating one a-

nother

nother with injurious Brutalities, and are often guilty of ſuch Indecencies and Miſ-behaviour as the loweſt of Mortals would bluſh to own. *Juno* calls *Diana*, the Goddeſs of Chaſtity, κύον ἀδδεὲς, Brazen-fac'd Bitch. *Jupiter* inſults his Daughter, the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, for Raſhneſs and Folly; bids *Iris* tell her, he'll maul her Coach-Horſes for her, like a ſurly Bitch as ſhe is; ἀνοτάλη κύον: then threatens in another Place to beat his Wife, that divine Vixon, the immortal Partner of the Empyreal Throne, ἢ σε πλήγησιν ἰμάσσω.

Hom. Il. 1. B. 21. l. 481.

Il B. 8. *from* l. 400. *to* l. 425.

Il. B. 15. l. 17.

The Commentators may endeavour to hide thoſe Abſurdities under the Veil of Allegories; but the Reader that conſiders the whole Texture of the *Iliad*, will find, that the Author's Meaning, and their Interpretation are often as unlike, as the imaginary Heroes of his time, are to the real ones of Ours.

Allegories ſhould be obvious, and not like Meteors in the Air, which repreſent a different Figure to every different Eye. Now they are Armies of Soldiers; now Flocks of Sheep; and by and by, nothing.

Perhaps the Criticks of a more exalted Taſte, may diſcover ſuch Beauties in the antient Poetry, as may eſcape the Comprehenſion of us Pigmies of a more limited Genius. They may be able to fathom the Divine Senſe of the Pagan Theology; whiſt we aim at no more, than to judge of a little common Senſe.

It is, and ever will be a Rule to a great many, to applaud and condemn with the general Vogue, tho' never ſo ill grounded. The moſt are affraid of being Particular; and rather than ſtrive againſt the Stream, are proud of being in the wrong with the Many, rather than deſirous of being in the right with the Few: and tho' they be convinc'd of the Reaſonableneſs of diſſenting from the common Cry, yet out of a poor fear of Cenſure, they contribute to eſtabliſh it, and thus become an Authority againſt others, who in reality are but of their own Opinion.

Ovid was ſo far from paying a blind deference to the venerable Name of his *Grecian* Predeceſſor, in the Character of his Gods; that when *Jupiter* puniſhes *Andromeda* for the Crimes of her Mother, he calls him *injuſtus Ammon*, and takes commonly an honourable care of the Decorum of the Godhead, when their Actions are conſiſtent with the Divinity of their Character. His Allegories include ſome Religious, or inſtructive Moral, wrap'd up in a peculiar Perſpicuity. The Fable of *Proſerpina*, being ſometimes in Hell, and ſometimes with *Ceres* her Mother, can ſcarce mean any thing elſe than the ſowing and coming up of Corn. The various Dreſſes, that *Vertumnus*, the God of Seaſons, puts on in his Courtſhip of *Pomona* the Garden Goddeſs, ſeem plainly to expreſs the different and moſt proper times for Digging, Planting, Pruning, and gathering the Increaſe. I ſhall be ſhorter on this Head, becauſe our Countryman Mr. *Sands* has, by a laborious Search amongſt the Mythologiſts, been very full. He has annex'd his Explanations to the end of each Book, which deſerve to be recommended to thoſe, that are Curious in this figurative Learning.

Met. B. 4.

The Reader cannot fail of obſerving, how many excellent Leſſons of Morality *Ovid* has given us in the courſe of his Fables.

The Story of *Deucalion*, and *Pyrrha* teaches, that Piety and Innocence cannot miſs of the divine Protection, and that the only Loſs irreparable is that of our Probity, and Juſtice.

That

That of *Phaeton*; how the too great tenderneſs of the Parent proves a cruelty to the Child; and that he, who wou'd climb to the Seat of *Jupiter*, generally meets with his Bolt by the way.

The Tale of *Baucis* and *Philemon* is moſt inimitably told. He omits not the minuteſt Circumſtance of a Cottage Life; and is much fuller than *Virgil*, where he brings in his contented old Man *Corycius*. *Ovid* repre- G. 4.
ſents a good old Couple; happy, and ſatisfy'd in a cleanly Poverty; hoſpitable, and free of the few things, that Fortune had given them; moderate in Deſires; affectionate in their conjugal Relation; ſo religious in Life, that when they obſerv'd their homely Cabbin riſing to a Temple, all the Bounty they ask'd of the Gods they had entertain'd, was, that they might do the Office of Prieſthood there; and at their Death, not ſurvive one another.

The Stories of *Lycaon*, and *Pentheus*, not only deter from Infidelity, and Irreverence to the Gods; but the laſt alſo ſhows, that too great Zeal produces the ſame Effects, as none at all; and that Enthuſiaſm is often more cruel, than Atheiſm.

The Story of *Minos*, and *Scylla* repreſents the Infamy of ſelling our Country; and teaches, that even they who love the Crime, abhor the Criminal.

In *Cippus* we find a noble Magnanimity, and Heavenly Self-denial: he prefer'd the Good of the Republick to his own private Grandeur; and choſe with an exemplary Generoſity, rather to live a private Free-Man out of *Rome*, than to command Numbers of Slaves in it.

From the Story of *Hercules* we learn, that Glory is a Lady, who, like many others, loves to have her Admirers ſuffer a great deal for her. The Poet enumerates the Labours of the Heroe; ſhows how he conquer'd every thing for Others, but nothing for himſelf: Then does him the Poetical Juſtice of an Apotheoſis; thinking it moſt fit that one, who had born the Celeſtial Orbs on his Shoulders, ſhou'd have a Manſion amongſt them.

From the Aſſumption of *Romulus*; that when War is at an end, the chief Buſineſs of Peace ſhould be the enacting good Laws; that after a People are preſerv'd from the Enemy; the next care ſhou'd be, to preſerve them from themſelves; and therefore the beſt Legiſlators deſerve a Place amongſt Heroes, and Deities.

From *Ariadne* being inhumanly deſerted by *Theſeus*, and generouſly receiv'd by *Bacchus* we find, that as there is nothing we can be ſure of, ſo there is nothing we ought to deſpair of.

From *Althea* burning the Brand; that we ſhou'd take care leaſt under the Notion of Juſtice, we ſhou'd do a Cruelty; for they that are ſet upon Revenge, only endeavour to imitate the Injury.

From *Polyphemus* making Love to *Galatea* one may obſerve, that the moſt deform'd can find ſomething to like in their own Perſon. He examines his Face in the Stream, combs his ruful Locks with a Rake, grows more exact, and ſtudious of his Dreſs, and diſcovers the firſt Sign of being in Love, by endeavouring at a more, than uſual Care to pleaſe.

The Fable of *Cephalus*, and *Procrys* confirms, that every Trifle contributes to heighten the Diſeaſe of Jealouſy; and that the moſt convincing Proofs can ſcarce cure it.

From that of *Hippomenes*, and *Atalanta* we may diſcover, that a generous Preſent helps to perſuade, as well as an agreeable Perſon.

From *Medea*'s flying from *Pelias*'s Court; that the offer'd Favours of the Impious ſhould be always ſuſpected; and that they, who deſign to make every one fear them, are afraid of every one.

From *Myrrha*; that Shame is ſometimes hard to be overcome, but if the Sex once gets the better of it, it gives them afterwards no more Trouble.

From *Cenis*; that Effeminacy in Youth may change to Valour in Manhood, and that as Fame periſhes, ſo does Cenſure.

From *Tereus*; that one Crime lays the Foundation of many; and that the ſame Perſon, who begins with Luſt, may conclude with Murther.

From *Midas*; that no Body can puniſh a Covetous Man worſe, than he puniſhes himſelf; that ſcarce any thing wou'd ſometimes prove more fatal to us, than the Completion of our own Wiſhes; and that he who has the moſt Deſires, will certainly meet with the moſt Diſappointments.

From the *Pythagorean* Philoſophy, it may be obſerv'd, that Man is the only Animal who kills his Fellow-Creature without being angry.

From *Proteus* we have this Leſſon, that a Stateſman can put on any Shape; can be a Spaniel to the Lyon, and a Lyon to the Spaniel; and that he knows not to be an Enemy, who knows not how to ſeem a Friend; that if all Crowns ſhou'd change their Miniſtry, as often as they pleaſe, tho' they may be call'd other Miniſters, they are ſtill the ſame Men.

The Legend of *Æſculapius*'s Voyage to *Rome* in form of a Snake, ſeems to expreſs the neceſſary Sagacity requir'd in Profeſſors of that Art, for the readier Inſight into Diſtempers: This Reptile being celebrated by the ancient Naturaliſts for a quick Sight.

Hor. Sat. 3. L. 1.

Cur in amicorum vitium tam cernis acutum
Quam aut aquilæ, aut ſerpens Epidaurius? ——

The venerable *Epidaurian* aſſum'd the figure of an Animal without Hands to take Fees; and therefore, grateful Poſterity honour'd him with a Temple. In this manner ſhou'd wealthy Phyſitians, upon proper Occaſions, practiſe; and thus their ſurviving Patients reward.

If the *Metamorphoſes* be attended to with a juſt Application, and without Prepoſſeſſion; One will be the leſs ſurpriz'd at the Author's Prophetick Spirit, relating to the Duration, and Succeſs of the Work;

Jamque opus exegi, &c.——

This Prediction has ſo far prov'd true, that this Poem has been ever ſince the Magazine, which has furniſh'd the greateſt Poets of the following Ages with Fancy, and Alluſions; and the moſt celebrated Painters with Subjects, and Deſigns. Nor has his Poetical Predeceſſors, and Contemporaries paid leſs Regard to their own Performances.

Lucr. B. 1.

Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velârint tempora Muſæ.

Enn. Frag.

Nemo me lacrumeis decoret, nec funera fletu
Faciſit; quur volito vivu' per ora virûm.

Virg. G. 3.

——*Tentanda via eſt, quâ me quoque poſſim*
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

Me doctarum Ederæ præmia frontium Hor. Od. 1.
Diis miſcent ſuperis———

Again,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, Hor. B. 3. Od. 30.
Regalique ſitu Pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Poſſit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum ſeries, & fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar.———

The whole Ode is in a manner a continu'd Compliment to his own Writings; nor, in Imitation of this celebrated Author, want we Poets of our preſent Age, who have been pleas'd to rank themſelves amongſt their own Admirers.

I have done with the Original, and ſhall make no Excuſe for the length of the Preface, becauſe it is in the power of the Reader to make is as ſhort as he pleaſes. I ſhall now conclude with a Word or two about the Verſion.

Tranſlation is commonly either Verbal, or Paraphraſe, or Imitation; of the firſt ſort is Mr. *Sands*'s, which I think the *Metamorphoſes* can by no means allow of. It is agreed, the Author left it unfiniſh'd; if it had undergone his laſt Hand, it is more than probable, that many Superfluities had been retrench'd. Where a Poem is perfectly finiſh'd; the Tranſlation, with regard to particular Idioms, cannot be too exact; by doing this, the Senſe of the Author is more entirely his own, and the Caſt of the Periods more faithfully preſerv'd: But where a Poem is tedious through Exuberance, or dark through a haſty Brevity, I think the Tranſlator may be excus'd for doing what the Author upon reviſing, wou'd have done himſelf.

If Mr. *Sands* had been of this Opinion, perhaps other Tranſlations of the *Metamorphoſes* had not been attempted.

A Critick has obſerv'd, that in his Verſion of this Book, he has ſcrupulouſly confin'd the Number of his Lines to thoſe of the Original. 'Tis fit I ſhould take the Summ upon Content, and be better bred, than to count after him.

The Manner that ſeems moſt ſuited for this preſent Undertaking, is neither to follow the Author too cloſe out of a Critical Timorouſneſs; nor abandon him too wantonly through a Poetick Boldneſs. The Original ſhould always be kept in View, without too apparent a Deviation from the Senſe. Where it is otherwiſe; it is not a Verſion, but an Imitation. The Tranſlator ought to be as intent to keep up the Gracefulneſs of the Poem, as artful to hide its Imperfections; to copy its Beauties, and to throw a Shade over its Blemiſhes; to be faithful to an Idolatry, where the Author excells; and to take the Licence of a little Paraphraſe; where Penury of Fancy, or Dryneſs of Expreſſion ſeem to ask for it.

The Ingenious Gentlemen concern'd in this Undertaking ſeem to be of this Opinion; and therefore they have not only conſulted the Reputation of the Author, but their own alſo. There is one of them has no other Share in this Compliment, than by being the Occaſion of engaging them that have, in obliging the Publick. He has alſo been ſo juſt to the Memo-

ry,

ry, and Reputation of Mr. *Dryden*, as to give his incomparable Lines the Advantage of appearing ſo near his Own.

I cannot paſs by that Admirable *Engliſh* Poet, without endeavouring to make his Country ſenſible of the Obligations they have to his Muſe. Whether they conſider the flowing Grace of his Verſification; the vigorous Sallies of his Fancy; or the peculiar Delicacy of his Periods; they'll diſcover Excellencies never to be enough admir'd. If they trace him from the firſt Productions of his Youth, to the laſt Performances of his Age, they'll find, that as the Tyranny of Rhyme never impos'd on the Perſpicuity of the Senſe; ſo a languid Senſe never wanted to be ſet off by the Harmony of Rhyme. And as his earlier Works wanted no Maturity; ſo his latter wanted no Force, or Spirit. The falling off of his Hair, had no other Conſequence, than to make his Lawrels be ſeen the more.

As a Tranſlator he was juſt; as an Inventer he was rich. His Verſions of ſome parts of *Lucretius*, *Horace*, *Homer*, and *Virgil* throughout, gave him a juſt pretence to that Compliment which was made to *Monſieur d' Ablancourt*, a celebrated *French* Tranſlater; *It is uncertain who have the greateſt Obligations to Him, the Dead or the Living.*

With all theſe wondrous Talents, He was Libell'd in his Life-time by the very Men, who had no other Excellencies, but as they were his Imitators. Where he was allow'd to have Sentiments ſuperior to all others, they charged him with Theft: But how did he Steal? no otherwiſe, than like thoſe, that ſteal Beggars Children, only to cloath them the better.

'Tis to be lamented, that Gentlemen ſtill continue this unfair Behaviour, and treat one another every Day with moſt injurious Libels. The Muſes ſhould be Ladies of a chaſte and fair Behaviour: when they are otherwiſe, they are Furies. 'Tis certain that *Parnaſſus* is at beſt but a barren Mountain, and its Inhabitants contrive to make it more ſo by their un-neighbourly Deportment; the Authors are the only Corporation that endeavour at the Ruin of their own Society. Every Day may convince them, how much a rich Fool is reſpected above a poor Wit. The only Talents in Eſteem at preſent are thoſe of *Exchange-Ally*; one Tally is worth a Grove of Bays; and 'tis of much more Conſequence to be well read in the Tables of Intereſt, and the Riſe and Fall of Stocks, than in the Revolution of Empires.

Mr. *Dryden* is ſtill a ſad, and ſhameful Inſtance of this Truth: The Man, that cou'd make Kings immortal, and raiſe triumphant Arches to Heroes, now wants a poor ſquare Foot of Stone, to ſhow where the Aſhes of one of the greateſt Poets, that ever was upon Earth, are depoſited.

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Lud Du Guernier Sculp.

To Her Grace the Dutchess of Kingston.

PIE RESPONE TE

B1

OVID's *METAMORPHOSES.*

BOOK I.

Tranſlated by Mr. JOHN DRYDEN.

OF Bodies chang'd to various Forms I ſing:
Ye Gods, from whom theſe Miracles did ſpring,
Inſpire my Numbers with Cœleſtial Heat;
Till I, my long laborious Work compleat:
And add perpetual Tenour to my Rhimes,
Deduc'd from Nature's Birth, to *Caſar*'s Times.
Before the Seas, and this Terreſtrial Ball,
And Heav'ns high Canopy, that covers all,
One was the Face of Nature; if a Face,
Rather a rude and indigeſted Maſs:
A lifeleſs Lump, unfaſhion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring Seeds; and juſtly *Chaos* nam'd.
No Sun was lighted up, the World to view;
No Moon did yet her blunted Horns renew:
Nor yet was Earth ſuſpended in the Sky;
Nor pois'd, did on her own Foundations lye:
Nor Seas about the Shoars their Arms had thrown;
But Earth and Air and Water were in one.

Thus Air was void of Light, and Earth unſtable,
And Waters dark Abyſs unnavigable.
No certain Form on any was impreſt;
All were confus'd, and each diſturb'd the reſt.
For hot and cold were in one Body fixt;
And ſoft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.
But God or Nature, while they thus contend,
To theſe inteſtine Diſcords put an end:
Then Earth from Air, and Seas from Earth were driv'n,
And groſſer Air ſunk from Ætherial Heav'n.
Thus diſembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin, contiguouſly embrace;
And foes are ſunder'd, by a larger ſpace.
The force of Fire aſcended firſt on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted Sky:
Then Air ſucceeds, in Lightneſs next to Fire;
Whoſe Atoms from unactive Earth retire.
Earth ſinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of pondrous, thick, unwieldy Seeds along.
About her Coaſts, unruly Waters roar;
And, riſing on a ridge, inſult the Shoar.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal Portions might be found,
He moulded Earth into a ſpacious Round:
Then with a breath, he gave the Winds to blow;
And bad the congregated Waters flow.
He adds the running Springs, and ſtanding Lakes;
And bounding Banks for winding Rivers makes.
Some part, in Earth are ſwallow'd up, the moſt
In ample Oceans, diſembogu'd, are loſt.

He ſhades the Woods, the Vallies he reſtrains
With Rocky Mountains, and extends the Plains.
And as five Zones th' Ætherial Regions bind,
Five, Correſpondent, are to Earth aſſign'd:
The Sun with Rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle Zone:
The two beneath the diſtant Poles, complain
Of endleſs Winter, and perpetual Rain.
Betwixt th' extreams, two happier Climates hold
The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold.
The Fields of liquid Air, incloſing all,
Surround the Compaſs of this Earthly Ball:
The lighter parts lye next the Fires above;
The groſſer near the watry Surface move:
Thick Clouds are ſpread, and Storms engender there,
And Thunder's Voice, which wretched Mortals fear,
And Winds that on their Wings cold Winter bear.
Nor were thoſe bluſtring Brethren left at large,
On Seas and Shoars, their fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in place,
They rend the World, reſiſtleſs, where they paſs;
And mighty marks of miſchief leave behind;
Such is the Rage of their tempeſtuous kind.
Firſt *Eurus* to the riſing Morn is ſent,
(The Regions of the balmy Continent;)
And *Eaſtern* Realms, where early *Perſians* run,
To greet the bleſt appearance of the Sun.
Weſtward, the wanton *Zephyr* wings his flight;
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce *Boreas*, with his Off-ſpring, iſſues forth
T' invade the frozen Waggon of the *North*.

While frowning *Auſter* ſeeks the *Southern* Sphere;
And rots, with endleſs Rain, th' unwholſom Year.
High o'er the Clouds and empty Realms of Wind,
The God a clearer ſpace for Heav'n deſign'd;
Where Fields of Light, and liquid Æther flow;
Purg'd from the pondrous dregs of Earth below.
Scarce had the Pow'r diſtinguiſh'd theſe, when ſtreight
The Stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their Heads, from underneath the Maſs;
And upward ſhoot, and kindle as they paſs,
And with diffuſive Light, adorn their heav'nly place.
Then, every void of Nature to ſupply,
With forms of Gods he fills the vacant Sky:
New Herds of Beaſts, he ſends the Plains to ſhare:
New Colonies of Birds, to people Air:
And to their Oozy Beds, the finny Fiſh repair.
A Creature of a more exalted Kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man deſign'd:
Conſcious of Thought, of more capacious Breaſt,
For Empire form'd, and fit to rule the reſt:
Whether with particles of heavenly Fire
The God of Nature did his Soul inſpire,
Or Earth, but new divided from the Sky,
And, pliant, ſtill, retain'd th' Ætherial Energy:
Which wiſe *Prometheus* temper'd into paſte,
And mixt with living Streams, the Godlike Image caſt.
Thus, while the mute Creation downward bend
Their Sight, and to their Earthy Mother tend,
Man looks aloft; and with erected Eyes
Beholds his own hereditary Skies.
From ſuch rude Principles our Form began;
And Earth was Metamorphos'd into Man.

The

The GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age was firſt; when Man yet New,
No Rule but uncorrupted Reaſon knew:
And, with a Native bent, did Good purſue.
Unforc'd by Puniſhment, un-aw'd by Fear,
His Words were ſimple, and his Soul ſincere:
Needleſs was written Law, where none oppreſt:
The Law of Man was written in his Breaſt:
No ſuppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd,
No Court erected yet, nor Cauſe was heard:
But all was ſafe, for Conſcience was their Guard.
The Mountain-Trees in diſtant proſpect pleaſe,
E'er yet the Pine deſcended to the Seas:
E'er Sails were ſpread, new Oceans to explore;
And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their Wiſhes to their Native Shoar.
No Walls were yet; nor Fence, nor Mote, nor Mound,
Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry ſound:
Nor Swords were forg'd; but void of Care and Crime
The ſoft Creation ſlept away their time.
The teeming Earth, yet guiltleſs of the Plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow:
Content with Food, which Nature freely bred,
On Wildings, and on Strawberries they fed;
Cornels and Bramble-berries gave the reſt,
And falling Acorns furniſht out a Feaſt.
The Flow'rs unſown, in Fields and Meadows reign'd:
And *Weſtern* Winds immortal Spring maintain'd
In following Years, the bearded Corn enſu'd,
From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd.
From Veins of Vallies, Milk and Nectar broke;
And Honey ſweating through the pores of Oak.

The SILVER AGE.

But when Good *Saturn*, baniſh'd from above,
Was driven to Hell, the World was under *Jove*.
Succeeding times a Silver Age behold,
Excelling Braſs, but more excell'd by Gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear:
And Spring was but a Seaſon of the Year.
The Sun his Annual Courſe obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then Air with ſultry heats began to glow;
The wings of Winds were clogg'd with Ice and Snow;
And ſhivering Mortals, into Houſes driv'n,
Sought ſhelter from th' inclemency of Heav'n.
Thoſe Houſes, then, were Caves, or homely Sheds;
With twining Oziers fenc'd; and Moſs their Beds.
Then Ploughs, for Seed, the fruitful Furrows broke,
And Oxen labour'd firſt, beneath the Yoke.

The BRAZEN AGE.

To this came next in courſe, the Brazen Age:
A Warlike Offspring, prompt to Bloody Rage,
Not Impious yet-----

The IRON AGE.

————Hard Steel ſucceeded then:
And ſtubborn as the Mettal, were the Men.
Truth, Modeſty, and Shame, the World forſook:
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then Sails were ſpread, to every Wind that blew.
Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were new:
Trees rudely hollow'd, did the Waves ſuſtain;
E'er Ships in Triumph plough'd the watry Plain.
Then Land-marks limited to each his Right:
For all before was common, as the Light.

Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual Income to the crooked Share,
But greedy Mortals, rummaging her Store,
Digg'd from her Entrails firſt the precious Oar;
Which next to Hell, the prudent Gods had laid;
And that alluring Ill, to ſight diſplaid.
Thus curſed Steel, and more accurſed Gold
Gave miſchief Birth, and made that miſchief bold;
And double Death did wretched Man invade,
By Steel aſſaulted, and by Gold betray'd.
Now (brandiſh'd Weapons glittering in their Hands)
Mankind is broken looſe from moral Bands;
No rights of Hoſpitality remain:
The Gueſt by him who harbour'd him, is ſlain.
The Son in Law purſues the Father's Life;
The Wife her Husband murders, he the Wife.
The Step-dame Poyſon for the Son prepares;
The Son inquires into his Father's years.
Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns;
And Juſtice, here oppreſt, to Heav'n returns.

The Gyants War.

Nor were the Gods themſelves more ſafe above;
Againſt beleaguer'd Heav'n, the Gyants move.
Hills pil'd on Hills, on Mountains, Mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the Skie.
Till *Jove*, no longer patient, took his time
T' avenge with Thunder their audacious Crime;
Red Light'ning plaid along the Firmament,
And their demoliſh'd Works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the Flames, and with the Bolts transfixt,
With Native Earth, their Blood the Monſters mixt:

The Blood, indu'd with animating heat,
Did in th' impregnant Earth new Sons beget:
They, like the Seed from which they ſprung, accurſt,
Againſt the Gods immortal Hatred nurſt.
An impious, arrogant, and cruel Brood;
Expreſſing their Original from Blood.
Which when the King of Gods beheld from high,
(Withal revolving in his Memory,
What he himſelf had found on Earth of late,
Lycaon's Guilt, and his inhumane Treat,)
He ſigh'd; nor longer with his Pity ſtrove;
But kindled to a Wrath becoming *Jove*:
Then call'd a General Council of the Gods;
Who Summon'd, iſſue from their Bleſt Abodes,
And fill th' Aſſembly with a ſhining Train.
A way there is, in Heav'n's expanded Plain,
Which, when the Skies are clear, is ſeen below,
And Mortals, by the Name of Milky, know.
The Ground-work is of Stars; through which the Road
Lyes open to the Thunderer's Abode:
The Gods of greater Nations dwell around,
And, on the Right and Left, the Palace bound;
The Commons where they can: The Nobler ſort
With Winding-doors wide open, front the Court.
This Place, as far as Earth with Heav'n may vie,
I dare to call the *Loovre* of the Skie.
When all were plac'd, in Seats diſtinctly known,
And he, their Father, had aſſum'd the Throne,
Upon his Iv'ry Sceptre firſt he leant,
Then ſhook his Head, that ſhook the Firmament:
Air, Earth, and Seas, obey'd th' Almighty Nod;
And, with a gen'ral Fear, confeſs'd the God.

At length with Indignation, thus he broke
His awful ſilence, and the Pow'rs beſpoke.
I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of Empire, when our Univerſal State
Was put to hazard, and the Giant Race
Our Captive Skies were ready to imbrace:
For tho' the Foe was fierce, the Seeds of all
Rebellion; ſprung from one Original;
Now, whereſoever ambient Waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all muſt be deſtroy'd.
Let me this Holy Proteſtation make,
By Hell, and Hell's inviolable Lake,
I try'd whatever in the God-Head lay:
But gangren'd Members muſt be lopt away,
Before the Nobler Parts are tainted to decay.
There dwells below, a Race of Demi-Gods,
Of Nymphs in Waters, and of Fawns in Woods:
Who, tho' not worthy yet, in Heav'n to live,
Let 'em, at leaſt, enjoy that Earth we give.
Can theſe be thought ſecurely lodg'd below,
When I my ſelf, who no Superior know,
I, who have Heav'n and Earth at my Command,
Have been attempted by *Lycaon*'s Hand?
At this a Murmur through the Synod went,
And with one Voice they vote his Puniſhment.
Thus, when conſpiring Traytors dar'd to doom
The fall of *Cæſar*, and in him of *Rome*,
The Nations trembled with a pious fear;
All anxious for their Earthly Thunderer:
Nor was their Care, O *Cæſar*, leſs eſteem'd
By thee, than that of Heav'n for *Jove* was deem'd:

Who with his Hand and Voice, did firſt reſtrain
Their Murmurs, then reſum'd his Speech again.
The Gods to ſilence were compos'd, and ſate
With reverence, due to his Superior State.
  Cancel your pious Cares; already he
Has paid his Debt to Juſtice, and to me.
Yet what his Crimes, and what my Judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The Clamours of this vile degenerate Age,
The Cries of Orphans, and th' Oppreſſor's Rage
Had reach'd the Stars: I will deſcend, ſaid I,
In hope to prove this loud Complaint a Lye.
Diſguis'd in Humane Shape, I travell'd round
The World, and more than what I heard, I found.
O'er *Mænalus* I took my ſteepy way,
By Caverns infamous for Beaſts of Prey:
Then croſs'd *Cyllené*, and the piny Shade
More infamous, by curſt *Lycaon* made.
Dark Night had cover'd Heav'n and Earth, before
I enter'd his Unhoſpitable Door.
Juſt at my entrance, I diſplay'd the Sign
That ſomewhat was approaching of Divine.
The proſtrate People pray; the Tyrant grins;
And, adding Prophanation to his Sins,
I'll try, ſaid he, and if a God appear,
To prove his Deity ſhall coſt him dear.
'Twas late; the graceleſs Wretch my Death prepares,
When I ſhou'd ſoundly ſleep, oppreſt with Cares:
This dire Experiment he choſe, to prove
If I were Mortal, or undoubted *Jove*:
But firſt he had reſolv'd to taſte my Pow'r;
Not long before, but in a luckleſs hour

Some Legates, ſent from the *Moloſſian* State,
Were on a peaceful Errand come to treat:
Of theſe he murders one, he boils the Fleſh;
And lays the mangl'd Morſels in a Diſh:
Some part he roaſts; then ſerves it up, ſo dreſt,
And bids me welcome to this humane Feaſt.
Mov'd with diſdain, the Table I o'er-turn'd;
And with avenging Flames, the Palace burn'd.
The Tyrant in a fright, for ſhelter gains
The neighb'ring Fields, and ſcours along the Plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he wou'd have ſpoke;
But humane Voice his Brutal Tongue forſook.
About his Lips the gather'd Foam he churns,
And, breathing ſlaughters, ſtill with rage he burns,
But on the bleating Flock his fury turns.
His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged Pairs
Cleaves to his Back; a famiſh'd Face he bears;
His Arms deſcend, his Shoulders ſink away
To multiply his Legs for chace of Prey.
He grows a Wolf, his hoarineſs remains,
And the ſame Rage in other members reigns.
His Eyes ſtill ſparkle in a narr'wer ſpace:
His Jaws retain the grin, and violence of his Face.
This was a ſingle ruin, but not one
Deſerves ſo juſt a Puniſhment alone.
Mankind's a Monſter, and th' Ungodly times
Confed'rate into Guilt, are ſworn to Crimes.
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all
Muſt by the ſame relentleſs Fury fall.
Thus ended he; the greater Gods aſſent;
By Clamours urging his ſevere intent;
The leſs fill up the Cry for Puniſhment.

Yet ſtill with pity they remember Man;
And mourn as much as heav'nly Spirits can.
They ask, when thoſe were loſt of humane Birth,
What he wou'd do with all this waſte of Earth:
If his diſpeopl'd World he would reſign
To Beaſts, a mute, and more ignoble Line;
Neglected Altars muſt no longer ſmoke,
If none were left to worſhip and invoke.
To whom the Father of the Gods reply'd,
Lay that unneceſſary fear aſide:
Mine be the care, new People to provide.
I will from wondrous Principles ordain
A Race unlike the firſt, and try my Skill again.
Already had he toſs'd the flaming Brand;
And roll'd the Thunder in his ſpacious Hand;
Preparing to diſcharge on Seas and Land:
But ſtopt, for fear, thus violently driven,
The Sparks ſhould catch his Axle-tree of Heaven.
Remembring in the Fates, a time when Fire
Shou'd to the Battlements of Heav'n aſpire.
And all his blazing Worlds above ſhou'd burn;
And all th' inferior Globe to Cinders turn.
His dire Artill'ry thus diſmiſt, he bent
His thoughts to ſome ſecurer Puniſhment:
Concludes to pour a Watry Deluge down;
And what he durſt not burn, reſolves to drown.
The Northern Breath, that freezes Floods, he binds;
With all the race of Cloud-diſpelling Winds:
The South he loos'd, who Night and Horror brings;
And Foggs are ſhaken from his flaggy Wings.
From his divided Beard two Streams he pours,
His Head and rhumy Eyes diſtill in Showers.

With

With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle flow:
And lazy Miſts are lowring on his Brow;
Still as he ſwept along, with his clench'd Fiſt
He ſqueez'd the Clouds, th' impriſon'd Clouds reſiſt:
The Skies from Pole to Pole, with peals reſound;
And Show'rs inlarg'd, come pouring on the Ground.
Then, clad in Colours of a various Dye,
Junonian Iris breeds a new ſupply
To feed the Clouds: Impetuous Rain deſcends;
The bearded Corn beneath the Burden bends:
Defrauded Clowns deplore their periſh'd Grain
And the long Labours of the Year are vain.
Nor from his Patrimonial Heaven alone
Is *Jove* content to pour his Vengeance down;
Aid from his Brother of the Seas he craves,
To help him with Auxiliary Waves.
The watry Tyrant calls his Brooks and Floods,
Who rowl from moſſie Caves (their moiſt abodes;)
And with perpetual Urns his Palace fill:
To whom in brief, he thus imparts his Will.
Small Exhortation needs; your Pow'rs employ:
And this bad World, ſo *Jove* requires, deſtroy.
Let looſe the Reins to all your watry Store:
Bear down the Damms, and open every door.
The Floods, by Nature Enemies to Land,
And proudly ſwelling with their new Command,
Remove the living Stones, that ſtopt their way,
And guſhing from their Source, augment the Sea.
Then, with his Mace, their Monarch ſtruck the Ground;
With inward trembling Earth receiv'd the Wound:
And riſing Streams a ready paſſage found.

Th' expanded Waters gather on the Plain:
They float the Fields, and over-top the Grain;
Then ruſhing onwards, with a ſweepy ſway,
Bear Flocks and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds away.
Nor ſafe their Dwellings were, for, ſap'd by Floods,
Their Houſes fell upon their Houſehold Gods.
The ſolid Piles, too ſtrongly built to fall,
High o'er their Heads, behold a watry Wall:
Now Seas and Earth were in confuſion loſt;
A World of Waters, and without a Coaſt.
One climbs a Cliff; one in his Boat is born;
And ploughs above, where late he ſow'd his Corn.
Others o'er Chimney-tops and Turrets row,
And drop their Anchors on the Meads below:
Or downward driv'n, they bruiſe the tender Vine,
Or toſt aloft, are knock'd againſt a Pine.
And where of late the Kids had cropt the Graſs,
The Monſters of the deep now take their place.
Inſulting Nereids on the Cities ride,
And wond'ring Dolphins o'er the Palace glide.
On leaves and maſts of mighty Oaks they brouze;
And their broad Finns entangle in the Boughs.
The frighted Wolf now ſwims amongſt the Sheep;
The yellow Lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the Boar:
The Stag ſwims faſter, than he ran before.
The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in vain,
Deſpair of Land, and drop into the Main.
Now Hills and Vales no more diſtinction know;
And levell'd Nature lies oppreſs'd below.
The moſt of Mortals periſh in the Flood:
The ſmall remainder dies for want of Food.

A Mountain of ſtupendous height there ſtands
Betwixt th' *Athenian* and *Bœotian* Lands,
The bound of fruitful Fields, while Fields they were,
But then a Field of Waters did appear:
Parnaſſus is its name; whoſe forky riſe
Mounts through the Clouds, and mates the lofty Skies.
High on the Summet of this dubious Cliff,
Deucalion wafting, moor'd his little Skiff.
He with his Wife were only left behind
Of periſh'd Man; they two were human Kind.
The Mountain Nymphs and *Themis* they adore,
And from her Oracles relief implore.
The moſt upright of Mortal Men was he;
The moſt ſincere and holy Woman, ſhe.
When *Jupiter*, ſurveying Earth from high,
Beheld it in a Lake of Water lie,
That where ſo many Millions lately liv'd,
But two, the beſt of either Sex, ſurviv'd;
He loos'd the Northern Wind; fierce *Boreas* flies
To puff away the Clouds and purge the Skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the Vapours, driv'n,
Diſcover Heav'u to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n.
The Billows fall, while *Neptune* lays his Mace
On the rough Sea, and ſmooths its furrow'd Face.
Already *Triton*, at his call, appears
Above the Waves; a *Tyrian* Robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked Trumpet bears.
The Soveraign bids him peaceful ſounds inſpire;
And give the Waves the ſignal to retire.
His writhen Shell he takes; whoſe narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent,

Then gives it breath; the Blaſt with doubling ſound,
Runs the wide Circuit of the World around:
The Sun firſt heard it, in his early Eaſt,
And met the rattling Eccho's in the Weſt.
The Waters, liſtning to the Trumpet's roar,
Obey the Summons, and forſake the Shoar.
A thin Circumference of Land appears;
And Earth, but not at once, her Viſage rears,
And peeps upon the Seas from upper Grounds;
The Streams, but juſt contain'd within their bounds,
By ſlow degrees into their Channels crawl;
And Earth increaſes, as the Waters fall.
In longer time the tops of Trees appear,
Which Mud on their diſhonour'd Branches bear.
At length the World was all reſtor'd to view;
But deſolate, and of a ſickly hue:
Nature beheld her ſelf, and ſtood aghaſt,
A diſmal Deſert, and a ſilent Waſte.
Which when *Deucalion*, with a piteous look
Beheld, he wept, and thus to *Pyrrha* ſpoke:
Oh Wife, oh Siſter, oh of all thy kind
The beſt and only Creature left behind,
By Kindred, Love, and now by Dangers joyn'd;
Of Multitudes, who breath'd the common Air,
We two remain; a Species in a Pair:
The reſt the Seas have ſwallow'd; nor have we
Ev'n of this wretched Life a certainty.
The Clouds are ſtill above; and, while I ſpeak,
A ſecond Deluge o'er our heads may break.
Shou'd I be ſnatch'd from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or Partner of thy pain,
How cou'dſt thou ſuch a wretched Life ſuſtain?

Shou'd

Shou'd I be left, and thou be loſt, the Sea
That bury'd her I lov'd, ſhou'd bury me.
Oh cou'd our Father his old Arts inſpire,
And make me Heir of his informing Fire,
That ſo I might aboliſht Man retrieve,
And periſht People in new Souls might live.
But Heav'n is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
That we, th' Examples of Mankind, remain.
He ſaid; the careful Couple joyn their Tears:
And then invoke the Gods, with pious Prayers.
Thus, in Devotion having eas'd their Grief,
From ſacred Oracles they ſeek Relief;
And to *Cephyſus* Brook their way purſue:
The Stream was troubled, but the Foord they knew;
With living Waters, in the Fountain bred,
They ſprinkle firſt their Garments, and their Head,
Then took the way, which to the Temple led.
The Roofs were all defil'd with Moſs and Mire,
The deſart Altars void of Solemn Fire.
Before the Gradual, proſtrate they ador'd;
The Pavement kiſs'd, and thus the Saint implor'd.
O Righteous *Themis*, if the Pow'rs above
By Pray'rs are bent to pity, and to love;
If humane Miſeries can move their Mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell, how we may reſtore, by ſecond birth,
Mankind, and people deſolated Earth.
Then thus the gracious Goddeſs, nodding, ſaid;
Depart, and with your Veſtments veil your head:
And ſtooping lowly down, with looſen'd Zones,
Throw each behind your backs, your mighty Mother's [Bones.

Amaz'd the Pair and mute with wonder ſtand,
Till *Pyrrha* firſt refus'd the dire Command.
Forbid it Heav'n, ſaid ſhe, that I ſhou'd tear
Thoſe Holy Reliques from the Sepulcher.
They ponder'd the myſterious words again,
For ſome new ſenſe; and long they ſought in vain:
At length *Deucalion* clear'd his cloudy brow,
And ſaid, the dark *Ænigma* will allow
A meaning, which if well I underſtand,
From Sacrilege will free the God's Command:
This Earth our mighty Mother is, the Stones
In her capacious Body, are her Bones:
Theſe we muſt caſt behind. With hope and fear
The Woman did the new Solution hear:
The Man diffides in his own Augury,
And doubts the Gods; yet both reſolve to try.
Deſcending from the Mount, they firſt unbind
Their Veſts, and veil'd, they caſt the Stones behind:
The Stones (a Miracle to Mortal View,
But long Tradition makes it paſs for true)
Did firſt the Rigour of their Kind expel,
And ſuppled into ſoftneſs, as they fell;
Then ſwell'd, and ſwelling, by degrees grew warm;
And took the Rudiments of Humane Form.
Imperfect Shapes: in Marble ſuch are ſeen,
When the rude Chizzel does the Man begin;
While yet the roughneſs of the Stone remains,
Without the riſing Muſcles, and the Veins.
The ſappy parts, and next reſembling juice,
Were turn'd to moiſture, for the Bodies uſe:
Supplying humours, blood, and nouriſhment;
The reſt, too ſolid to receive a bent,

Converts to Bones; and what was once a Vein,
Its former Name and Nature did retain.
By help of Pow'r Divine, in little ſpace,
What the Man threw, aſſum'd a Manly Face;
And what the Wife, renew'd the Female Race.
Hence we derive our Nature; born to bear
Laborious Life; and harden'd into Care.

The reſt of Animals, from teeming Earth
Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.
The native moiſture, in its cloſe retreat,
Digeſted by the Sun's Ætherial Heat,
As in a kindly Womb, began to breed:
Then ſwell'd, and quicken'd by the vital Seed.
And ſome in leſs, and ſome in longer ſpace,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a ſev'ral face.
Thus when the *Nile* from *Pharian* Fields is fled,
And ſeeks, with Ebbing Tides, his Ancient Bed,
The fat Manure with Heav'nly Fire is warm'd;
And cruſted Creatures, as in Wombs, are form'd;
Theſe, when they turn the Glebe, the Peaſants find;
Some rude and yet unfiniſh'd in their kind:
Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth:
One half alive; and one of lifeleſs Earth.

For heat and moiſture, when in Bodies joyn'd,
The temper that reſults from either Kind
Conception makes; and fighting till they mix,
Their mingled Atoms in each other fix.
Thus Nature's hand the Genial Bed prepares
With friendly Diſcord, and with fruitful Wars.

From hence the ſurface of the Ground with Mud
And Slime beſmear'd, (the fæces of the Flood)

Receiv'd the Rays of Heav'n; and ſucking in
The Seeds of Heat, new Creatures did begin:
Some were of ſev'ral ſorts produc'd before,
But of new Monſters, Earth created more.
Unwillingly, but yet ſhe brought to light
Thee, *Python* too, the wondring World to fright,
And the new Nations, with ſo dire a ſight:
So monſtrous was his bulk, ſo large a ſpace
Did his vaſt Body, and long Train embrace.
Whom *Phœbus* basking on a Bank eſpy'd;
E'er now the God his Arrows had not try'd
But on the trembling Deer, or Mountain Goat;
At this new Quarry he prepares to ſhoot.
Though every Shaft took place, he ſpent the Store
Of his full Quiver; and 'twas long before
Th' expiring Serpent wallow'd in his Gore.
Then, to preſerve the Fame of ſuch a deed,
For *Python* ſlain, he *Pythian* Games decreed.
Where Noble Youths for Maſterſhip ſhou'd ſtrive,
To Quoit, to Run, and Steeds and Chariots drive.
The Prize was Fame: In witneſs of Renown
An Oaken Garland did the Victor crown.
The Lawrel was not yet for Triumphs born;
But every Green alike by *Phœbus* worn,
Did, with promiſcuous Grace, his flowing Locks adorn.

The Transformation of DAPHNE *into a Lawrel.*

The firſt and faireſt of his Loves, was ſhe
Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry *Cupid* forc'd him to deſire:
Daphne her Name, and *Peneus* was her Sire.

Swell'd

Swell'd with the Pride, that new Succeſs attends,
He ſees the Stripling, while his Bow he bends,
And thus inſults him; Thou laſcivious Boy,
Are Arms like theſe for Children to employ?
Know, ſuch Atchievements are my proper claim;
Due to my vigour, and unerring aim:
Reſiſtleſs are my Shafts, and *Python* late
In ſuch a feather'd Death, has found his fate.
Take up thy Torch, (and lay my Weapons by)
With that the feeble Souls of Lovers fry.
To whom the Son of *Venus* thus reply'd,
Phœbus, thy Shafts are ſure on all beſide,
But mine on *Phœbus*, mine the Fame ſhall be
Of all thy Conqueſts, when I conquer thee.
He ſaid, and ſoaring, ſwiftly wing'd his flight:
Nor ſtopt but on *Parnaſſus* airy height.
Two diff'rent Shafts he from his Quiver draws;
One to repel Deſire, and one to cauſe.
One Shaft is pointed with refulgent Gold;
To bribe the Love, and make the Lover bold:
One blunt, and tipt with Lead, whoſe baſe allay
Provokes Diſdain, and drives Deſire away.
The blunted Bolt againſt the Nymph he dreſt:
But with the ſharp transfixt *Apollo*'s Breaſt.
Th' enamour'd Deity purſues the Chace;
The ſcornful Damſel ſhuns his loath'd Embrace:
In hunting Beaſts of Prey, her Youth employs;
And *Phœbe* rivals in her rural Joys.
With naked Neck ſhe goes, and Shoulders bare;
And with a Fillet binds her flowing Hair.
By many Suitors ſought, ſhe mocks their pains,
And ſtill her vow'd Virginity maintains,

Impatient of a Yoke, the name of Bride
She ſhuns, and hates the Joys ſhe never try'd.
On Wilds and Woods ſhe fixes her deſire:
Nor knows what Youth and kindly Love inſpire.
Her Father chides her oft; Thou ow'ſt, ſays he,
A Husband to thy ſelf, a Son to me.
She, like a Crime, abhors the Nuptial Bed:
She glows with Bluſhes, and ſhe hangs her Head.
Then caſting round his Neck her tender Arms,
Sooths him with Blandiſhments, and filial Charms:
Give me, my Lord, ſhe ſaid, to live and die
A ſpotleſs Maid, without the Marriage Tye.
'Tis but a ſmall Requeſt; I beg no more
Than what *Diana*'s Father gave before.
The good old Sire was ſoften'd to conſent;
But ſaid her Wiſh wou'd prove her Puniſhment:
For ſo much Youth, and ſo much Beauty joyn'd,
Oppos'd the State, which her deſires deſign'd.
The God of Light, aſpiring to her Bed,
Hopes what he ſeeks, with flattering Fancies fed;
And is, by his own Oracles, miſ-led.
And as in empty Fields, the Stubble burns,
Or nightly Travellers, when day returns,
Their uſeleſs Torches on dry Hedges throw,
That catch the Flames, and kindle all the row;
So burns the God, conſuming in deſire,
And feeding in his Breaſt a fruitleſs Fire:
Her well-turn'd Neck he view'd (her Neck was bare)
And on her Shoulders her diſhevel'd Hair;
Oh were it comb'd, ſaid he, with what a grace
Wou'd every waving Curl become her Face!

He view'd her Eyes, like Heavenly Lamps that ſhone,
He view'd her Lips, too ſweet to view alone,
Her taper Fingers, and her panting Breaſt;
He praiſes all he ſees, and for the reſt
Believes the Beauties yet unſeen are beſt:
Swift as the Wind, the Damſel fled away,
Nor did for theſe alluring Speeches ſtay:
Stay Nymph, he cry'd, I follow, not a Foe.
Thus from the Lyon trips the trembling Doe;
Thus from the Wolf the frighten'd Lamb removes,
And, from purſuing Faulcons, fearful Doves;
Thou ſhunn'ſt a God, and ſhunn'ſt a God that loves.
Ah, leſt ſome Thorn ſhou'd pierce thy tender Foot,
Or thou ſhou'dſt fall in flying my purſuit!
To ſharp uneven Ways thy ſteps decline;
Abate thy Speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou doſt ſo raſhly fly;
Nor baſely born, nor Shepherd's Swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'ſt not my ſuperior State;
And from that Ignorance proceeds thy Hate.
Me *Claros*, *Delphos*, *Tenedos* obey;
Theſe Hands the *Patareian* Scepter ſway.
The King of Gods begot me: What ſhall be,
Or is, or ever was, in Fate, I ſee.
Mine is th' invention of the charming Lyre;
Sweet Notes, and Heavenly Numbers I inſpire.
Sure is my Bow, unerring is my Dart;
But ah more deadly his, who pierc'd my Heart.
Med'cine is mine; what Herbs and Simples grow
In Fields and Forreſts, all their pow'rs I know;
And am the great Phyſician call'd, below.

Alas that Fields and Forreſts can afford
No Remedies to heal their Love-ſick Lord!
To cure the pains of Love, no Plant avails:
And his own Phyſick, the Phyſician fails.
  She heard not half; ſo furiouſly ſhe flies;
And on her Ear th' imperfect Accent dies.
Fear gave her Wings: and as ſhe fled, the Wind
Increaſing, ſpread her flowing Hair behind;
And left her Legs and Thighs expos'd to view:
Which made the God more eager to purſue.
The God was young, and was too hotly bent
To loſe his time in empty Compliment:
But led by Love, and fir'd with ſuch a ſight,
Impetuouſly purſu'd his near delight.
  As when th' impatient Greyhound ſlipt from far,
Bounds o'er the Glebe to courſe the fearful Hare,
She in her ſpeed does all her ſafety lay;
And he with double ſpeed purſues the Prey;
O'er-runs her at the ſitting turn, and licks
His Chaps in vain, and blows upon the Flix:
She ſcapes, and for the neighb'ring Covert ſtrives,
And gaining ſhelter, doubts if yet ſhe lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the God, and ſuch the flying Fair.
She urg'd by Fear, her feet did ſwiftly move,
But he more ſwiftly, who was urg'd by Love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chace:
Now breaths upon her Hair, with nearer pace;
And juſt is faſt'ning on the wiſh'd Embrace.
The Nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of ſo long a flight;

And now deſpairing, caſt a mournful Look
Upon the Streams of her Paternal Brook:
Oh help, ſhe cry'd, in this extreameſt need,
If Water Gods are Deities indeed:
Gape Earth, and this unhappy Wretch intomb;
Or change my form, whence all my ſorrows come.
Scarce had ſhe finiſh'd, when her Feet ſhe found
Benum'd with cold, and faſten'd to the Ground:
A filmy Rind about her Body grows;
Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to Boughs:
The Nymph is all into a Lawrel gone:
The ſmoothneſs of her Skin remains alone.
Yet *Phœbus* loves her ſtill, and caſting round
Her Bole, his Arms, ſome little warmth he found.
The Tree ſtill panted in th' unfiniſh'd part:
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her Heart.
He fixt his Lips upon the trembling Rind;
It ſwerv'd aſide, and his Embrace declin'd.
To whom the God, Becauſe thou canſt not be
My Miſtreſs, I eſpouſe thee for my Tree:
Be thou the prize of Honour and Renown;
The deathleſs Poet, and the Poem crown.
Thou ſhalt the *Roman* Feſtivals adorn,
And, after Poets, be by Victors worn.
Thou ſhalt returning *Cæſar*'s Triumph grace;
When Pomps ſhall in a long Proceſſion paſs.
Wreath'd on the Poſts before his Palace wait;
And be the ſacred Guardian of the Gate.
Secure from Thunder, and unharm'd by *Jove*,
Unfading as th' immortal Pow'rs above:
And as the locks of *Phœbus* are unſhorn,
So ſhall perpetual Green thy Boughs adorn.

The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he ſaid;
And ſhook the ſhady Honours of her Head.

The Transformation of Io *into a Heyfar.*

An ancient Forreſt in *Theſſalia* grows;
Which *Tempe*'s pleaſing Valley does incloſe:
Through this the rapid *Peneus* takes his courſe;
From *Pindus* rowling with impetuous force;
Miſts from the Rivers mighty fall ariſe;
And deadly damps incloſe the cloudy Skies:
Perpetual Fogs are hanging o'er the Wood;
And ſounds of Waters deaf the Neighbourhood.
Deep, in a Rocky Cave, he makes abode:
(A Manſion proper for a mourning God.)
Here he gives Audience; iſſuing out Decrees
To Rivers, his dependant Deities.
On this occaſion hither they reſort;
To pay their homage and to make their Court.
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His Daughter's Honour, or lament her Fate.
Sperchæus, crown'd with Poplar, firſt appears;
Then old *Apidanus* came crown'd with Years:
Enipeus turbulent, *Amphryſos* tame;
And *Æas* laſt with lagging Waters came.
Then, of his Kindred Brooks, a numerous throng
Condole his loſs; and bring their Urns along.
Not one was wanting of the watry Train,
That fill'd his Flood, or mingled with the Main:
But *Inachus*, who in his Cave, alone,
Wept not another's Loſſes, but his own.
For his dear *Io*, whether ſtray'd or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful Tears he ſhed.

He ſought her through the World; but ſought in vain;
And no where finding, rather fear'd her ſlain.
Her, juſt returning from her Father's Brook,
Jove had beheld, with a deſiring look:
And, Oh fair Daughter of the Flood, he ſaid,
Worthy alone of *Jove*'s Imperial Bed,
Happy whoever ſhall thoſe Charms poſſeſs;
The King of Gods (nor is thy Lover leſs)
Invites thee to yon cooler Shades; to ſhun
The ſcorching Rays of the Meridian Sun.
Nor ſhalt thou tempt the dangers of the Grove
Alone, without a Guide; thy Guide is *Jove*.
No puny Pow'r, but he whoſe high Command
Is unconfin'd, who rules the Seas and Land;
And tempers Thunder in his awful hand.
Oh fly not: For ſhe fled from his Embrace
O'er *Lerna*'s Paſtures: he purſu'd the Chace
Along the Shades of the *Lyrcæan* Plain;
At length the God, who never asks in vain,
Involv'd with Vapours, imitating Night,
Both Air and Earth; and then ſuppreſs'd her flight,
And mingling Force with Love, enjoy'd the full delight.
Mean time the jealous *Juno*, from on high,
Survey'd the fruitful Fields of *Arcady*:
And wonder'd that the Miſt ſhou'd over-run
The face of Day-light, and obſcure the Sun.
No Nat'ral Cauſe ſhe found, from Brooks, or Bogs,
Or marſhy Lowlands, to produce the Fogs:
Then round the Skies ſhe ſought for *Jupiter*;
Her faithleſs Husband; but no *Jove* was there:
Suſpecting now the worſt, Or I, ſhe ſaid,
Am much miſtaken, or am much betray'd.

With fury ſhe precipitates her flight:
Diſpels the ſhadows of diſſembled Night;
And to the Day reſtores his native Light.
Th' Almighty *Leacher*, careful to prevent
The conſequence, foreſeeing her deſcent,
Transforms his Miſtreſs in a trice; and now
In *Io*'s place appears a lovely Cow.
So ſleek her Skin, ſo faultleſs was her Make,
Ev'n *Juno* did unwilling pleaſure take
To ſee ſo fair a Rival of her Love;
And what ſhe was, and whence, enquir'd of *Jove*:
Of what fair Herd, and from what Pedigree?
The God, half caught, was forc'd upon a lye:
And ſaid ſhe ſprung from Earth. She took the word,
And begg'd the beauteous Heyfar of her Lord.
What ſhould he do? 'twas equal ſhame to *Jove*
Or to relinquiſh, or betray his Love:
Yet to refuſe ſo ſlight a Gift, wou'd be
But more t' increaſe his Conſort's Jealouſie:
Thus fear and love, by turns, his heart aſſail'd;
And ſtronger love had ſure, at length, prevail'd:
But ſome faint hope remain'd, his jealous Queen
Had not the Miſtreſs through the Heyfar ſeen.
The cautious Goddeſs, of her Gift poſſeſt,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her Breaſt;
As ſhe who knew the falſhood of her *Jove*;
And juſtly fear'd ſome new relapſe of Love.
Which to prevent, and to ſecure her care,
To truſty *Argus* ſhe commits the fair.
The head of *Argus* (as with Stars the Skies)
Was compaſs'd round, and wore an hundred Eyes.

But

But two by turns their Lids in Slumber ſteep;
The reſt on duty ſtill their ſtation keep;
Nor cou'd the total Conſtellation ſleep.
Thus, ever preſent, to his Eyes and Mind,
His Charge was ſtill before him, tho' behind.
In Fields he ſuffer'd her to feed by Day,
But when the ſetting Sun to Night gave way,
The Captive Cow he ſummon'd with a call;
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the Stall.
On Leaves of Trees and bitter Herbs ſhe fed,
Heav'n was her Canopy, bare Earth her Bed:
So hardly lodg'd, and to digeſt her Food,
She drank from troubled Streams, defil'd with Mud.
Her woeful Story fain ſhe wou'd have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
Her Head to her ungentle Keeper bow'd,
She ſtrove to ſpeak, ſhe ſpoke not, but ſhe low'd:
Affrighted with the Noiſe, ſhe look'd around,
And ſeem'd t' inquire the Author of the Sound.
Once on the Banks where often ſhe had play'd,
(Her Father's Banks) ſhe came, and there ſurvey'd
Her alter'd Viſage, and her branching Head;
And ſtarting, from her ſelf ſhe wou'd have fled.
Her fellow Nymphs, familiar to her Eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this diſguiſe.
Ev'n *Inachus* himſelf was ignorant;
And in his Daughter, did his Daughter want.
She follow'd where her Fellows went, as ſhe
Were ſtill a Partner of the Company:
They ſtroak her Neck, the gentle Heyfar ſtands,
And her Neck offers to their ſtroaking Hands.

Her Father gave her Graſs; the Graſs ſhe took;
And lick'd his Palms, and caſt a piteous Look;
And in the language of her Eyes, ſhe ſpoke.
She wou'd have told her Name, and ask'd relief,
But wanting Words, in Tears ſhe tells her Grief.
Which, with her Foot ſhe makes him underſtand;
And prints the name of *Io* in the Sand.

Ah wretched me, her mournful Father cry'd,
She, with a ſigh, to wretched me reply'd;
About her Milk-white Neck, his Arms he threw;
And wept, and then theſe tender Words enſue.
And art thou ſhe, whom I have ſought around
The World, and have at length ſo ſadly found?
So found is worſe than loſt: with mutual Words
Thou anſwer'ſt not, no Voice thy Tongue affords:
But Sighs are deeply drawn from out thy Breaſt;
And Speech deny'd, by Lowing is expreſs'd.
Unknowing I, prepar'd thy Bridal Bed;
With empty hopes of happy Iſſue fed.
But now the Husband of a Herd muſt be
Thy Mate, and bell'wing Sons thy Progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, Death might bring relief:
But now my God-head but extends my Grief:
Prolongs my Woes, of which no end I ſee,
And makes me curſe my Immortality!
More had he ſaid, but fearful of her ſtay,
The Starry Guardian drove his Charge away,
To ſome freſh Paſture; on a hilly height
He ſate himſelf, and kept her ſtill in ſight.

The Eyes of ARGUS *Transform'd into a Peacock's Train.*

Now *Jove* no longer cou'd her ſuff'rings bear;
But call'd in haſte his airy Meſſenger,

The Son of *Maïa*, with ſevere decree
To kill the Keeper, and to ſet her free.
With all his Harneſs ſoon the God was ſped,
His flying Hat was faſtned on his Head,
Wings on his Heels were hung, and in his Hand
He holds the Vertue of the Snaky Wand.
The liquid Air his moving Pinions wound,
And, in the moment, ſhoot him on the Ground.
Before he came in ſight, the crafty God
His Wings diſmiſs'd, but ſtill retain'd his Rod:
That Sleep-procuring Wand wiſe *Hermes* took,
But made it ſeem to ſight a Shepherd's Hook.
With this, he did a Herd of Goats controul;
Which by the way he met, and ſlily ſtole.
Clad like a Country Swain, he Pip'd and Sung;
And playing drove his jolly Troop along.
With pleaſure, *Argus* the Muſician heeds;
But wonders much at thoſe new vocal Reeds.
And whoſoe'er thou art, my Friend, ſaid he,
Up hither drive thy Goats, and play by me:
This Hill has Browz for them, and Shade for thee.
The God, who was with eaſe induc'd to climb,
Began Diſcourſe to paſs away the time;
And ſtill betwixt, his Tuneful Pipe he plyes;
And watch'd his Hour, to cloſe the Keeper's Eyes.
With much ado, he partly kept awake;
Not ſuff'ring all his Eyes Repoſe to take:
And ask'd the Stranger, who did Reeds invent,
And whence began ſo rare an Inſtrument?

The Transformation of SYRINX *into Reeds.*

Then *Hermes* thus; A Nymph of late there was,
Whoſe Heav'nly Form her Fellows did ſurpaſs.

The Pride and Joy of fair *Arcadia*'s Plains,
Belov'd by Deities, ador'd by Swains:
Syrinx her Name, by *Sylvans* oft purſu'd,
As oft ſhe did the Luſtful Gods delude:
The Rural, and the Woodland Pow'rs diſdain'd;
With *Cynthia* hunted, and her Rites maintain'd:
Like *Phœbe* clad, even *Phœbe*'s ſelf ſhe ſeems,
So Tall, ſo Streight, ſuch well-proportion'd Limbs:
The niceſt Eye did no diſtinction know,
But that the Goddeſs bore a Golden Bow,
Diſtinguiſh'd thus, the ſight ſhe cheated too.
Deſcending from *Lycæus*, *Pan* admires
The matchleſs Nymph, and burns with new Deſires.
A Crown of Pine upon his Head he wore;
And thus began her Pity to implore.
But e'er he thus began, ſhe took her flight
So ſwift, ſhe was already out of ſight.
Nor ſtay'd to hear the Courtſhip of the God;
But bent her courſe to *Ladon*'s gentle Flood:
There by the River ſtopt, and tir'd before;
Relief from Water Nymphs her Pray'rs implore.
Now while the Luſtful God, with ſpeedy pace,
Juſt thought to ſtrain her in a ſtrict Embrace,
He fill'd his Arms with Reeds, new riſing on the place.
And while he ſighs, his ill ſucceſs to find,
The tender Canes were ſhaken by the Wind;
And breath'd a mournful Air, unheard before;
That much ſurprizing *Pan*, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new Muſick, Thou, he ſaid,
Who canſt not be the Partner of my Bed,
At leaſt ſhalt be the Conſort of my Mind:
And often, often to my Lips be joyn'd.

He

He form'd the Reeds, proportion'd as they are,
Unequal in their length, and wax'd with Care,
They ſtill retain the Name of his Ungrateful Fair.
While *Hermes* pip'd and ſung, and told his Tale,
The Keeper's winking Eyes began to fail,
And drowſie Slumber on the Lids to creep;
Till all the Watchman was, at length, aſleep.
Then ſoon the God his Voice and Song ſuppreſt;
And with his pow'rful Rod confirm'd his Reſt:
Without delay his crooked Faulchion drew,
And at one fatal ſtroke the Keeper ſlew.
Down from the Rock fell the diſſever'd Head,
Opening its Eyes in Death; and falling, bled;
And mark'd the paſſage with a Crimſon trail:
Thus *Argus* lies in pieces cold and pale;
And all his hundred Eyes, with all their light,
Are clos'd at once, in one perpetual Night.
Theſe *Juno* takes, that they no more may fail,
And ſpreads them in her Peacock's gaudy Tail.
Impatient to revenge her injur'd Bed,
She wreaks her Anger on her Rival's head;
With Furies frights her from her Native Home;
And drives her gadding, round the World to roam
Nor ceas'd her Madneſs and her Flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the *Pharian* Shoar.
At length, arriving on the Banks of *Nile*,
Weary'd with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down; and leaning on her Knees,
Invok'd the Cauſe of all her Miſeries:
And caſt her languiſhing regards above,
For help from Heav'n and her ungrateful *Jove*.
She ſigh'd, ſhe wept, ſhe low'd, 'twas all ſhe cou'd
And with Unkindneſs ſeem'd to tax the God

Laſt, with an humble Pray'r, ſhe beg'd Repoſe,
Or Death at leaſt, to finiſh all her Woes.
Jove heard her Vows, and with a flatt'ring look,
In her behalf, to jealous *Juno* ſpoke.
He caſt his Arms about her Neck, and ſaid,
Dame, reſt ſecure; no more thy Nuptial Bed
This Nymph ſhall violate; by *Styx* I ſwear,
And every Oath that binds the Thunderer.
The Goddeſs was appeas'd; and at the word
Was *Io* to her former Shape reſtor'd.
The rugged Hair began to fall away;
The ſweetneſs of her Eyes did only ſtay,
Tho' not ſo large: her crooked Horns decreaſe;
The Wideneſs of her Jaws and Noſtrils ceaſe:
Her Hoofs to Hands return, in little ſpace:
The five long taper Fingers take their place.
And nothing of the Heyfar now is ſeen,
Beſide the native whiteneſs of the Skin.
Erected on her Feet ſhe walks again;
And Two the duty of the Four ſuſtain.
She tries her Tongue; her Silence ſoftly breaks,
And fears her former Lowings when ſhe ſpeaks:
A Goddeſs now, through all th' *Ægyptian* State:
And ſerv'd by Prieſts, who in white Linnen wait.
Her Son was *Epaphus*, at length believ'd
The Son of *Jove*, and as a God receiv'd;
With Sacrifice ador'd, and publick Pray'rs,
He common Temples with his Mother ſhares.
Equal in Years and Rival in Renown
With *Epaphus*, the youthful *Phaeton*
Like Honour claims; and boaſts his Sire the Sun.
His haughty Looks, and his aſſuming Air,
The Son of *Iſis* cou'd no longer bear:

Thou tak'ſt thy Mother's word too far, ſaid he,
And haſt uſurp'd thy boaſted Pedigree.
Go, baſe Pretender to a borrow'd Name.
Thus tax'd, he bluſh'd with Anger, and with Shame;
But Shame repreſs'd his Rage: The daunted Youth
Soon ſeeks his Mother, and enquires the truth:
Mother, ſaid he, this Infamy was thrown
By *Epaphus* on you, and me your Son.
He ſpoke in publick, told it to my Face;
Nor durſt I vindicate the dire Diſgrace:
Even I, the bold, the ſenſible of Wrong,
Reſtrain'd by Shame, was forc'd to hold my Tongue.
To hear an open Slander, is a Curſe:
But not to find an Anſwer, is a worſe.
If I am Heav'n-begot, aſſert your Son
By ſome ſure Sign; and make my Father known,
To right my Honour, and redeem your own.
He ſaid, and ſaying caſt his Arms about
Her Neck, and begg'd her to reſolve the Doubt.
'Tis hard to judge if *Clymenè* were mov'd
More by his Pray'r, whom ſhe ſo dearly lov'd,
Or more with Fury fir'd, to find her Name
Traduc'd, and made the ſport of common Fame.
She ſtretch'd her Arms to Heav'n, and fix'd her Eyes
On that fair Planet, that adorns the Skies;
Now by thoſe Beams, ſaid ſhe, whoſe holy Fires
Conſume my Breaſt, and kindle my Deſires;
By him, who ſees us both, and chears our ſight,
By him the publick Miniſter of Light,
I ſwear that *Sun* begot thee; if I lye,
Let him his chearful Influence deny:
Let him no more this perjur'd Creature ſee;
And ſhine on all the World, but only me.

If ſtill you doubt your Mother's Innocence,
His Eaſtern Manſion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his *Levè* go,
And from himſelf your Parentage may know.
With joy th' ambitious Youth his Mother heard
And eager, for the Journey ſoon prepar'd.
He longs the World beneath him to ſurvey;
To guide the Chariot; and to give the Day.
From *Meroe*'s burning Sands he bends his Courſe,
Nor leſs in *India* feels his Father's force:
His Travel urging, till he came in ſight;
And ſaw the Palace by the Purple Light.

The End of the Firſt Book.

THE



To Her Grace the Dutchess of Roxbur

PRO·CHRISTO·ET·PATRIA·DULCE·PERICULU

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

Tranſlated by Mr. ADDISON.

The Story of PHAETON.

THE Sun's bright Palace, on high Columns rais'd,
With burniſh'd Gold and flaming Jewels blaz'd;
The Folding-Gates diffus'd a Silver Light,
And with a milder Gleam refreſh'd the Sight;
Of poliſh'd Iv'ry was the Cov'ring wrought:
The Matter vied not with the Sculptor's Thought,
For in the Portal was diſplay'd on high
(The Work of *Vulcan*) a fictitious Sky;
A waving Sea th' inferiour Earth embrac'd,
And Gods and Goddeſſes the Waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty Whale beſtrode;
Triton, and *Proteus* (the deceiving God)
With *Doris* here were carv'd, and all her Train,
Some looſely ſwimming in the figur'd Main,
While ſome on Rocks their dropping Hair divide,
And ſome on Fiſhes through the Waters glide:

Tho' various Features did the Siſters grace,
A Siſter's Likeneſs was in ev'ry Face.
On Earth a diff'rent Landskip courts the Eyes,
Men, Towns, and Beaſts in diſtant Proſpects riſe,
And Nymphs, and Streams, and Woods, and rural Deities.
O'er all, the Heav'ns refulgent Image ſhines;
On either Gate were ſix engraven Signs.
Here *Phaeton*, ſtill gaining on th' Aſcent,
To his ſuſpected Father's Palace went,
Till preſſing forward through the bright Abode,
He ſaw at Diſtance the illuſtrious God:
He ſaw at Diſtance, or the dazling Light
Had flaſh'd too ſtrongly on his aking Sight.
The God ſits high, exalted on a Throne
Of blazing Gems, with Purple Garments on;
The Hours, in order rang'd on either Hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages ſtand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry Chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten Garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden Grapes beſmear;
And hoary Winter ſhivers in the Reer.
Phœbus beheld the Youth from off his Throne;
That Eye, which looks on All, was fix'd in One.
He ſaw the Boy's Confuſion in his Face,
Surpriz'd at all the Wonders of the Place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my Son? for know
"My Son thou art, and I muſt call thee ſo.
"Light of the World, the trembling Youth replies,
"Illuſtrious Parent! ſince you don't deſpiſe
"The Parent's Name, ſome certain Token give,
"That I may *Clymene*'s proud Boaſt believe,
"Nor longer under falſe Reproaches grieve.

The tender Sire was touch'd with what he ſaid,
And flung the Blaze of Glories from his Head,
And bid the Youth advance: " My Son, ſaid he,
" Come to thy Father's Arms! for *Clymenè*
" Has told thee true; a Parent's Name I own,
" And deem thee worthy to be call'd my Son.
" As a ſure Proof, make ſome Requeſt, and I,
" Whate'er it be, with that Requeſt comply;
" By *Styx* I ſwear, whoſe Waves are hid in Night,
" And roul impervious to My piercing Sight.
The Youth tranſported, asks, without Delay,
To guide the Sun's bright Chariot for a Day.
The God repented of the Oath he took,
For Anguiſh thrice his radiant Head he ſhook;
" My Son, ſays he, ſome other Proof require,
" Raſh was my Promiſe, raſh is thy Deſire.
" I'd fain deny this Wiſh which thou haſt made,
" Or, what I can't deny, wou'd fain diſſwade.
" Too vaſt and hazardous the Task appears,
" Nor ſuited to thy Strength, nor to thy Years.
" Thy Lot is Mortal, but thy Wiſhes fly
" Beyond the Province of Mortality:
" There is not one of all the Gods that dares
" (However skill'd in other great Affairs)
" To mount the burning Axle-tree, but I;
" Not *Jove* himſelf, the Ruler of the Sky,
" That hurles the three-fork'd Thunder from above,
" Dares try his Strength; yet who ſo ſtrong as *Jove?*
" The Steeds climb up the firſt Aſcent with Pain,
" And when the middle Firmament they gain,
" If downward from the Heav'ns my Head I bow,
" And ſee the Earth and Ocean hang below,

" Ev'n I am ſeiz'd with Horror and Affright,
" And my own Heart miſgives me at the Sight.
" A mighty Downfal ſteeps the Ev'ning Stage,
" And ſteddy Reins muſt curb the Horſes Rage.
" *Tethys* her ſelf has fear'd to ſee me driv'n
" Down headlong from the Precipice of Heav'n.
" Beſides, conſider what impetuous Force
" Turns Stars and Planets in a diff'rent Courſe.
" I ſteer againſt their Motions; nor am I
" Born back by all the Current of the Sky.
" But how cou'd you reſiſt the Orbs that roul
" In adverſe Whirls, and ſtem the rapid Pole?
" But you perhaps may hope for pleaſing Woods,
" And ſtately Domes, and Cities fill'd with Gods;
" While through a thouſand Snares your Progreſs lies,
" Where Forms of ſtarry Monſters ſtock the Skies:
" For, ſhou'd you hit the doubtful Way aright,
" The Bull with ſtooping Horns ſtands Oppoſite;
" Next him the bright *Hæmonian* Bow is ſtrung,
" And next, the Lion's grinning Viſage hung:
" The Scorpion's Claws here claſp a wide Extent,
" And here the Crab's in leſſer Claſps are bent.
" Nor wou'd you find it eaſie to compoſe
" The mettled Steeds, when from their Noſtrils flows
" The ſcorching Fire, that in their Entrails glows.
" Ev'n I their head-ſtrong Fury ſcarce reſtrain,
" When they grow warm and reſtif to the Rein.
" Let not my Son a fatal Gift require,
" But, O! in time, recall your raſh Deſire;
" You ask a Gift that may your Parent tell,
" Let theſe my Fears your Parentage reveal;

" And

" And learn a Father from a Father's Care:
" Look on my Face; or if my Heart lay bare,
" Cou'd you but look, you'd read the Father there.
" Chuſe out a Gift from Seas, or Earth, or Skies,
" For open to your Wiſh all Nature lies,
" Only decline this one unequal Task,
" For 'tis a Miſchief, not a Gift you ask.
" You ask a real Miſchief, *Phaeton:*
" Nay hang not thus about my Neck, my Son:
" I grant your Wiſh, and *Styx* has heard my Voice,
" Chuſe what you will, but make a wiſer Choice.
Thus did the God th' unwary Youth adviſe;
But he ſtill longs to travel through the Skies.
When the fond Father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the *Vulcanian* Chariot leads.
A Golden Axle did the Work uphold,
Gold was the Beam, the Wheels were orb'd with Gold.
The Spokes in Rows of Silver pleas'd the Sight,
The Seat with party-colour'd Gems was bright;
Apollo ſhin'd amid the Glare of Light.
The Youth with ſecret Joy the Work ſurveys,
When now the Morn diſclos'd her purple Rays;
The Stars were fled, for *Lucifer* had chaſe't
The Stars away, and fled himſelf at laſt.
Soon as the Father ſaw the roſy Morn,
And the Moon ſhining with a blunter Horn,
He bid the nimble *Hours*, without Delay,
Bring forth the Steeds; the nimble *Hours* obey:
From their full Racks the gen'rous Steeds retire,
Dropping ambroſial Foams, and ſnorting Fire.
Still anxious for his Son, the God of Day,
To make him Proof againſt the burning Ray,
His Temples with Celeſtial Ointment wet,
Of ſov'raign Virtue to repel the Heat;

Then fix'd the beamy Circle on his Head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding Sigh, and ſaid,
" Take this at leaſt, this laſt Advice, my Son,
" Keep a ſtiff Rein, and move but gently on:
" The Courſers of themſelves will run too faſt,
" Your Art muſt be to Moderate their Haſte.
" Drive 'em not on Directly through the Skies,
" But where the *Zodiac*'s Winding Circle lies,
" Along the midmoſt *Zone*; but ſally forth
" Nor to the diſtant South, nor ſtormy North.
" The Horſes Hoofs a beaten Track will ſhow,
" But neither mount too high, nor ſink too low.
" That no new Fires, or Heav'n, or Earth infeſt;
" Keep the mid Way, the middle Way is beſt.
" Nor, where in radiant Folds the Serpent twines,
" Direct your Courſe, nor where the Altar ſhines.
" Shun both Extreams; the reſt let Fortune guide,
" And better for thee than thy ſelf provide!
" See, while I ſpeak, the Shades diſperſe away,
" *Aurora* gives the Promiſe of a Day;
" I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer Stay.
" Snatch up the Reins; or ſtill th' Attempt forſake,
" And not my Chariot, but my Counſel take,
" While yet ſecurely on the Earth you ſtand;
" Nor touch the Horſes with too raſh a Hand.
" Let Me alone to light the World, while You
" Enjoy thoſe Beams which you may ſafely view.
He ſpoke in vain; the Youth with active Heat
And ſprightly Vigour vaults into the Seat;
And joys to hold the Reins, and fondly gives
Thoſe Thanks his Father with Remorſe receives.
Mean while the reſtleſs Horſes neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out Fire, and pawing where they ſtood.

Tethys, not knowing what had paſt, gave way,
And all the Waſte of Heav'n before 'em lay.
They ſpring together out, and ſwiftly bear
The flying Youth through Clouds and yielding Air;
With wingy Speed outſtrip the Eaſtern Wind,
And leave the Breezes of the Morn behind.
The Youth was light, nor cou'd he fill the Seat,
Or poiſe the Chariot with its wonted Weight:
But as at Sea th' unballaſs'd Veſſel rides,
Caſt to and fro, the Sport of Winds and Tides;
So in the bounding Chariot toſs'd on high,
The Youth is hurry'd headlong through the Sky.
Soon as the Steeds perceive it, they forſake
Their ſtated Courſe, and leave the beaten Track.
The Youth was in a Maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the Reins, or where to go;
Nor wou'd the Horſes, had he known, obey.
Then the Sev'n Stars firſt felt *Apollo*'s Ray,
And wiſh'd to dip in the forbidden Sea.
The folded Serpent next the frozen Pole,
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward Heat, and threaten'd War,
And ſhot a redder Light from ev'ry Star;
Nay, and 'tis ſaid *Bootes* too, that fain
Thou wou'd'ſt have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy Wane.
Th' unhappy Youth then, bending down his Head,
Saw Earth and Ocean far beneath him ſpread.
His Colour chang'd, he ſtartled at the Sight,
And his Eyes Darken'd by too great a Light.
Now cou'd he wiſh the fiery Steeds untry'd,
His Birth obſcure, and his Requeſt deny'd:
Now wou'd he *Merops* for his Father own,
And quit his boaſted Kindred to the Sun.

So fares the Pilot, when his Ship is toſt
In troubled Seas, and all its Steerage loſt,
He gives her to the Winds, and in Deſpair
Seeks his laſt Refuge in the Gods and Pray'r.
What cou'd he do? his Eyes, if backward caſt,
Find a long Path he had already paſt;
If forward, ſtill a longer Path they find:
Both he compares, and meaſures in his Mind;
And ſometimes caſts an Eye upon the Eaſt,
And ſometimes looks on the forbidden Weſt.
The Horſes Names he knew not in the Fright,
Nor wou'd he looſe the Reins, nor cou'd he hold 'em right.
Now all the Horrors of the Heav'ns he ſpies,
And monſtrous Shadows of prodigious Size,
That, deck'd with Stars, lye ſcatter'd o'er the Skies.
There is a Place above, where *Scorpio* bent
In Tail and Arms ſurrounds a vaſt Extent;
In a wide Circuit of the Heav'ns he ſhines,
And fills the Space of Two Cœleſtial Signs.
Soon as the Youth beheld him, vex'd with Heat,
Brandiſh his Sting, and in his Poiſon ſweat,
Half dead with ſudden Fear he dropt the Reins;
The Horſes felt 'em looſe upon their Mains,
And, flying out through all the Plains above,
Ran uncontroul'd where-e'er their Fury drove;
Ruſh'd on the Stars, and through a pathleſs Way
Of unknown Regions hurry'd on the Day.
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the Earth the burning Chariot drew.
The Clouds diſperſe in Fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her Brother's Steeds beneath her own;
The Highlands ſmoak, cleft by the piercing Rays,
Or, clad with Woods, in their own Fewel blaze.

Next o'er the Plains, where ripen'd Harveſts grow,
The running Conflagration ſpreads Below.
But theſe are trivial Ills: whole Cities burn,
And peopled Kingdoms into Aſhes turn.
The Mountains kindle as the Car draws near,
Athos and *Tmolus* red with Fires appear;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a ſingle Name)
And Virgin *Helicon* increaſe the Flame;
Taurus and *Oetè* glare amid the Sky,
And *Ida*, ſpight of all her Fountains, Dry.
Eryx, and *Othrys*, and *Cithæron*, glow,
And *Rhodopè*, no longer cloath'd in Snow;
High *Pindus*, *Mimas*, and *Parnaſſus*, ſweat,
And *Ætna* rages with redoubled Heat.
Ev'n *Scythia*, through her hoary Regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native Froſt was arm'd.
Cover'd with Flames, the tow'ring *Appennine*,
And *Caucaſus*, and proud *Olympus*, ſhine;
And, where the long-extended *Alpes* aſpire,
Now ſtands a huge continu'd Range of Fire.
Th' aſtoniſht Youth, where-e'er his Eyes cou'd turn,
Beheld the Univerſe around him burn:
The World was in a Blaze; nor cou'd he bear
The ſultry Vapours and the ſcorching Air,
Which from below, as from a Furnace, flow'd;
And now the Axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Loſt in the whirling Clouds, that round him broke,
And white with Aſhes, hov'ring in the Smoke,
He flew where-e'er the Horſes drove, nor knew
Whither the Horſes drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy Moor begun
To change his Hue, and Blacken in the Sun.

Then *Libya* firſt, of all her Moiſture drain'd,
Became a barren Waſte, a Wild of Sand.
The Water-Nymphs lament their empty Urns,
Bæotia, robb'd of Silver *Dirce*, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's waſted Spring bewails,
And *Argos* grieves whilſt *Amymonè* fails.
The Floods are drain'd from ev'ry diſtant Coaſt,
Ev'n *Tanaïs*, tho' fix'd in Ice, was loſt.
Enrag'd *Caïcus* and *Lycormas* roar,
And *Xanthus*, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd *Mæander*, that unweary'd ſtrays
Through mazy Windings, ſmoaks in ev'ry Maze.
From his lov'd *Babylon Euphrates* flies;
The big-ſwoln *Ganges* and the *Danube* riſe
In thick'ning Fumes, and darken half the Skies.
In Flames *Iſmenos* and the *Phaſis* roul'd,
And *Tagus* floating in his melted Gold.
The Swans, that on *Caÿſter* often try'd
Their tuneful Songs, now ſung their laſt and dy'd.
The frighted *Nile* ran off, and under Ground
Conceal'd his Head, nor can it yet be found:
His ſev'n divided Currents all are dry,
And where they roul'd, ſev'n Gaping Trenches lye.
No more the *Rhine* or *Rhone* their Courſe maintain,
Nor *Tiber*, of his promis'd Empire vain.
The Ground, deep-cleft, admits the dazling Ray,
And ſtartles *Pluto* with the Flaſh of Day.
The Seas ſhrink in, and to the Sight diſcloſe
Wide naked Plains, where once their Billows roſe;
Their Rocks are all diſcover'd, and increaſe
The Number of the ſcatter'd *Cyclades*.

The Fiſh in Sholes about the Bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked Dolphin leap:
Gaſping for Breath, th'unſhapen *Phocæ* die,
And on the boiling Wave extended lye.
Nereus, and *Doris* with her Virgin Train,
Seek out the laſt Receſſes of the Main;
Beneath unfathomable Depths they faint,
And ſecret in their gloomy Caverns pant.
Stern *Neptune* thrice above the Waves upheld
His Face, and thrice was by the Flames repell'd.
The Earth at length, on ev'ry Side embrac'd
With ſcalding Seas, that floated round her Waſte,
When now ſhe felt the Springs and Rivers come,
And crowd within the Hollow of her Womb,
Up-lifted to the Heav'ns her blaſted Head,
And clapt her Hand upon her Brows, and ſaid;
(But firſt, impatient of the ſultry Heat,
Sunk deeper down, and ſought a cooler Seat:)
" If you, great King of Gods, my Death approve,
" And I deſerve it, let me die by *Jove*;
" If I muſt periſh by the Force of Fire,
" Let me transfix'd with Thunderbolts expire.
" See, whilſt I ſpeak, my Breath the Vapours choak,
(For now her Face lay wrapt in Clouds of Smoak)
" See my ſinge'd Hair, behold my faded Eye,
" And wither'd Face, where Heaps of Cinders lye!
" And does the Plow for This my Body tear?
" This the Reward for all the Fruits I bear,
" Tortur'd with Rakes, and harraſs'd all the Year?
" That Herbs for Cattle daily I renew,
" And Food for Man, and Frankincenſe for You?

" But grant Me guilty; what has *Neptune* done?
" Why are his Waters boiling in the Sun?
" The wavy Empire, which by Lot was giv'n,
" Why does it waſte, and further ſhrink from Heav'n?
" If I nor He your Pity can provoke,
" See your own Heav'ns, the Heav'ns begin to ſmoke!
" Shou'd once the Sparkles catch thoſe bright Abodes,
" Deſtruction ſeizes on the Heav'ns and Gods;
" *Atlas* becomes unequal to his Freight,
" And almoſt faints beneath the glowing Weight.
" If Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea, together burn,
" All muſt again into their Chaos turn.
" Apply ſome ſpeedy Cure, prevent our Fate,
" And ſuccour Nature, e'er it be too late.
She ceas'd, for choak'd with Vapours round her ſpread,
Down to the deepeſt Shades ſhe ſunk her Head.
Jove call'd to witneſs ev'ry Pow'r above,
And ev'n the God, whoſe Son the Chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or univerſal Ruin muſt enſue.
Strait he aſcends the high Æthereal Throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his Thunder down,
From whence his Show'rs and Storms he us'd to pour,
But now cou'd meet with neither Storm nor Show'r.
Then, aiming at the Youth, with lifted Hand,
Full at his Head he hurl'd the forky Brand,
In dreadful Thund'rings. Thus th' Almighty Sire
Suppreſs'd the Raging of the Fires with Fire.
At once from Life, and from the Chariot driv'n,
Th' ambitious Boy fell Thunder-ſtruck from Heav'n.
The Horſes ſtarted with a ſudden Bound,
And flung the Reins and Chariot to the Ground:

The

The ſtudded Harneſs from their Necks they broke,
Here fell a Wheel, and here a Silver Spoke,
Here were the Beam and Axle torn away;
And, ſcatter'd o'er the Earth, the ſhining Fragments lay.
The Breathleſs *Phaeton*, with flaming Hair,
Shot from the Chariot, like a falling Star,
That in a Summer's Ev'ning from the Top
Of Heav'n drops down, or ſeems at leaſt to drop;
Till on the *Po* his Blaſted Corps was hurl'd,
Far from his Country, in the Weſtern World.

Phaeton's *Siſters transform'd into Trees.*

The *Latian* Nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead Youth, transfix'd with Thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilſt yet ſmoaking from the Bolt he lay,
His ſhatter'd Body to a Tomb convey,
And o'er the Tomb an Epitaph deviſe:
" Here He who drove the Sun's bright Chariot lies;
" His Father's fiery Steeds he cou'd not guide,
" But in the glorious Enterprize he dy'd.
Apollo hid his Face, and pin'd for Grief,
And, if the Story may deſerve Belief,
The Space of One whole Day is ſaid to run,
From Morn to wonted Ev'n, without a Sun:
The burning Ruins, with a fainter Ray,
Supply the Sun, and counterfeit a Day,
A Day, that ſtill did Nature's Face diſcloſe:
This Comfort from the mighty Miſchief roſe.
But *Clymenè*, enrag'd with Grief, laments,
And as her Grief inſpires, her Paſſion vents:
Wild for her Son, and frantick in her Woes,
With Hair diſhevel'd, round the World ſhe goes,

To ſeek where-e'er his Body might be caſt;
Till, on the Borders of the *Po*, at laſt
The Name inſcrib'd on the new Tomb appears.
The dear, dear Name ſhe bathes in flowing Tears,
Hangs o'er the Tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the Marble to her throbbing Heart.
Her Daughters too lament, and ſigh, and mourn,
(A fruitleſs Tribute to their Brother's Urn)
And beat their naked Boſoms, and complain,
And call aloud for *Phaeton* in vain:
All the long Night their mournful Watch they keep,
And all the Day ſtand round the Tomb and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full Moon return'd;
So long the Mother and the Daughters mourn'd:
When now the Eldeſt, *Phaethuſa*, ſtrove
To reſt her weary Limbs, but cou'd not move;
Lampetia wou'd have help'd her, but ſhe found
Her ſelf with-held, and rooted to the Ground:
A Third in wild Affliction, as ſhe grieves,
Wou'd rend her Hair, but fills her Hand with Leaves;
One ſees her Thighs transform'd, Another views
Her Arms ſhot out, and branching into Boughs.
And now their Legs, and Breaſts, and Bodies ſtood
Cruſted with Bark, and hard'ning into Wood;
But ſtill Above were Female Heads diſplay'd,
And Mouths, that call'd the Mother to their Aid.
What cou'd, alas! the weeping Mother do?
From this to that with eager Haſte ſhe flew,
And kiſs'd her Sprouting Daughters as they grew.
She tear's the Bark that to each Body cleaves,
And from their verdant Fingers ſtrips the Leaves:

The Blood came trickling, where ſhe tore away
The Leaves and Bark: The Maids were heard to ſay,
" Forbear, miſtaken Parent, Oh! forbear;
" A wounded Daughter in each Tree you tear;
" Farewell for ever. " Here the Bark encreas'd,
Clos'd on their Faces, and their Words ſuppreſs'd.
The new-made Trees in Tears of Amber run,
Which, harden'd into Value by the Sun,
Diſtill for ever on the Streams below:
The limpid Streams their radiant Treaſure ſhow,
Mixt in the Sand; whence the rich Drops convey'd
Shine in the Dreſs of the bright *Latian* Maid.

The Transformation of CYCNUS *into a Swan.*

Cycnus beheld the Nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead Brother, on the Mortal Side,
In Friendſhip and Affection nearer bound;
He left the Cities and the Realms he own'd,
Thro' pathleſs Fields and lonely Shores to range,
And Woods, made Thicker by the Siſters Change.
Whilſt here, within the diſmal Gloom, alone,
The melancholy Monarch made his Moan,
His Voice was leſſen'd, as he try'd to ſpeak,
And iſſu'd through a long extended Neck;
His Hair transforms to Down, his Fingers meet
In skinny Films, and ſhape his oary Feet;
From both his Sides the Wings and Feathers break;
And from his Mouth proceeds a blunted Beak:
All *Cycnus* now into a Swan was turn'd,
Who, ſtill remembring how his Kinſman burn'd,
To ſolitary Pools and Lakes retires,
And loves the Waters as oppos'd to Fires.

Mean-while *Apollo* in a gloomy Shade
(The native Luſtre of his Brows decay'd)
Indulging Sorrow, ſickens at the Sight
Of his own Sun-ſhine, and abhors the Light:
The hidden Griefs, that in his Boſom riſe,
Sadden his Looks, and over-caſt his Eyes,
As when ſome dusky Orb obſtructs his Ray,
And ſullies, in a Dim Eclipſe, the Day.
Now ſecretly with inward Griefs he pin'd,
Now warm Reſentments to his Griefs he joyn'd,
And now renounc'd his Office to Mankind.
" E'er ſince the Birth of Time, ſaid he, I've born
" A long ungrateful Toil without Return;
" Let now ſome Other manage, if he dare,
" The fiery Steeds, and mount the burning Carr;
" Or, if none elſe, let *Jove* his Fortune try,
" And learn to lay his murd'ring Thunder by;
" Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
" My Son deſerv'd not ſo ſevere a Fate.
The Gods ſtand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would reſume the Conduct of the Day,
Nor let the World be loſt in endleſs Night:
Jove too himſelf, deſcending from his Height,
Excuſes what had happen'd, and intreats,
Majeſtically mixing Pray'rs and Threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harneſs'd Steeds, that ſtill with Horror ſhook,
And plies 'em with the Laſh, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his Son.

The

The Story of CALISTO.

The Day was ſettled in its Courſe; and *Jove*
Walk'd the wide Circuit of the Heav'ns above,
To ſearch if any Cracks or Flaws were made;
But all was Safe: The Earth he then ſurvey'd,
And caſt an Eye on ev'ry diff'rent Coaſt,
And ev'ry Land; but on *Arcadia* moſt.
Her Fields he cloath'd, and chear'd her blaſted Face
With running Fountains, and with ſpringing Graſs.
No Tracks of Heav'ns deſtructive Fire remain,
The Fields and Woods revive, and Nature ſmiles again.
But as the God walk'd to and fro the Earth,
And rais'd the Plants, and gave the Spring its Birth,
By Chance a fair *Arcadian* Nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely Charmer in his Blood.
The Nymph nor Spun, nor dreſs'd with artful Pride,
Her Veſt was gather'd up, her Hair was ty'd;
Now in her Hand a ſlender Spear ſhe bore,
Now a light Quiver on her Shoulders wore;
To chaſte *Diana* from her Youth inclin'd
The ſprightly Warriors of the Wood ſhe joyn'd.
Diana too the gentle Huntreſs lov'd,
Nor was there One of all the Nymphs that rov'd
O'er *Mænalus*, amid the Maiden Throng,
More favour'd once; but Favour laſts not long.
The Sun now ſhone in all its Strength, and drove
The heated Virgin panting to a Grove;
The Grove around a grateful Shadow caſt:
She dropt her Arrows, and her Bow unbrac'd;
She flung her ſelf on the cool graſſy Bed;
And on the painted Quiver rais'd her Head.

Jove ſaw the charming Huntreſs unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant Turf, without a Guard.
" Here I am ſafe, he cries, from *Juno*'s Eye;
" Or ſhou'd my jealous Queen the Theft deſcry,
" Yet wou'd I venture on a Theft like This,
" And ſtand her Rage for ſuch, for ſuch a Bliſs!
Diana's Shape and Habit ſtrait he took,
Soften'd his Brows, and ſmooth'd his awful Look,
And mildly in a Female Accent ſpoke.
" How fares my Girl? How went the Morning Chaſe?
To whom the Virgin, ſtarting from the Graſs,
" All-hail, bright Deity, whom I prefer
" To *Jove* himſelf, tho' *Jove* himſelf were here.
The God was nearer than ſhe thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd Himſelf before Himſelf prefer'd.
He then ſalutes her with a warm Embrace;
And, e're ſhe half had told the Morning Chaſe,
With Love enflam'd, and eager on his Bliſs,
Smother'd her Words, and ſtop'd her with a Kiſs;
His Kiſſes with unwonted Ardour glow'd,
Nor cou'd *Diana*'s Shape conceal the God.
The Virgin did whate'er a Virgin cou'd;
(Sure *Juno* muſt have pardon'd, had ſhe view'd)
With all her Might againſt his Force ſhe ſtrove;
But how can mortal Maids contend with *Jove?*
Poſſeſt at length of what his Heart deſir'd,
Back to his Heav'ns th' exulting God retir'd.
The lovely Huntreſs, riſing from the Graſs,
With down-caſt Eyes, and with a bluſhing Face,
By Shame confounded, and by Fear diſmay'd,
Flew from the Covert of the guilty Shade,
And almoſt, in the Tumult of her Mind,
Left her forgotten Bow and Shafts behind.

But now *Diana*, with a ſprightly Train
Of quiver'd Virgins, bounding o'er the Plain,
Call'd to the Nymph; the Nymph began to fear
A ſecond Fraud, a *Jove* diſguis'd in Her,
But, when ſhe ſaw the Siſter Nymphs, ſuppreſs'd
Her riſing Fears, and mingled with the reſt.
How in the Look does conſcious Guilt appear!
Slowly ſhe mov'd, and loiter'd in the Rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the Goddeſs ran,
As once ſhe us'd, the foremoſt of the Train.
Her Looks were fluſh'd, and ſullen was her Mien,
That ſure the Virgin Goddeſs (had ſhe been
Aught but a Virgin) muſt the Guilt have ſeen.
'Tis ſaid the Nymphs ſaw all, and gueſs'd aright:
And now the Moon had nine times loſt her Light,
When *Dian*, fainting in the mid-day Beams,
Found a cool Covert, and refreſhing Streams
That in ſoft Murmurs through the Foreſt flow'd,
And a ſmooth Bed of ſhining Gravel ſhow'd.
A Covert ſo obſcure, and Streams ſo clear,
The Goddeſs prais'd: "And now no Spies are near,
"Let's ſtrip, my gentle Maids, and waſh, ſhe cries.
Pleas'd with the Motion, ev'ry Maid complies;
Only the bluſhing Huntreſs ſtood confus'd,
And form'd Delays, and her Delays excus'd;
In vain excus'd: her Fellows round her preſs'd,
And the Reluctant Nymph by Force undreſs'd.
The Naked Huntreſs all her Shame reveal'd,
In vain her Hands the pregnant Womb conceal'd;
"Begone! the Goddeſs cries with ſtern Diſdain,
"Begone! nor dare the hallow'd Stream to ſtain:
She fled, for-ever Baniſh'd from the Train.

This *Juno* heard, who long had watch'd her Time
To puniſh the deteſted Rival's Crime;
The Time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely Boy the teeming Rival bore.
The Goddeſs caſt a furious Look, and cry'd,
" It is enough! I'm Fully ſatisfy'd!
" This Boy ſhall ſtand a living Mark, to prove
" My Husband's Baſeneſs and the Strumpet's Love:
" But Vengeance ſhall Awake: thoſe guilty Charms,
" That drew the Thunderer from *Juno*'s Arms,
" No longer ſhall their wonted Force retain,
" Nor pleaſe the God, nor make the Mortal vain.
This ſaid, her Hand within her Hair ſhe wound,
Swung her to Earth, and drag'd her on the Ground:
The proſtrate Wretch lifts up her Arms in Pray'r;
Her Arms grow ſhaggy, and deform'd with Hair,
Her Nails are ſharpen'd into pointed Claws,
Her Hands bear Half her Weight, and turn to Paws;
Her Lips, that once cou'd tempt a God, begin
To grow diſtorted in an ugly Grin.
And, leſt the ſupplicating Brute might reach
The Ears of *Jove*, ſhe was depriv'd of Speech:
Her ſurly Voice thro' a hoarſe Paſſage came
In ſavage Sounds: her Mind was ſtill the ſame.
The Furry Monſter fix'd her Eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy Paws to *Jove*,
And beg'd his Aid with inward Groans; and tho'
She could not call him Falſe, ſhe thought him ſo.
How did ſhe fear to lodge in Woods alone,
And haunt the Fields and Meadows, once her own!
How often wou'd the deep-mouth'd Dogs purſue,
Whilſt from her Hounds the frighted Huntreſs flew!

How

How did ſhe fear her Fellow-Brutes, and ſhun
The ſhaggy Bear, tho' now her ſelf was one!
How from the Sight of rugged Wolves retire,
Although the grim *Lycaon* was her Sire!
But now her Son had fifteen Summers told,
Fierce at the Chaſe, and in the Foreſt Bold;
When, as he beat the Woods in queſt of Prey,
He chanc'd to rouze his Mother where ſhe lay.
She knew her Son, and kept him in her Sight,
And fondly gaz'd: The Boy was in a Fright,
And aim'd a pointed Arrow at her Breaſt,
And would have ſlain his Mother in the Beaſt;
But *Jove* forbad, and ſnatch'd 'em through the Air
In Whirlwinds up to Heav'n, and fix'd 'em there:
Where the new Conſtellations nightly riſe,
And add a Luſtre to the Northern Skies.
When *Juno* ſaw the Rival in her Height,
Spangled with Stars, and circled round with Light,
She ſought Old *Ocean* in his deep Abodes,
And *Tethys*; both Rever'd among the Gods.
They ask what brings her there: " Ne'er ask, ſays ſhe,
" What brings me here, Heav'n is no Place for Me.
" You'll ſee, when Night has cover'd all things o'er,
" *Jove*'s ſtarry Baſtard and triumphant Whore
" Uſurp the Heav'ns; You'll ſee 'em proudly roul
" In their new Orbs, and brighten all the Pole.
" And who ſhall now on *Juno*'s Altars wait,
" When Thoſe ſhe hates grow Greater by her Hate?
" I on the Nymph a Brutal Form impreſs'd,
" *Jove* to a Goddeſs has transform'd the Beaſt;
" This, This was all my weak Revenge could do:
" But let the God his chaſte Amours purſue,

" And, as he acted after *Io*'s Rape,
" Reſtore th' Adultreſs to her former Shape;
" Then may he caſt his *Juno* off, and lead
" The great *Lycaon*'s Offspring to his Bed.
" But you, ye venerable Pow'rs, be kind,
" And, if my Wrongs a due Reſentment find,
" Receive not in your Waves their Setting Beams,
" Nor let the glaring Strumpet taint your Streams.
The Goddeſs ended, and her Wiſh was giv'n.
Back ſhe return'd in Triumph up to Heav'n;
Her gawdy Peacocks drew her through the Skies,
Their Tails were Spotted with a thouſand Eyes;
The Eyes of *Argus* on their Tails were rang'd,
At the ſame time the Raven's Colour chang'd.

The Story of CORONIS, *and Birth of* ÆSCULAPIUS.

The Raven once in Snowy Plumes was dreſt,
White as the whiteſt Dove's unſully'd Breaſt,
Fair as the Guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the Swan; a large and lovely Fowl;
His Tongue, his prating Tongue had chang'd him quite
To ſooty Blackneſs from the pureſt White.
The Story of his Change ſhall here be told;
In *Theſſaly* there liv'd a Nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerleſs Maid ſhe ſhin'd,
Confeſt the Faireſt of the fairer Kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her Guilt he knew,
While true ſhe was, or whilſt he thought her true.
But his own Bird the Raven chanc'd to find
The falſe one with a ſecret Rival joyn'd.
Coronis begg'd him to ſuppreſs the Tale,
But could not with repeated Pray'rs prevail.

His milk-white Pinions to the God he ply'd;
The buſy Daw flew with him, Side by Side,
And by a thouſand teizing Queſtions drew
Th'important Secret from him as they flew.
The Daw gave honeſt Counſel, tho' deſpis'd,
And, tedious in her Tattle, thus adviſ'd.
" Stay, ſilly Bird, th'ill-natur'd Task refuſe,
" Nor be the Bearer of unwelcome News.
" Be warn'd by My Example: you diſcern
" What now I am, and what I was ſhall learn.
" My fooliſh Honeſty was all my Crime;
" Then hear my Story. Once upon a Time,
" The two-ſhap'd *Ericthonius* had his Birth
" (Without a Mother) from the teeming Earth;
" *Minerva* nurs'd him, and the Infant laid
" Within a Cheſt, of twining Oſiers made.
" The Daughters of King *Cecrops* undertook
" To guard the Cheſt, commanded not to look
" On what was hid within. I ſtood to ſee
" The Charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring Tree.
" The Siſters *Pandroſos* and *Herſè* keep
" The ſtrict Command; *Aglauros* needs would Peep,
" And ſaw the monſtrous Infant in a Fright,
" And call'd her Siſters to the hideous Sight:
" A Boy's ſoft Shape did to the Waſte prevail,
" But the Boy ended in a Dragon's Tail.
" I told the ſtern *Minerva* all that paſs'd,
" But for my Pains, diſcarded and diſgrac'd,
" The frowning Goddeſs drove me from her Sight,
" And for her Fav'rite choſe the Bird of Night.
" Be then no Tell-Tale; for I think my Wrong
" Enough to teach a Bird to hold her Tongue.

" But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
" As never by the heav'nly Maid belov'd:
" But I was lov'd; ask *Pallas* if I lye;
" Tho' *Pallas* hate me now, ſhe won't deny:
" For I, whom in a feather'd Shape you view,
" Was once a Maid (by Heav'n the Story's true)
" A blooming Maid, and a King's Daughter too.
" A Crowd of Lovers own'd my Beauty's Charms;
" My Beauty was the Cauſe of all my Harms;
" *Neptune*, as on his Shores I wont to rove,
" Obſerv'd me in my Walks, and fell in Love.
" He made his Courtſhip, he confeſs'd his Pain,
" And offer'd Force when all his Arts were vain;
" Swift he purſu'd: I ran along the Strand,
" Till, ſpent and weary'd on the ſinking Sand,
" I ſhriek'd aloud, with Cries I fill'd the Air
" To Gods and Men; nor God nor Man was there:
" A Virgin Goddeſs heard a Virgin's Pray'r.
" For, as my Arms I lifted to the Skies,
" I ſaw Black Feathers from my Fingers riſe;
" I ſtrove to fling my Garment on the Ground;
" My Garment turn'd to Plumes, and girt me round:
" My Hands to beat my naked Boſom try;
" Nor naked Boſom now nor Hands had I.
" Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
" Sunk in the Sand, but skim'd along the Shore;
" Till, riſing on my Wings, I was prefer'd
" To be the chaſte *Minerva*'s Virgin Bird:
" Prefer'd in vain! I now am in Diſgrace:
" *Nyctimene* the Owl enjoys my Place.
" On Her inceſtuous Life I need not dwell,
" (In *Lesbos* ſtill the horrid Tale they tell)

" And

" And of her dire Amours you muſt have heard,
" For which ſhe now does Penance in a Bird,
" That, conſcious of her Shame, avoids the Light,
" And loves the gloomy Cov'ring of the Night;
" The Birds, where-e'er ſhe flutters, ſcare away
" The Hooting wretch, and drive her from the Day.
The Raven, urg'd by ſuch Impertinence,
Grew Paſſionate, it ſeems, and took Offence,
And curſt the harmleſs Daw; the Daw withdrew:
The Raven to her injur'd Patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal Truth
Of falſe *Coronis* and the favour'd Youth.
The God was wroth; the Colour left his Look,
The Wreath his Head, the Harp his Hand forſook:
His Silver Bow and feather'd Shafts he took,
And lodg'd an Arrow in the tender Breaſt,
That had ſo often to his own been preſt.
Down fell the wounded Nymph, and ſadly groan'd,
And pull'd his Arrow reeking from the Wound;
And weltring in her Blood, thus faintly cry'd,
" Ah cruel God! tho' I have juſtly dy'd,
" What has, alas! my unborn Infant done,
" That He ſhould fall, and Two expire in One?
This ſaid, in Agonies ſhe fetch'd her Breath.
The God diſſolves in Pity at her Death;
He hates the Bird that made her Falſhood known,
And hates himſelf for what himſelf had done;
The feather'd Shaft, that ſent her to the Fates,
And his own Hand, that ſent the Shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the Wound, and eaſe her Pain,
And tries the Compaſs of his Art in vain.

Soon as he ſaw the lovely Nymph expire,
The Pile made ready, and the kindling Fire,
With Sighs and Groans her Obſequies he kept,
And, if a God could weep, the God had wept.
Her Corps he kiſs'd, and heav'nly Incenſe brought,
And ſolemniz'd the Death Himſelf had wrought.
But, leſt his Offspring ſhould her Fate partake,
Spight of th' Immortal Mixture in his Make,
He ript her Womb, and ſet the Child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur *Chiron*'s Charge:
Then in his Fury Black'd the Raven o'er,
And bid him Prate in his White plumes no more.

OCYRRHOE *transform'd to a Mare.*

Old *Chiron* took the Babe with ſecret Joy,
Proud of the Charge of the Celeſtial Boy.
His Daughter too, whom on the ſandy Shore
The Nymph *Chariclo* to the Centaur bore,
With Hair diſhevel'd on her Shoulders came
To ſee the Child, *Ocyrrhoe* was her Name;
She knew her Father's Arts, and could rehearſe
The Depths of Prophecy in ſounding Verſe.
Once, as the ſacred Infant ſhe ſurvey'd,
The God was kindled in the raving Maid,
And thus ſhe utter'd her Prophetick Tale;
" Hail, great Phyſician of the World, All-hail;
" Hail, mighty Infant, who in Years to come,
" Shalt heal the Nations, and defraud the Tomb;
" Swift be thy Growth! thy Triumphs unconfin'd!
" Make Kingdoms thicker, and increaſe Mankind.
" Thy daring Art ſhall animate the Dead,
" And draw the Thunder on thy guilty Head:

" Then ſhalt thou dye, but from the dark Abode
" Riſe up Victorious, and be Twice a God.
" And Thou, my Sire, not deſtin'd by thy Birth
" To turn to Duſt, and mix with common Earth,
" How wilt thou toſs, and rave, and long to dye,
" And quit thy Claim to Immortality;
" When thou ſhalt feel, enrag'd with inward Pains,
" The *Hydra*'s Venom rankling in thy Veins?
" The Gods, in Pity, ſhall contract thy Date,
" And give thee over to the Pow'r of Fate.
Thus, ent'ring into Deſtiny, the Maid
The Secrets of offended *Jove* betray'd:
More had ſhe ſtill to ſay; but now appears
Oppreſs'd with Sobs and Sighs, and drown'd in Tears.
" My Voice, ſays ſhe, is gone, my Language fails;
" Through ev'ry Limb my kindred Shape prevails:
" Why did the God this fatal Gift impart,
" And with prophetick Raptures ſwell my Heart!
" What new Deſires are theſe? I long to pace
" O'er flow'ry Meadows, and to feed on Graſs;
" I haſten to a Brute, a Maid no more;
" But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
" My Sire does Half a human Shape retain,
" And in his upper Parts preſerves the Man.
Her Tongue no more diſtinct Complaints affords,
But in ſhrill Accents and miſ-ſhapen Words
Pours forth ſuch hideous Wailings, as declare
The Human Form confounded in the Mare:
Till by degrees accompliſh'd in the Beaſt,
She neigh'd outright, and all the Steed expreſt.
Her ſtooping Body on her Hands is born,
Her Hands are turn'd to Hoofs, and ſhod in Horn,

Her yellow Treſſes ruffle in a Mane,
And in a flowing Tail ſhe friſks her Train.
The Mare was finiſh'd in her Voice and Look,
And a new Name from the new Figure took.

The Transformation of BATTUS *to a Touch-ſtone.*

Sore wept the Centaur, and to *Phœbus* pray'd;
But how could *Phœbus* give the Centaur Aid?
Degraded of his Pow'r by angry *Jove*,
In *Elis* Then a Herd of Beeves he drove;
And wielded in his Hand a Staff of Oak,
And o'er his Shoulders threw the Shepherd's Cloak;
On ſev'n compacted Reeds he us'd to play,
And on his Rural Pipe to waſte the Day.
As once, attentive to his Pipe, he play'd,
The crafty *Hermes* from the God convey'd
A Drove, that ſep'rate from their Fellows ſtray'd.
The Theft an old inſidious Peaſant view'd,
(They call'd him *Battus* in the Neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy *Pylian* Prince to feed
His fav'rite Mares, and watch the gen'rous Breed.
The thieviſh God ſuſpected him, and took
The Hind aſide, and thus in Whiſpers ſpoke;
" Diſcover not the Theft, whoe'er thou be,
" And take that milk-white Heifer for thy Fee.
' Go, Stranger, cries the Clown, ſecurely on,
" That Stone ſhall ſooner tell, and ſhow'd a Stone.
The God withdrew, but ſtrait return'd again,
In Speech and Habit like a Country Swain;
And cries out, " Neighbour, haſt thou ſeen a Stray
" Of Bullocks and of Heifers paſs this Way?

" In

" In the Recov'ry of my Cattle join,
" A Bullock and a Heifer ſhall be thine.
The Peaſant quick replies, " You'll find 'em there
" In yon dark Vale; and in the Vale they were.
The Double Bribe had his falſe Heart beguil'd:
The God, ſucceſsful in the Tryal, ſmil'd;
" And doſt thou thus betray my ſelf to Me?
" Me to my ſelf doſt thou betray? ſays he:
Then to a *Touch-ſtone* turns the faithleſs Spy,
And in his Name records his Infamy.

The Story of AGLAUROS, *transform'd into a Statue.*

This done, the God flew up on high, and paſs'd
O'er lofty *Athens*, by *Minerva* grac'd,
And wide *Munichia*, whilſt his Eyes ſurvey
All the vaſt Region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the Feaſt, when each *Athenian* Maid
Her yearly Homage to *Minerva* paid;
In Caniſters, with Garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their Heads their myſtick Gifts they bore:
And now, returning in a ſolemn Train,
The Troop of ſhining Virgins fill'd the Plain.
The God well-pleas'd beheld the pompous Show,
And ſaw the bright Proceſſion paſs below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling Flight,
And hover'd o'er them: As the ſpreading Kite,
That ſmells the ſlaughter'd Victim from on high,
Flies at a Diſtance, if the Prieſts are nigh,
And ſails around, and keeps it in her Eye;
So kept the God the Virgin Quire in view,
And in ſlow winding Circles round them flew.

As *Lucifer* excells the meaneſt Star,
Or, as the full-orb'd *Phœbe Lucifer*;
So much did *Hersè* all the reſt outvy,
And gave a Grace to the Solemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the Clouds he hung:
So the cold Bullet, that with Fury ſlung
From *Balearick* Engines mounts on high,
Glows in the Whirl, and burns along the Sky.
At length he pitch'd upon the Ground, and ſhow'd
The Form Divine, the Features of a God.
He knew their Vertue o'er a Female Heart,
And yet he ſtrives to better them by Art.
He hangs his Mantle looſe, and ſets to ſhow
The golden Edging on the Seam below;
Adjuſts his flowing Curls, and in his Hand
Waves, with an Air, the Sleep-procuring Wand;
The glitt'ring Sandals to his Feet applies,
And to each Heel the well-trim'd Pinion ties.
His Ornaments with niceſt Art diſplay'd,
He ſeeks th' Apartment of the Royal Maid.
The Roof was all with poliſh'd Iv'ry lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in Clouds of Tortoiſe ſhin'd.
Three Rooms, contiguous, in a Range were plac'd,
The Midmoſt by the beauteous *Hersè* grac'd;
Her Virgin Siſters lodg'd on either Side.
Aglauros firſt th' approaching God deſcry'd,
And, as he croſs'd her Chamber, ask'd his Name,
And what his Buſineſs was, and whence he came.
" I come, reply'd the God, from Heav'n to woo
" Your Siſter, and to make an Aunt of you;
" I am the Son and Meſſenger of *Jove*,
" My Name is *Mercury*, my Bus'neſs Love;

" Do you, kind Damſel, take a Lover's Part,
" And gain Admittance to your Siſter's Heart.
She ſtar'd him in the Face with Looks amaz'd,
As when ſhe on *Minerva*'s Secret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty Treaſure for her Hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the God retire.
Minerva griev'd to ſee the Nymph ſucceed;
And now remembring the late impious Deed,
When, diſobedient to her ſtrict Command,
She touch'd the Cheſt with an unhallow'd Hand;
In big-ſwoln Sighs her inward Rage expreſs'd,
That heav'd the riſing *Ægis* on her Breaſt;
Then ſought out *Envy* in her dark Abode,
Defil'd with ropy Gore and Clots of Blood:
Shut from the Winds and from the wholeſome Skies,
In a deep Vale the gloomy Dungeon lies,
Diſmal and Cold, where not a Beam of Light
Invades the Winter, or diſturbs the Night.
Directly to the Cave her Courſe ſhe ſteer'd;
Againſt the Gates her martial Lance ſhe rear'd;
The Gates flew open, and the Fiend appear'd.
A pois'nous Morſel in her Teeth ſhe chew'd,
And gorg'd the Fleſh of Vipers for her Food.
Minerva loathing, turn'd away her Eye;
The hideous Monſter, riſing Heavily,
Came ſtalking forward with a ſullen Pace,
And left her mangled Offals on the Place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the Goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a Groan at ſuch a chearful Sight.
Livid and meagre were her Looks, her Eye
In foul diſtorted Glances turn'd awry;
A Hoard of Gall her inward Parts poſſeſs'd,
And ſpread a Greenneſs o'er her canker'd Breaſt;

Her Teeth were brown with Ruſt, and from her Tongue,
In dangling Drops, the ſtringy Poiſon hung.
She never ſmiles but when the Wretched weep,
Nor lulls her Malice with a Moment's Sleep,
Reſtleſs in Spite: while watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at Another's Joy;
Foe to her ſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own Tormenter in her Breaſt.
The Goddeſs gave (for ſhe abhorr'd her Sight)
A ſhort Command: "To *Athens* ſpeed thy Flight;
"On curſt *Aglauros* try thy utmoſt Art,
"And fix thy rankeſt Venoms in her Heart.
This ſaid, her Spear ſhe puſh'd againſt the Ground,
And mounting from it with an active Bound,
Flew off to Heav'n: The Hag with Eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd Curſes as ſhe flew;
For ſore ſhe fretted, and began to grieve
At the Succeſs which ſhe her ſelf muſt give.
Then takes her Staff, hung round with Wreaths of Thorn,
And ſails along, in a black Whirlwind born,
O'er Fields and flow'ry Meadows: Where ſhe ſteers
Her baneful Courſe, a mighty Blaſt appears,
Mildews and Blights; the Meadows are defac'd,
The Fields, the Flow'rs, and the whole Year laid waſte:
On Mortals next, and peopled Towns ſhe falls,
And breathes a burning Plague among their Walls.
When *Athens* ſhe beheld, for Arts renown'd,
With Peace made happy, and with Plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous Fiend from Tears forbear,
To find out nothing that Deſerv'd a Tear.
Th' Apartment now ſhe enter'd, where at reſt
Aglauros lay, with gentle Sleep oppreſt.

To

To execute *Minerva*'s dire Command,
She ſtroak'd the Virgin with her canker'd Hand,
Then prickly Thorns into her Breaſt convey'd,
That ſtung to Madneſs the devoted Maid:
Her ſubtle Venom ſtill improves the Smart,
Frets in the Blood, and feſters in the Heart.
To make the Work more ſure, a Scene ſhe drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming Virgin's View
Her Siſter's Marriage, and her glorious Fate:
Th' imaginary Bride appears in State;
The Bride-groom with unwonted Beauty glows;
For Envy Magnifies what-e'er ſhe ſhows.
Full of the Dream, *Aglauros* pin'd away
In Tears all Night, in Darkneſs all the Day;
Conſum'd like Ice, that juſt Begins to run,
When feebly ſmitten by the diſtant Sun;
Or like unwholſome Weeds, that ſet on Fire
Are ſlowly waſted, and in Smoke expire.
Giv'n up to Envy (for in ev'ry Thought
The Thorns, the Venom, and the Viſion wrought)
Oft did ſhe call on Death, as oft decreed,
Rather than ſee her Siſter's Wiſh ſucceed,
To tell her awfull Father what had paſt:
At length before the Door her ſelf ſhe caſt;
And, ſitting on the Ground with ſullen Pride,
A Paſſage to the Love-ſick God deny'd.
The God careſs'd, and for Admiſſion pray'd,
And ſooth'd in ſofteſt Words th' envenom'd Maid.
In vain he ſooth'd; "Begone! the Maid replies,
"Or here I keep my Seat, and never riſe.
'Then keep thy Seat for ever, cries the God,
And touch'd the Door, wide-op'ning to his Rod.

Fain would ſhe riſe, and ſtop him, but ſhe found
Her Trunk too heavy to forſake the Ground;
Her Joynts are all benum'd, her Hands are pale,
And Marble now appears in ev'ry Nail.
As when a Cancer in the Body feeds,
And gradual Death from Limb to Limb proceeds;
So does the Chilneſs to each vital Part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her Heart;
Till hard'ning ev'ry where, and ſpeechleſs grown,
She ſits unmov'd, and freezes to a Stone.
But ſtill her envious Hue and ſullen Mien
Are in the Sedentary Figure ſeen.

EUROPA's *Rape.*

When now the God his Fury had allay'd,
And taken Vengeance of the ſtubborn Maid,
From where the bright *Athenian* Turrets riſe
He mounts aloft, and re-aſcends the Skies.
Jove ſaw him enter the ſublime Abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the Crowd of Gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the Reſt,
And in ſoft Whiſpers thus his Will expreſt.
" My truſty *Hermes*, by who's Ready Aid
" Thy Sire's Commands are through the World convey'd,
" Reſume thy Wings, exert their utmoſt Force,
" And to the Walls of *Sidon* ſpeed thy Courſe;
" There find a Herd of Heifers wandring o'er
" The neighb'ring Hill, and drive 'em to the Shore.
Thus ſpoke the God, concealing his Intent.
The truſty *Hermes* on his Meſſage went,
And found the Herd of Heifers wandring o'er
A neighb'ring Hill, and drove 'em to the Shore;

Where the King's Daughter, with a lovely Train
Of Fellow-Nymphs, was ſporting on the Plain.
The Dignity of Empire laid aſide,
(For Love but ill agrees with Kingly Pride.)
The Ruler of the Skies, the Thund'ring God,
Who ſhakes the World's Foundations with a Nod,
Among a Herd of lowing Heifers ran,
Friſk'd in a Bull, and bellow'd o'er the Plain.
Large Rolls of Fat about his Shoulders clung,
And from his Neck the double Dewlap hung.
His Skin was whiter than the Snow that lies
Unſully'd by the Breath of Southern Skies;
Small ſhining Horns on his curl'd Forehead ſtand,
As turn'd and poliſh'd by the Work-man's Hand;
His Eye-balls rowl'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languiſh'd with a gentle Light.
His ev'ry Look was peaceful, and expreſt
The Softneſs of the Lover in the Beaſt.
Agenor's Royal Daughter, as ſhe plaid
Among the Fields, the Milk-white Bull ſurvey'd,
And view'd his ſpotleſs Body with Delight,
And at a Diſtance kept him in her Sight.
At length ſhe pluck'd the riſing Flow'rs, and fed
The gentle Beaſt, and fondly ſtroak'd his Head.
He ſtood well-pleas'd to Touch the charming Fair,
But hardly could confine his Pleaſure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring Strand,
Now rowls his Body on the yellow Sand;
And, now perceiving all her Fears decay'd,
Comes toſſing forward to the Royal Maid;
Gives her his Breaſt to ſtroke, and downward turns
His griſly Brow, and gently ſtoops his Horns.

In flow'ry Wreaths the Royal Virgin dreſt
His bending Horns, and kindly clapt his Breaſt.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of Fear,
Not knowing that ſhe preſt the Thunderer,
She plac'd her ſelf upon his Back, and rode
O'er Fields and Meadows, ſeated on the God.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry Meadow, and approach'd the Seas;
Where now he dips his Hoofs and wets his Thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the Prize.
The frighted Nymph looks backward on the Shoar,
And hears the tumbling Billows round her roar;
But ſtill ſhe holds him faſt: one Hand is born
Upon his Back; the other graſps a Horn:
Her Train of ruffling Garments flies behind,
Swells in the Air, and hovers in the Wind.
Through Storms and Tempeſts he the Virgin bore,
And lands her ſafe on the *Dictean* Shore;
Where now, in his Divineſt Form array'd,
In his true Shape he captivates the Maid;
Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring Eyes
Beholds the new majeſtick Figure riſe,
His glowing Features, and celeſtial Light,
And all the God diſcover'd to her Sight.

The End of the Second Book.



To Her Grace the — *Dutchess of Newcastl*

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

Tranſlated by Mr. ADDISON.

The Story of CADMUS.

WHEN now *Agenor* had his Daughter loſt,
He ſent his Son to ſearch on ev'ry Coaſt;
And ſternly bid him to his Arms reſtore
The Darling Maid, or ſee his Face no more,
But live an Exile in a foreign Clime;
Thus was the Father Pious to a Crime.
The reſtleſs Youth ſearch'd all the World around;
But how can *Jove* in his Amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unſucceſsful Toil,
To ſhun his angry Sire and Native Soil,
He goes a Suppliant to the *Delphick* Dome;
There asks the God what new-appointed Home
Should end his Wandrings, and his Toils relieve.
The *Delphick* Oracles this Anſwer give.
" Behold among the Fields a lonely Cow,
" Unworn with Yokes, unbroken to the Plow;

" Mark well the Place where firſt ſhe lays her down,
" There meaſure out thy Walls, and build thy Town,
" And from thy Guide *Bœotia* call the Land,
" In which the deſtin'd Walls and Town ſhall ſtand.
No ſooner had he left the dark Abode,
Big with the Promiſe of the *Delphick* God,
When in the Fields the fatal Cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with Yokes, nor worn with Servitude:
Her gently at a Diſtance he purſu'd;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in Silence pray'd
To the great Pow'r whoſe Counſels he obey'd.
Her Way through flow'ry *Panopè* ſhe took,
And now, *Cephiſus*, croſs'd thy Silver Brook;
When to the Heav'ns her ſpacious Front ſhe rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On thoſe behind, till on the deſtin'd Place
She ſtoop'd, and couch'd amid the riſing Graſs.
Cadmus ſalutes the Soil, and gladly hails
The new-found Mountains, and the nameleſs Vales,
And thanks the Gods, and turns about his Eye
To ſee his new Dominions round him lye;
Then ſends his Servants to a neighb'ring Grove
For living Streams, a Sacrifice to *Jove*.
O'er the wide Plain there roſe a ſhady Wood
Of aged Trees; in its dark Boſom ſtood
A buſhy Thicket, pathleſs and unworn,
O'er-run with Brambles, and perplex'd with Thorn:
Amidſt the Brake a hollow Den was found,
With Rocks and ſhelving Arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary Den, conceal'd from Day,
Sacred to *Mars*, a mighty Dragon lay,
Bloated with Poiſon to a monſtrous Size;
Fire broke in Flaſhes when he glanc'd his Eyes:

His tow'ring Creſt was glorious to behold,
His Shoulders and his Sides were ſcal'd with Gold;
Three Tongues he brandiſh'd when he charg'd his Foes;
His Teeth ſtood jaggy in Three dreadful Rows.
The *Tyrians* in the Den for Water ſought,
And with their Urns explor'd the hollow Vault:
From Side to Side their empty Urns rebound,
And rowſe the ſleeping Serpent with the Sound.
Strait he beſtirs him, and is ſeen to riſe;
And now with dreadful Hiſſings fills the Skies,
And darts his forky Tongues, and rouls his glareing Eyes.
The *Tyrians* drop their Veſſels in the Fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous Sight.
Spire above Spire uprear'd in Air he ſtood,
And gazing round him, over-look'd the Wood:
Then floating on the Ground, in Circles rowl'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty Fold.
Of ſuch a Bulk, and ſuch a monſt'rous Size,
The Serpent in the Polar Circle lyes,
That ſtretches over half the Northern Skies.
In vain the *Tyrians* on their Arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their Endeavours and their Hopes are vain;
Some die entangl'd in the winding Train;
Some are devour'd, or feel a loathſom Death,
Swoln up with Blaſts of Peſtilential Breath.

And now the ſcorching Sun was mounted high,
In all its Luſtre, to the Noon-day Sky;
When, anxious for his Friends, and fill'd with Cares,
To ſearch the Woods th' impatient Chief prepares.
A Lion's Hide around his Loins he wore,
The well-poiz'd Jav'lin to the Field he bore

Inur'd to Blood; the far-deſtroying Dart;
And, the beſt Weapon, an undaunted Heart.
Soon as the Youth approach'd the fatal Place,
He ſaw his Servants breathleſs on the Graſs;
The ſcaly Foe amid their Corps he view'd,
Basking at Eaſe, and feaſting in their Blood.
" Such Friends, he cries, deſerv'd a longer Date;
" But *Cadmus* will revenge, or ſhare their Fate.
Then heav'd a Stone, and riſing to the Throw,
He ſent it in a Whirlwind at the Foe:
A Tow'r, aſſaulted by ſo rude a Stroke,
With all its lofty Battlements had ſhook;
But nothing here th' unweildy Rock avails,
Rebounding harmleſs from the plaited Scales,
That, firmly join'd, preſerv'd him from a Wound,
With native Armour cruſted all around.
The pointed Jav'lin more ſucceſsful flew,
Which at his Back the raging Warriour threw;
Amid the plaited Scales it took its Courſe,
And in the ſpinal Marrow ſpent its Force.
The Monſter hiſs'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his Body to and fro with Pain;
And bit the Spear, and wrench'd the Wood away;
The Point ſtill buried in the Marrow lay.
And now his Rage, increaſing with his Pain,
Reddens his Eyes, and beats in ev'ry Vein;
Churn'd in his Teeth the foamy Venom roſe,
Whilſt from his Mouth a Blaſt of Vapours flows,
Such as th' Infernal *Stygian* Waters caſt.
The Plants around him wither in the Blaſt.
Now in a Maze of Rings he lies enrowl'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a Fold;

Now,

Now, like a Torrent, with a mighty Force
Bears down the Foreſt in his boiſt'rous Courſe.
Cadmus gave back, and on the Lion's Spoil
Suſtain'd the Shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed Jav'lin warded off his Rage:
Mad with his Pains, and furious to engage,
The Serpent champs the Steel, and bites the Spear,
'Till Blood and Venom all the Point beſmear.
But ſtill the Hurt he yet receiv'd was ſlight;
For, whilſt the Champion with redoubled Might
Strikes home the Jav'lin, his retiring Foe
Shrinks from the Wound, and diſappoints the Blow.
The dauntleſs Heroe ſtill purſues his Stroke,
And preſſes forward, 'till a knotty Oak
Retards his Foe, and ſtops him in the Rear;
Full in his Throat he plung'd the fatal Spear,
That in th' extended Neck a Paſſage found,
And pierc'd the ſolid Timber through the Wound.
Fix'd to the reeling Trunk, with many a Stroke
Of his huge Tail, he laſh'd the ſturdy Oak;
Till ſpent with Toil, and lab'ring hard for Breath,
He now lay twiſting in the Pangs of Death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a Flood
Of ſwimming Poiſon, intermix'd with Blood;
When ſuddenly a Speech was heard from high,
(The Speech was heard, nor was the Speaker nigh)
" Why doſt thou thus with ſecret Pleaſure ſee,
" Inſulting Man! what thou thy ſelf ſhalt be?
Aſtoniſh'd at the Voice, he ſtood amaz'd,
And all around with inward Horror gaz'd:
When *Pallas* ſwift deſcending from the Skies,
Pallas, the Guardian of the Bold and Wiſe,

Bids him plow up the Field, and ſcatter round
The Dragon's Teeth o'er all the furrow'd Ground;
Then tells the Youth how to his wond'ring Eyes
Embattled Armies from the Field ſhould riſe.
He ſows the Teeth at *Pallas*'s Command,
And flings the future People from his Hand.
The Clods grow warm, and crumble where he ſows;
And now the pointed Spears advance in Rows;
Now nodding Plumes appear, and ſhining Creſts,
Now the broad Shoulders and the riſing Breaſts;
O'er all the Field the breathing Harveſt ſwarms,
A growing Hoſt, a Crop of Men and Arms.
So through the parting Stage a Figure rears
Its Body up, and Limb by Limb appears
By juſt Degrees; 'till all the Man ariſe,
And in his full Proportion ſtrikes the Eyes.
Cadmus ſurpriz'd, and ſtartled at the Sight
Of his new Foes, prepar'd himſelf for Fight:
When one cry'd out, " Forbear, fond Man, forbear
" To mingle in a blind promiſcuous War.
This ſaid, he ſtruck his Brother to the Ground,
Himſelf expiring by another's Wound;
Nor did the Third his Conqueſt long ſurvive,
Dying e'er ſcarce he had begun to live.
The dire Example ran through all the Field,
'Till Heaps of Brothers were by Brothers kill'd;
The Furrows ſwam in Blood: and only five
Of all the vaſt Increaſe were left alive.
Echion One, at *Pallas*'s Command,
Let fall the guiltleſs Weapon from his Hand;
And with the reſt a peaceful Treaty makes,
Whom *Cadmus* as his Friends and Partners takes:

So founds a City on the promis'd Earth,
And gives his new *Bæotian* Empire Birth.
Here *Cadmus* reign'd; and now one would have gueſs't
The Royal Founder in his Exile bleſt:
Long did he live within his new Abodes,
Ally'd by Marriage to the deathleſs Gods;
And, in a fruitful Wife's Embraces old,
A long Increaſe of Children's Children told:
But no frail Man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die.
Actæon was the firſt of all his Race,
Who griev'd his Grandſire in his borrow'd Face;
Condemn'd by ſtern *Diana* to bemoan
The branching Horns, and Viſage not his own;
To ſhun his once-lov'd Dogs, to bound away,
And from their Huntſman to become their Prey.
And yet conſider why the Change was wrought,
You'll find it his Misfortune, not his Fault;
Or if a Fault, it was the Fault of Chance:
For how can Guilt proceed from Ignorance?

The Transformation of ACTÆON *into a Stag.*

In a fair Chace a ſhady Mountain ſtood,
Well ſtor'd with Game, and mark'd with Trails of Blood.
Here did the Huntſmen 'till the Heat of Day
Purſue the Stag, and load themſelves with Prey;
When thus *Actæon* calling to the reſt:
" My Friends, ſays he, our Sport is at the beſt.
" The Sun is high advanc'd, and downward ſheds
" His burning Beams directly on our Heads;
" Then by Conſent abſtain from further Spoils,
" Call off the Dogs, and gather up the Toiles;

" And e'er to Morrow's Sun begins his Race,
" Take the cool Morning to renew the Chace.
They all conſent, and in a chearful Train
The jolly Huntſmen, loaden with the Slain,
Return in Triumph from the ſultry Plain.
Down in a Vale with Pine and Cypreſs clad,
Refreſh'd with gentle Winds, and brown with Shade,
The chaſte *Diana*'s private Haunt, there ſtood
Full in the Centre of the darkſome Wood
A ſpacious Grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary Moſs, and arch'd with Pumice-ſtone.
From out its rocky Cleſts the Waters flow,
And trickling ſwell into a Lake below.
Nature had ev'ry where ſo plaid her Part,
That ev'ry where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with Art.
Here the bright Goddeſs, toil'd and chaf'd with Heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool Retreat.
Here did ſhe now with all her Train reſort,
Panting with Heat, and breathleſs from the Sport;
Her Armour-bearer laid her Bow aſide,
Some loos'd her Sandals, ſome her Veil unty'd;
Each buſy Nymph her proper Part undreſt;
While *Crocale*, more Handy than the reſt,
Gather'd her flowing Hair, and in a Nooſe
Bound it together, whilſt her own hung looſe.
Five of the more ignoble ſort by turns
Fetch up the Water, and unlade their Urns.
Now all undreſt the ſhining Goddeſs ſtood,
When young *Actæon*, wilder'd in the Wood,
To the cool Grott by his hard Fate betray'd,
The Fountains fill'd with naked Nymphs ſurvey'd.
The frighted Virgins ſhriek'd at the Surprize,
(The Foreſt echo'd with their piercing Cries.)

Then

Then in a Huddle round their Goddeſs preſt:
She, proudly eminent above the reſt,
With Bluſhes glow'd; ſuch Bluſhes as adorn,
The ruddy Welkin, or the purple Morn;
And tho' the crowding Nymphs her Body hide,
Half backward ſhrunk, and view'd him from aſide.
Surpriz'd, at firſt ſhe would have ſnatch'd her Bow,
But ſees the circling Waters round her flow;
Theſe in the Hollow of her Hand ſhe took,
And daſh'd 'em in his Face, while thus ſhe ſpoke:
" Tell if thou can'ſt the wond'rous Sight diſclos'd,
" A Goddeſs naked to thy View expos'd.
This ſaid, the Man begun to diſappear
By ſlow Degrees, and ended in a Deer.
A riſing Horn on either Brow he wears,
And ſtretches out his Neck, and pricks his Ears;
Rough is his Skin, with ſudden Hairs o'er-grown,
His Boſom pants with Fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haſte,
And wonders why he flies away ſo faſt.
But as by Chance, within a neighb'ring Brook,
He ſaw his branching Horns and alter'd Look,
Wretched *Actæon!* in a doleful Tone
He try'd to ſpeak, but only gave a Groan;
And as he wept, within the watry Glaſs
He ſaw the big round Drops, with ſilent Pace,
Run trickling down a ſavage hairy Face.
What ſhould he do? Or ſeek his old Abodes,
Or herd among the Deer, and ſculk in Woods?
Here Shame diſſuades him, there his Fear prevails,
And each by turns his aking Heart aſſails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him ſpies
His op'ning Hounds, and now he hears their Cries:
A gen'rous Pack, or to maintain the Chace,
Or ſnuff the Vapour from the ſcented Graſs.
He bounded off with Fear, and ſwiftly ran
O'er craggy Mountains, and the flow'ry Plain;
Through Brakes and Thickets forc'd his Way, and flew
Through many a Ring, where once he did purſue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new Misfortune, and to tell his Name;
Nor Voice nor Words the brutal Tongue ſupplies;
From ſhouting Men, and Horns, and Dogs he flies,
Deafen'd and ſtunn'd with their promiſcuous Cries.
When now the fleeteſt of the Pack, that preſt
Cloſe at his Heels, and ſprung before the reſt,
Had faſten'd on him, ſtraight another Pair
Hung on his wounded Haunch, and held him there,
'Till all the Pack came up, and ev'ry Hound
Tore the ſad Huntſman grov'ling on the Ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd Wound.
With dropping Tears his bitter Fate he moans,
And fills the Mountain with his dying Groans.
His Servants with a piteous Look he ſpies,
And turns about his ſupplicating Eyes.
His Servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager Haſte and joyful Shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their Lord *Actæon* tot he Game:
He ſhook his Head in anſwer to the Name;
He heard, but wiſh'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have ſtood a Looker on.
But to his Grief he finds himſelf too near,
And feels his rav'nous Dogs with Fury tear
Their wretched Maſter panting in a Deer.

The Birth of BACCHUS.

Actæ n's Suff'rings, and *Diana*'s Rage,
Did all the Thoughts of Men and Gods engage;
Some call'd the Evils, which *Diana* wrought,
Too great, and diſproportion'd to the Fault:
Others again, eſteem'd *Actæon*'s Woes
Fit for a Virgin Goddeſs to impoſe.
The Hearers into diff'rent Parts divide,
And Reaſons are produc'd on either Side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the News,
Nor would condemn the Goddeſs, nor excuſe:
She heeded not the Juſtice of the Deed,
But joy'd to ſee the Race of *Cadmus* bleed;
For ſtill ſhe kept *Europa* in her Mind,
And, for her ſake, deteſted all her Kind.
Beſides, to aggravate her Hate, ſhe heard
How *Semele*, to *Jove*'s Embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal Load,
And carry'd in her Womb a future God.
Thus terribly incens'd, the Goddeſs broke
To ſudden Fury, and abruptly ſpoke.
" Are my Reproaches of ſo ſmall a Force?
" 'Tis time I then purſue another Courſe:
" It is decreed the guilty Wretch ſhall die,
" If I'm indeed the Miſtreſs of the Sky,
" If rightly ſtil'd among the Pow'rs above
" The Wife and Siſter of the thund'ring *Jove*;
" (And none can ſure a Siſter's Right deny)
" It is decreed the guilty Wretch ſhall die.
" She boaſts an Honour I can hardly claim,
" Pregnant ſhe riſes to a Mother's Name;

" While proud and vain ſhe triumphs in her *Jove*,
" And ſhows the glorious Tokens of his Love:
" But if I'm ſtill the Miſtreſs of the Skies,
" By her own Lover the fond Beauty dies.
This ſaid, deſcending in a yellow Cloud,
Before the Gates of *Semele* ſhe ſtood.
Old *Beroe*'s decrepit Shape ſhe wears,
Her wrinkled Viſage, and her hoary Hairs;
Whilſt in her trembling Gait ſhe totters on,
And learns to tattle in the Nurſe's Tone.
The Goddeſs, thus diſguis'd in Age, beguil'd
With pleaſing Stories her falſe Foſter-Child.
Much did ſhe talk of Love, and when ſhe came
To mention to the Nymph her Lover's Name,
Fetching a Sigh, and holding down her Head,
" 'Tis well, ſays ſhe, if all be true that's ſaid.
" But truſt me, Child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
" Some Counterfeit in this your *Jupiter*.
" Many an honeſt well-deſigning Maid,
" Has been by theſe pretended Gods betray'd.
" But if he be indeed the thund'ring *Jove*,
" Bid him, when next he courts the Rites of Love,
" Deſcend triumphant from th' Etherial Sky,
" In all the Pomp of his Divinity;
" Encompas'd round by thoſe Celeſtial Charms,
" With which he fills th' immortal *Juno*'s Arms.
Th' unwary Nymph, enſnar'd with what ſhe ſaid,
Deſir'd of *Jove*, when next he ſought her Bed,
To grant a certain Gift which ſhe would chuſe;
" Fear not, reply'd the God, that I'll refuſe
" Whate'er you ask: May *Styx* confirm my Voice,
" Chuſe what you will, and you ſhall have your Choice.

" Then,

" Then, ſays the Nymph, when next you ſeek my Arms,
" May you deſcend in thoſe Celeſtial Charms,
" With which your *Juno*'s Boſom you enflame,
" And fill with Tranſport Heav'n's Immortal Dame.
The God ſurpriz'd would fain have ſtopp'd her Voice,
But he had ſworn, and ſhe had made her Choice.
To keep his Promiſe he aſcends, and ſhrowds
His awful Brow in Whirl-winds and in Clouds;
Whilſt all around, in terrible Array,
His Thunders rattle, and his Light'nings play.
And yet, the dazzling Luſtre to abate,
He ſet not out in all his Pomp and State,
Clad in the mildeſt Light'ning of the Skies,
And arm'd with Thunder of the ſmalleſt Size:
Not thoſe huge Bolts, by which the Giants ſlain
Lay overthrown on the *Phlegrean* Plain.
'Twas of a leſſer Mould, and lighter Weight;
They call it Thunder of a Second-Rate.
For the rough *Cyclops*, who by *Jove*'s Command
Temper'd the Bolt, and turn'd it to his Hand,
Work'd up leſs Flame and Fury in its Make,
And quench'd it ſooner in the ſtanding Lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with Horror bright,
Th' illuſtrious God, deſcending from his Height,
Came ruſhing on her in a Storm of Light.
The mortal Dame, too feeble to engage
The Light'ning's Flaſhes, and the Thunder's Rage,
Conſum'd amidſt the Glories ſhe deſir'd,
And in the Terrible Embrace expir'd.
But, to preſerve his Offspring from the Tomb,
Jove took him ſmoaking from the blaſted Womb;
And, if on ancient Tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive Infant in his Thigh.

Here when the Babe had all his Time fulfill'd,
Ino firſt took him for her Foſter-Child;
Then the *Niſeans*, in their dark Abode,
Nurs'd ſecretly with Milk the thriving God.

The Transformation of TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while theſe Tranſactions paſt on Earth,
And *Bacchus* thus procur'd a ſecond Birth,
When *Jove*, diſpos'd to lay aſide the Weight
Of Publick Empire, and the Cares of State;
As to his Queen in Nectar Bowls he quaff'd,
" In troth, ſays he, and as he ſpoke he laugh'd,
" The Senſe of Pleaſure in the Male is far
" More dull and dead, than what you Females ſhare.
Juno the Truth of what was ſaid deny'd;
Tireſias therefore muſt the Cauſe decide,
For he the Pleaſure of each Sex had try'd.
It happen'd once, within a ſhady Wood,
Two twiſted Snakes he in Conjunction view'd;
When with his Staff their ſlimy Folds he broke,
And loſt his Manhood at the fatal Stroke.
But, after ſev'n revolving Years, he view'd
The ſelf-ſame Serpents in the ſelf-ſame Wood;
" And if, ſays he, ſuch Virtue in you lye,
" That he who dares your ſlimy Folds untie
" Muſt change his Kind, a ſecond Stroke I'll try.
Again he ſtruck the Snakes, and ſtood again
New-Sex'd, and ſtrait recover'd into Man.
Him therefore both the Deities create
The Sov'raign Umpire, in their grand Debate;
And he declar'd for *Jove*: When *Juno* fir'd,
More than ſo trivial an Affair requir'd,

Depriv'd him, in her Fury, of his Sight,
And left him groping round in ſudden Night.
But *Jove* (for ſo it is in Heav'n decree'd,
That no one God repeal Another's Deed)
Irradiates all his Soul with inward Light,
And with the Prophet's Art relieves the want of Sight.

The Transformation of ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' enquiring Nations ſought their Doom;
The fair *Liriope* his Anſwers try'd,
And firſt th' unerring Prophet juſtify'd;
This Nymph the God *Cephiſus* had abus'd,
With all his winding Waters circumfus'd,
And on the *Nereid* got a lovely Boy,
Whom the ſoft Maids ev'n then beheld with Joy.
The tender Dame, ſollicitous to know
Whether her Child ſhould reach old Age or no,
Conſults the Sage *Tireſias*, who replies,
" If e'er he knows himſelf, he ſurely dies.
Long liv'd the dubious Mother in Suſpence,
'Till Time unriddled all the Prophet's Senſe.
Narciſſus now his Sixteenth Year began,
Juſt turn'd of Boy, and on the Verge of Man;
Many a Friend the blooming Youth careſs'd,
Many a Love-ſick Maid her Flame confeſs'd:
Such was his Pride, in vain the Friend careſs'd,
The Love-ſick Maid in vain her Flame confeſs'd.
Once, in the Woods, as he purſu'd the Chace,
The babbling *Echo* had deſcry'd his Face;
She, who in other's Words her Silence breaks,
Nor ſpeaks her ſelf but when another ſpeaks.

Echo was then a Maid, of Speech bereft,
Of wonted Speech; for tho' her Voice was left,
Juno a Curſe did on her Tongue impoſe,
To ſport with ev'ry Sentence in the Cloſe.
Full often when the Goddeſs might have caught
Jove and her Rivals in the very Fault,
This Nymph with ſubtle Stories would delay
Her Coming, 'till the Lovers ſlipp'd away.
The Goddeſs found out the Deceit in time,
And then ſhe cry'd, " That Tongue, for this thy Crime,
" Which could ſo many ſubtle Tales produce,
" Shall be hereafter but of little uſe.
Hence 'tis ſhe prattles in a fainter Tone,
With mimick Sounds, and Accents not her own.
This Love-ſick Virgin, over-joy'd to find
The Boy alone, ſtill follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near Approach,
As Sulphur blazes at the Taper's Touch,
She long'd her hidden Paſſion to reveal,
And tell her Pains, but had not Words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the Rebound,
To catch his Voice, and to return the Sound.
The Nymph, when nothing could *Narciſſus* move,
Still daſh'd with Bluſhes for her ſlighted Love,
Liv'd in the ſhady Covert of the Woods,
In ſolitary Caves and dark Abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected Fair,
'Till harraſs'd out, and worn away with Care,
The ſounding Skeleton, of Blood bereft,
Beſides her Bones and Voice had nothing left.
Her Bones are petrify'd, her Voice is found
In Vaults, where ſtill it Doubles ev'ry Sound.

The

The Story of NARCISSUS.

Thus did the Nymphs in vain careſs the Boy,
He ſtill was Lovely, but he ſtill was Coy;
When one fair Virgin of the ſlighted Train
Thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his Diſdain,
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!"
Rhamnuſia pity'd the neglected Fair,
And with juſt Vengeance anſwer'd to her Pray'r.
There ſtands a Fountain in a darkſom Wood,
Nor ſtain'd with falling Leaves nor riſing Mud;
Untroubled by the Breath of Winds it reſts,
Unſully'd by the Touch of Men or Beaſts;
High Bow'rs of ſhady Trees above it grow,
And riſing Graſs and chearful Greens below.
Pleas'd with the Form and Coolneſs of the Place,
And over-heated by the Morning Chace,
Narciſſus on the graſſie Verdure lyes:
But whilſt within the Chryſtal Fount he tries
To quench his Heat, he feels new Heats ariſe.
For as his own bright Image he ſurvey'd,
He fell in Love with the fantaſtick Shade;
And o'er the Fair Reſemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond Youth! it was himſelf he lov'd.
The well-turn'd Neck and Shoulders he deſcries,
The ſpacious Forehead, and the ſpark'ling Eyes;
The Hands that *Bacchus* might not ſcorn to ſhow,
And Hair that round *Apollo*'s Head might flow;
With all the Purple Youthfulneſs of Face,
That gently bluſhes in the wat'ry Glaſs.
By his own Flames conſum'd the Lover lyes,
And gives himſelf the Wound by which he dies.

To the cold Water oft he joins his Lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous Shade he dips
His Arms, as often from himſelf he ſlips.
Nor knows he who it is his Arms purſue
With eager Claſps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond Youth, this helpleſs Paſſion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd Love?
Thy own warm Bluſh within the Water glows,
With thee the colour'd Shadow comes and goes,
Its empty Being on thy ſelf relies;
Step Thou aſide, and the frail Charmer dies.
Still o'er the Fountain's watry Gleam he ſtood,
Mindleſs of Sleep, and negligent of Food.
Still view'd his Face, and languiſh'd as he view'd,
At length he rais'd his Head, and thus began
To vent his Griefs, and tell the Woods his Pain.
" You Trees, ſays he, and thou ſurrounding Grove,
" Who oft have been the kindly Scenes of Love,
" Tell me, if e'er within your Shades did lye
" A Youth ſo tortur'd, ſo perplex'd as I?
" I, who before me ſee the Charming Fair,
" Whilſt there he ſtands, and yet he ſtands not there:
" In ſuch a Maze of Love my Thoughts are loſt;
" And yet no Bulwark'd Town, nor diſtant Coaſt,
" Preſerves the beauteous Youth from being ſeen,
" No Mountains riſe, nor Oceans flow between.
" A ſhallow Water hinders my Embrace;
" And yet the lovely Mimick wears a Face
" That kindly ſmiles, and when I bend to join
" My Lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
" Hear, gentle Youth, and pity my Complaint,
" Come from thy Well, thou Fair Inhabitant.

" My Charms an eaſy Conqueſt have obtain'd
" O'er other Hearts, by Thee alone diſdain'd.
" But why ſhould I deſpair? I'm ſure he burns
" With equal Flames, and languiſhes by turns.
" When-e'er I ſtoop he offers at a Kiſs,
" And when my Arms I ſtretch, he ſtretches his.
" His Eye with Pleaſure on my Face he keeps,
" He ſmiles my Smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
" When-e'er I ſpeak, his moving Lips appear
" To utter ſomething, which I cannot hear.
" Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
" To find out all the long-perplex'd Deceit;
" It is my ſelf I love, my ſelf I ſee;
" The gay Deluſion is a Part of me.
" I kindle up the Fires by which I burn,
" And my own Beauties from the Well return.
" Whom ſhould I Court? how utter my Complaint?
" Enjoyment but produces my Reſtraint,
" And too much Plenty makes me die for Want.
" How gladly would I from my ſelf remove!
" And at a diſtance ſet the Thing I love.
" My Breaſt is warm'd with ſuch unuſual Fire,
" I wiſh him abſent whom I moſt deſire.
" And now I faint with Grief; my Fate draws nigh;
" In all the Pride of blooming Youth I die.
" Death will the Sorrows of my Heart relieve.
" Oh might the Viſionary Youth ſurvive,
" I ſhould with Joy my lateſt Breath reſign!
" But oh! I ſee his Fate involv'd in mine.
This ſaid, the weeping Youth again return'd
To the clear Fountain, where again he burn'd;
His Tears defac'd the Surface of the Well,
With Circle after Circle, as they fell:

And now the lovely Face but half appears,
O'er-run with Wrinkles, and deform'd with Tears.
" Ah whither, cries *Narciſſus*, doſt thou fly?
" Let me ſtill feed the Flame by which I die;
" Let me ſtill See, tho' I'm no further bleſt.
Then rends his Garment off, and beats his Breaſt:
His naked Boſom redden'd with the Blow,
In ſuch a Bluſh as purple Cluſters ſhow,
E're yet the Sun's Autumnal Heats refine
Their ſprightly Juice, and mellow it to Wine.
The glowing Beauties of his Breaſt he ſpies,
And with a new redoubled Paſſion dies.
As Wax diſſolves, as Ice begins to run,
And trickle into Drops before the Sun;
So melts the Youth, and languiſhes away,
His Beauty withers, and his Limbs decay;
And none of thoſe attractive Charms remain,
To which the ſlighted *Echo* ſu'd in vain.
She ſaw him in his preſent Miſery,
Whom, ſpight of all her Wrongs, ſhe griev'd to ſee.
She anſwer'd ſadly to the Lover's Moan,
Sigh'd back his Sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry Groan:
" Ah Youth! belov'd in vain, *Narciſſus* cries;
" Ah Youth! belov'd in vain, the Nymph replies.
" Farewel, ſays he; the parting Sound ſcarce fell
From his faint Lips, but ſhe reply'd, " Farewel.
Then on th' unwholſome Earth he gaſping lyes,
'Till Death ſhuts up thoſe ſelf-admiring Eyes.
To the cold Shades his flitting Ghoſt retires,
And in the *Stygian* Waves it ſelf admires.
For him the *Naiads* and the *Dryads* mourn,
Whom the ſad *Echo* anſwers in her turn;
And now the Siſter-Nymphs prepare his Urn:

When

When, looking for his Corps, they only found
A riſing Stalk, with yellow Bloſſoms crown'd.

The Story of PENTHEUS.

This ſad Event gave blind *Tireſias* Fame,
Through *Greece* eſtabliſh'd in a Prophet's Name.
Th' un-hallow'd *Pentheus* only durſt deride
The cheated People, and their Eyeleſs Guide.
To whom the Prophet in his Fury ſaid,
Shaking the hoary Honours of his Head;
" 'Twere well, preſumptuous Man, 'twere well for thee
" If thou wert Eyeleſs too, and blind, like me:
" For the Time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
" When the young God's Solemnities appear;
" Which, if thou doſt not with juſt Rites adorn,
" Thy impious Carcaſs, into Pieces torn,
" Shall ſtrew the Woods, and hang on ev'ry Thorn.
" Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
" And own the blind *Iïreſias* ſaw too well.
Still *Pentheus* ſcorns him, and derides his Skill,
But Time did all the Prophet's Threats fulfil.
For now thro' proſtrate *Greece* young *Bacchus* rode,
Whilſt howling Matrons celebrate the God.
All Ranks and Sexes to his *Orgies* ran,
To mingle in the Pomps, and fill the Train.
When *Pentheus* thus his wicked Rage expreſs'd;
" What Madneſs, *Thebans*, has your Souls poſſeſs'd?
" Can hollow Timbrels, can a drunken Shout,
" And the lewd Clamours of a beaſtly Rout,
" Thus quell your Courage? Can the weak Alarm
" Of Womens Yells thoſe ſtubborn Souls diſarm,
" Whom nor the Sword nor Trumpet e'er could fright,
" Nor the loud Din and Horror of a Fight?

" And you, our Sires, who left your old Abodes,
" And fix'd in foreign Earth your Country Gods;
" Will you without a Stroak your City yield,
" And poorly quit an undiſputed Field?
" But you, whoſe Youth and Vigour ſhould inſpire
" Heroick Warmth, and kindle Martial Fire,
" Whom burniſh'd Arms and creſted Helmets grace,
" Not flow'ry Garlands and a painted Face;
" Remember him to whom you ſtand ally'd:
" The Serpent for his Well of Waters dy'd.
" He fought the Strong; do you his Courage ſhow,
" And gain a Conqueſt o'er a Feeble Foe.
" If *Thebes* muſt fall, oh might the Fates afford
" A nobler Doom from Famine, Fire, or Sword!
" Then might the *Thebans* periſh with Renown:
" But now a beardleſs Victor ſacks the Town;
" Whom nor the prancing Steed, nor pond'rous Shield,
" Nor the hack'd Helmet, nor the duſty Field,
" But the ſoft Joys of Luxury and Eaſe,
" The purple Veſts, and flow'ry Garlands pleaſe.
" Stand then aſide, I'll make the Counterfeit
" Renounce his God-head, and confeſs the Cheat.
" *Acriſius* from the *Grecian* Walls repell'd
" This boaſted Pow'r; why then ſhould *Pentheus* yield?
" Go quickly, drag th' audacious Boy to Me;
" I'll try the Force of his Divinity.
Thus did th' audacious Wretch thoſe Rites profane;
His Friends diſſuade th' audacious Wretch in vain;
In vain his Grandſire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious Threats; the Wretch but raves the more.
So have I ſeen a River gently glide,
In a ſmooth Courſe, and inoffenſive Tide;
But if with Dams its Current we reſtrain,
It bears down all, and Foams along the Plain.

But now his Servants came beſmear'd with Blood,
Sent by their haughty Prince to ſeize the God;
The God they found not in the frantick Throng,
But dragg'd a zealous Votary along.

The Mariners transform'd to Dolphins.

Him *Pentheus* view'd with Fury in his Look,
And ſcarce with-held his Hands, whilſt thus he ſpoke:
" Vile Slave! whom ſpeedy Vengeance ſhall purſue,
" And terrify thy baſe ſeditious Crew:
" Thy Country, and thy Parentage reveal,
" And, why thou join'ſt in theſe mad *Orgies*, tell.
The Captive views him with undaunted Eyes,
And, arm'd with inward Innocence, replies.
" From high *Meonia*'s rocky Shores I came,
" Of poor Deſcent, *Acœtes* is my Name:
" My Sire was meanly born; no Oxen plow'd
" His fruitful Fields, nor in his Paſtures low'd.
" His whole Eſtate within the Waters lay;
" With Lines and Hooks he caught the finny Prey.
" His Art was all his Livelihood; which he
" Thus with his dying Lips bequeath'd to me:
' In Streams, my Boy, and Rivers take thy Chance;
' There ſwims, ſaid he, thy whole Inheritance.
" Long did I live on this poor Legacy;
" 'Till tir'd with Rocks, and my old native Sky,
" To Arts of Navigation I inclin'd;
" Obſerv'd the Turns and Changes of the Wind:
" Learn'd the fit Havens, and began to note
" The ſtormy *Hyades*, the rainy *Goat*,
" The bright *Taygete*, and the ſhining *Bears*,
" With all the Sailor's Catalogue of Stars.
" Once, as by chance for *Delos* I deſign'd,
" My Veſſel, driv'n by a ſtrong Guſt of Wind,

" Moor'd in a *Chian* Creek; aſhore I went,
" And all the following Night in *Chios* ſpent.
" When Morning roſe, I ſent my Mates to bring
" Supplies of Water from a neighb'ring Spring,
" Whilſt I the Motion of the Winds explor'd;
" Then ſummon'd in my Crew, and went aboard.
" *Opheltes* heard my Summons, and with Joy
" Brought to the Shoar a ſoft and lovely Boy,
" With more than Female Sweetneſs in his Look,
" Whom ſtraggling in the neighb'ring Fields he took.
" With Fumes of Wine the little Captive glows,
" And nods with Sleep, and ſtaggers as he goes.
" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
" Each heav'nly Feature, each immortal Grace,
" And ſaw Divinity in all his Face.
' I know not who, ſaid I, this God ſhould be;
' But that he is a God I plainly ſee:
' And Thou, who-e'er thou art, excuſe the Force
' Theſe Men have us'd; and oh befriend our Courſe!
' Pray not for us, the nimble *Dictys* cry'd,
" *Dictys*, that could the Main-top-Maſt beſtride,
" And down the Ropes with active Vigour ſlide.
" To the ſame Purpoſe old *Epopeus* ſpoke,
" Who over-look'd the Oars, and tim'd the Stroke;
" The ſame the Pilot, and the ſame the reſt;
" Such impious Avarice their Souls poſſeſt.
' Nay, Heav'n forbid that I ſhould bear away
' Within my Veſſel ſo divine a Prey,
" Said I; and ſtood to hinder their Intent:
" When *Lycabas*, a Wretch for Murder ſent
" From *Tuſcany*, to ſuffer Baniſhment,
" With his clench'd Fiſt had ſtruck me over-board,
" Had not my Hands in falling graſp'd a Cord.

" His

" His baſe Confederates the Fact approve;
" When *Bacchus*, (for 'twas he) begun to move,
" Wak'd by the Noiſe and Clamours which they rais'd;
" And ſhook his drowſie Limbs, and round him gaz'd:
' What means this Noiſe? he cries; am I betray'd?
' Ah! whither, whither muſt I be convey'd?
' Fear not, ſaid *Proreus*, Child, but tell us where
' You wiſh to land, and truſt our friendly Care.
' To *Naxos* then direct your Courſe, ſaid he;
' *Naxos* a hoſpitable Port ſhall be
' To each of you, a joyful Home to me.
" By ev'ry God, that rules the Sea or Sky,
" The perjur'd Villains promiſe to comply,
" And bid me haſten to unmoor the Ship.
" With eager Joy I launch into the Deep;
" And, heedleſs of the Fraud, for *Naxos* ſtand.
" They whiſper oft, and beckon with the Hand,
" And give me Signs, all anxious for their Prey,
" To tack about, and ſteer another Way.
' Then let ſome other to my Poſt ſucceed,
' Said I, I'm guiltleſs of ſo foul a Deed.
' What, ſays *Ethalion*, muſt the Ship's whole Crew
' Follow your Humour, and depend on you?
" And ſtrait himſelf he ſeated at the Prore,
" And tack'd about, and ſought another Shore.
" The beauteous Youth now found himſelf betray'd,
" And from the Deck the riſing Waves ſurvey'd,
" And ſeem'd to weep, and as he wept he ſaid;
' And do you thus my eaſy Faith beguile?
' Thus do you bear me to my native Iſle?
' Will ſuch a Multitude of Men employ
' Their Strength againſt a weak defenceleſs Boy?

" In vain did I the God-like Youth deplore,
" The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
" And now by all the Gods in Heav'n that hear
" This ſolemn Oath, by *Bacchus* ſelf, I ſwear,
" The mighty Miracle that did enſue,
" Although it ſeems beyond Belief, is true.
" The Veſſel, fix'd and rooted in the Flood,
" Unmov'd by all the beating Billows ſtood.
" In vain the Mariners would plow the Main
" With Sails unfurl'd, and ſtrike their Oars in vain;
" Around their Oars a twining Ivy cleaves,
" And climbs the Maſt, and hides the Cords in Leaves:
" The Sails are cover'd with a chearful Green,
" And Berries in the fruitful Canvaſe ſeen.
" Amidſt the Waves a ſudden Forreſt rears
" Its verdant Head, and a new Spring appears.
" The God we now behold with open'd Eyes;
" A Herd of ſpotted Panthers round him lyes
" In glaring Forms; the grapy Cluſters ſpread
" On his fair Brows, and dangle on his Head.
" And whilſt he frowns, and brandiſhes his Spear,
" My Mates, ſurpriz'd with Madneſs or with Fear,
" Leap'd over-board; firſt perjur'd *Madon* found
" Rough Scales and Fins his ſtiff'ning Sides ſurround;
' Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy Look?
" Strait his own Mouth grew wider as he ſpoke;
" And now himſelf he views with like Surprize.
" Still at his Oar th' induſtrious *Libys* plies;
" But, as he plies, each buſy Arm ſhrinks in,
" And by degrees is faſhion'd to a Fin.
" Another, as he catches at a Cord,
" Miſſes his Arms, and, tumbling over-board,

" With his broad Fins and forky Tail he laves
" The riſing Surge, and flounces in the Waves.
" Thus all my Crew transform'd around the Ship,
" Or dive below, or on the Surface leap,
" And ſpout the Waves, and wanton in the Deep.
" Full nineteen Sailors did the Ship convey,
" A Shole of nineteen Dolphins round her play.
" I only in my proper Shape appear,
" Speechleſs with Wonder, and half dead with Fear,
" 'Till *Bacchus* kindly bid me fear no more.
" With him I landed on the *Chian* Shore,
" And him ſhall ever gratefully adore.
" This forging Slave, ſays *Pentheus*, would prevail,
" O'er our juſt Fury by a far-fetch'd Tale:
" Go, let him feel the Whips, the Swords, the Fire,
" And in the Tortures of the Rack expire.
Th' officious Servants hurry him away,
And the poor Captive in a Dungeon lay.
But, whilſt the Whips and Tortures are prepar'd,
The Gates fly open, of themſelves unbarr'd;
At Liberty th' unfetter'd Captive ſtands,
And flings the looſen'd Shackles from his Hands.

The Death of PENTHEUS.

But *Pentheus*, grown more furious than before,
Reſolv'd to ſend his Meſſengers no more,
But went himſelf to the diſtracted Throng,
Where high *Citharon* echo'd with their Song.
And as the fiery War-horſe paws the Ground,
And ſnorts and trembles at the Trumpet's Sound;
Tranſported thus he heard the frantick Rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the diſtant Shout.
A ſpacious Circuit on the Hill there ſtood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with Wood;

Here the raſh *Pentheus*, with unhallow'd Eyes,
The howling Dames and myſtick *Orgies* ſpies.
His Mother ſternly view'd him where he ſtood,
And kindled into Madneſs as ſhe view'd:
Her leafy Jav'lin at her Son ſhe caſt,
And cries, " The Boar that lays our Country waſte!
" The Boar, my Siſters! Aim the fatal Dart,
" And ſtrike the brindled Monſter to the Heart.
Pentheus aſtoniſh'd heard the diſmal Sound,
And ſees the yelling Matrons gath'ring round;
He ſees, and weeps at his approaching Fate,
And begs for Mercy, and repents too late.
" Help, help! my Aunt *Autonöe*, he cry'd;
" Remember how your own *Actæon* dy'd.
Deaf to his Cries, the frantick Matron crops
One ſtretch'd-out Arm, the other *Ino* lops.
In vain does *Pentheus* to his Mother ſue,
And the raw bleeding Stumps preſents to view:
His Mother howl'd; and, heedleſs of his Pray'r,
Her trembling Hand ſhe twiſted in his Hair,
" And This, ſhe cry'd, ſhall be *Agave*'s Share.
When from the Neck his ſtruggling Head ſhe tore,
And in her Hands the ghaſtly Viſage bore,
With Pleaſure all the hideous Trunk ſurvey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled Limbs away,
As ſtarting in the Pangs of Death it lay.
Soon as the Wood its leafy Honours caſts,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by autumnal Blaſts,
With ſuch a ſudden Death lay *Pentheus* ſlain,
And in a thouſand Pieces ſtrow'd the Plain.
By ſo diſtinguiſhing a Judgment aw'd,
The *Thebans* tremble, and confeſs the God.

The End of the Third Book.



To the Right Honourable
the Countess of Hartford

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

The Story of Alcithöe *and her Siſters.*

By Mr. Eusden.

YET ſtill *Alcithöe* perverſe remains,
And *Bacchus* ſtill, and all his Rites diſdains.
Too raſh, and madly bold, ſhe bids him prove
Himſelf a God, nor owns the Son of *Jove.*
Her Siſters too unanimous agree,
Faithful Aſſociates in Impiety.
Be this a ſolemn Feaſt, the Prieſt had ſaid,
Be, with each Miſtreſs, unemploy'd each Maid.
With Skins of Beaſts your tender Limbs encloſe,
And with an Ivy-Crown adorn your Brows.
The leafy *Thyrſus* high in Triumph bear,
And give your Locks to wanton in the Air.
Theſe Rites profan'd, the holy Seer foreſhow'd
A mourning People, and a vengeful God.
Matrons, and pious Wives Obedience ſhow,
Diſtaffs, and Wooll, half-ſpun, away they throw:

Then Incenſe burn, and, *Bacchus*, thee adore,
Or lov'ſt thou *Nyſêus*, or *Lyæus* more?
O! doubly got, O! doubly born, they ſung,
Thou mighty *Bromius*, hail, from Light'ning ſprung!
Hail, *Thyon! Elelêus!* each Name is thine:
Or liſten Parent of the genial Vine!
Iäcchus! Evan! loudly they repeat,
And not one *Greecian* Attribute forget,
Which to thy Praiſe, Great Deity, belong,
Stil'd juſtly *Liber* in the *Roman* Song.
Eternity of Youth is thine! enjoy
Years roul'd on Years, yet ſtill a blooming Boy.
In Heav'n thou ſhin'ſt with a ſuperior Grace;
Conceal thy Horns, and 'tis a Virgin's Face.
Thou taught'ſt the tawny *Indian* to obey,
And *Ganges*, ſmoothly flowing, own'd thy Sway.
Lycurgus, *Pentheus*, equally profane,
By thy juſt Vengeance equally were ſlain.
By thee the *Tuſcans*, who conſpir'd to keep
Thee Captive, plung'd, and cut with Finns the Deep.
With painted Reins, all-glitt'ring from afar,
The ſpotted Lynxes proudly draw thy Car.
Around, the *Bacchæ*, and the Satyrs throng;
Behind, *Silenus*, drunk, lags ſlow along:
On his dull Aſs he nods from Side to Side,
Forbears to fall, yet half forgets to ride.
Still at thy near Approach, Applauſes loud
Are heard, with Yellings of the Female Crowd.
Timbrels, and Boxen Pipes, with mingled Cries,
Swell up in Sounds confus'd, and rend the Skies.
Come, *Bacchus*, come propitious, all implore,
And act thy ſacred Orgies o'er and o'er.

But *Mineus'* Daughters, while theſe Rites were pay'd,
At home, impertinently buſie, ſtay'd.
Their wicked Tasks they ply with various Art,
And thro' the Loom the ſliding Shuttle dart;
Or at the Fire to comb the Wooll they ſtand,
Or twirl the Spindle with a dext'rous Hand.
Guilty themſelves, they force the Guiltleſs in;
Their Maids, who ſhare the Labour, ſhare the Sin.
At laſt one Siſter cries, who nimbly knew
To draw nice Threads, and winde the fineſt Clue,
While others idly rove, and Gods revere,
Their fancy'd Gods! they know not who, or where;
Let us, whom *Pallas* taught her better Arts,
Still working, cheer with mirthful Chat our Hearts:
And to deceive the Time, let me prevail
With each by turns to tell ſome antique Tale.
She ſaid, her Siſters lik'd the Humour well,
And ſmiling, bad her the firſt Story tell.
But ſhe awhile profoundly ſeem'd to muſe,
Perplex'd amid Variety to chuſe:
And knew not, whether ſhe ſhould firſt relate
The poor *Dircetis*, and her wond'rous Fate.
The *Paleſtines* believe it to a Man,
And ſhow the Lake, in which her Scales began.
Or if ſhe rather ſhould the Daughter ſing,
Who in the hoary Verge of Life took Wing;
Who ſoar'd from Earth, and dwelt in Tow'rs on high,
And now a Dove, ſhe flits along the Sky.
Or how lewd *Naïs*, when her Luſt was cloy'd,
To Fiſhes turn'd the Youths, ſhe had enjoy'd,
By pow'rful Verſe, and Herbs; Effect moſt ſtrange!
At laſt the Changer ſhar'd herſelf the Change.

Or how the Tree, which once white Berries bore,
Still crimſon bears, ſince ſtain'd with crimſon Gore.
The Tree was new; ſhe likes it, and begins
To tell the Tale, and as ſhe tells, ſhe ſpins.

The Story of PYRAMUS *and* THISBE.

In *Babylon*, where firſt her Queen, for State
Rais'd Walls of Brick magnificently great,
Liv'd *Pyramus*, and *Thisbe*, lovely Pair!
He found no Eaſtern Youth his Equal there,
And ſhe beyond the faireſt Nymph was fair.
A cloſer Neighbourhood was never known,
Tho' two the Houſes, yet the Roof was one.
Acquaintance grew, th' Acquaintance they improve
To Friendſhip, Friendſhip ripen'd into Love:
Love had been crown'd, but impotently mad,
What Parents could not hinder, they forbad.
For with fierce Flames young *Pyramus* ſtill burn'd,
And grateful *Thisbe* Flames as fierce return'd.
Aloud in Words their Thoughts they dare not break,
But ſilent ſtand, and ſilent Looks can ſpeak.
The Fire of Love the more it is ſuppreſt,
The more it glows, and rages in the Breaſt.
When the Diviſion-wall was built, a Chink
Was left, the Cement unobſerv'd to ſhrink.
So ſlight the Cranny, that it ſtill had been
For Centuries unclos'd, becauſe unſeen.
But oh! what thing ſo ſmall, ſo ſecret lies,
Which ſcapes, if form'd for Love, a Lover's Eyes?
Ev'n in this narrow Chink they quickly found
A friendly Paſſage for a trackleſs Sound.

Safely

Safely they told their Sorrows, and their Joys
In whiſper'd Murmurs, and a dying Noiſe.
By turns to catch each other's Breath they ſtrove,
And ſuck'd in all the balmy Breeze of Love.
Oft as on diff'rent Sides they ſtood, they cry'd,
Malicious Wall, thus Lovers to divide!
Suppoſe, thou ſhould'ſt awhile to us give Place
To lock, and faſten in a cloſe Embrace:
But if too much to grant ſo ſweet a Bliſs,
Indulge at leaſt the Pleaſure of a Kiſs.
We ſcorn Ingratitude: To thee, we know,
This ſafe Conveyance of our Minds we owe.
Thus they their vain Petition did renew
Till Night, and then they ſoftly ſigh'd Adieu.
But firſt they ſtrove to kiſs, and that was all;
Their Kiſſes dy'd untaſted on the Wall.
Soon as the Morn had o'er the Stars prevail'd,
And warn'd by *Phœbus*, Flow'rs their Dews exhal'd,
The Lovers to their well-known Place return,
Alike they ſuffer, and alike they mourn.
At laſt their Parents they reſolve to cheat,
(If to deceive in Love be call'd Deceit)
To ſteal by Night from home, and thence unknown
To ſeek the Fields, and quit th' unfaithful Town.
But to prevent their wand'ring in the Dark,
They both agree to fix upon a Mark;
A Mark, that could not their Deſigns expoſe:
The Tomb of *Ninus* was the Mark they choſe.
There they might reſt ſecure beneath the Shade,
Which Boughs, with ſnowy Fruit encumber'd, made:
A wide-ſpread Mulberry its Riſe had took
Juſt on the Margin of a gurgling Brook.

Impatient for the friendly Dusk they ſtay;
And chide the Slowneſs of departing Day;
In Weſtern Seas down ſunk at laſt the Light,
From Weſtern Seas up-roſe the Shades of Night.
The loving *Thisbe* ev'n prevents the Hour,
With cautious Silence ſhe unlocks the Door,
And veils her Face, and marching thro' the Gloom
Swiftly arrives at th' Aſſignation-Tomb.
For ſtill the fearful Sex can fearleſs prove;
Boldly they act, if ſpirited by Love.
When lo! a Lioneſs ruſh'd o'er the Plain,
Grimly beſmear'd with Blood of Oxen ſlain;
And what to the dire Sight new Horrors brought,
To ſlake her Thirſt the neighb'ring Spring ſhe ſough
Which, by the Moon, when trembling *Thisbe* ſpies,
Wing'd with her Fear, ſwift, as the Wind, ſhe flies;
And in a Cave recovers from her Fright,
But drop'd her Veil, confounded in her Flight.
When ſated with repeated Draughts, again
The Queen of Beaſts ſcour'd back along the Plain,
She found the Veil, and mouthing it all o'er,
With bloody Jaws the lifeleſs Prey ſhe tore.

The Youth, who could not cheat his Guards ſo ſoon,
Late came, and noted by the glimm'ring Moon
Some ſavage Feet, new printed on the Ground,
His Cheeks turn'd pale, his Limbs no Vigour found:
But, when advancing on, the Veil he ſpied
Diſtain'd with Blood, and ghaſtly torn, he cried,
One Night ſhall Death to two young Lovers give,
But ſhe deſerv'd unnumber'd Years to live!
'Tis I am guilty, I have thee betray'd,
Who came not early, as my charming Maid.

Whatever ſlew thee, I the Cauſe remain,
I nam'd, and fix'd the Place, where thou waſt ſlain.
Ye Lions from your neighb'ring Dens repair,
Pity the Wretch, this impious Body tear!
But Cowards thus for Death can idly crie;
The Brave ſtill have it in their Pow'r to die.
Then to th' appointed Tree he haſtes away,
The Veil firſt gather'd, tho' all rent it lay:
The Veil all rent, yet ſtill itſelf endears,
He kiſt, and kiſſing, waſh'd it with his Tears.
Tho' rich (he cry'd) with many a precious Stain,
Still from my Blood a deeper Tincture gain.
Then in his Breaſt his ſhining Sword he drown'd,
And fell ſupine, extended on the Ground.
As out again the Blade he, dying, drew,
Out ſpun the Blood, and ſtreaming upwards flew.
So if a Conduit-pipe e'er burſt you ſaw,
Swift ſpring the guſhing Waters thro' the Flaw:
Then ſpouting in a Bow, they riſe on high,
And a new Fountain plays amid the Sky.
The Berries, ſtain'd with Blood, began to ſhow
A dark Complexion, and forgot their Snow;
While fatten'd with the flowing Gore, the Root
Was doom'd for ever to a purple Fruit.

Mean time poor *Thisbe* fear'd, ſo long ſhe ſtay'd,
Her Lover might ſuſpect a perjur'd Maid.
Her Fright ſcarce o'er, ſhe ſtrove the Youth to find
With ardent Eyes, which ſpoke an ardent Mind.
Already in his Arms, ſhe hears him ſigh
At her Deſtruction, which was once ſo nigh.
The Tomb, the Tree, but not the Fruit ſhe knew,
The Fruit ſhe doubted for its alter'd Hue.

Still as ſhe doubts, her Eyes a Body found
Quiv'ring in Death, and gaſping on the Ground.
She ſtarted back, the Red her Cheeks forſook,
And ev'ry Nerve with thrilling Horrors ſhook.
So trembles the ſmooth Surface of the Seas,
If bruſh'd o'er gently with a riſing Breeze.
But when her View her bleeding Love confeſt,
She ſhriek'd, ſhe tore her Hair, ſhe beat her Breaſt.
She rais'd the Body, and embrac'd it round,
And bath'd with Tears unfeign'd the gaping Wound.
Then her warm Lips to the cold Face apply'd,
And is it thus, ah! thus we meet, ſhe cry'd!
My *Pyramus!* whence ſprung thy cruel Fate?
My *Pyramus!*----- ah! ſpeak, e'er 'tis too late.
I, thy own *Thisbe*, but one Word implore,
One Word thy *Thisbe* never ask'd before.
At *Thisbe*'s Name, awak'd, he open'd wide
His dying Eyes; with dying Eyes he try'd
On her to dwell, but clos'd them ſlow, and dy'd.

The fatal Cauſe was now at laſt explor'd,
Her Veil ſhe knew, and ſaw his ſheathleſs Sword:
From thy own Hand thy Ruin thou haſt found,
She ſaid, but Love firſt taught that Hand to wound.
Ev'n I for thee as bold a Hand can ſhow,
And Love, which ſhall as true direct the Blow.
I will againſt the Woman's Weakneſs ſtrive,
And never thee, lamented Youth, ſurvive.
The World may ſay, I caus'd, alas! thy Death,
But ſaw thee breathleſs, and reſign'd my Breath.
Fate, tho' it conquers, ſhall no Triumph gain,
Fate, that divides us, ſtill divides in vain.

Now, both our cruel Parents, hear my Pray'r,
My Pray'r to offer for us both I dare:
Oh! ſee our Aſhes in one Urn confin'd,
Whom Love at firſt, and Fate at laſt has joyn'd.
The Bliſs, you envy'd, is not our Requeſt;
Lovers, when dead, may ſure together reſt.
Thou, Tree, where now one lifeleſs Lump is laid,
E'er long o'er two ſhalt caſt a friendly Shade.
Still let our Loves from thee be underſtood,
Still witneſs in thy purple Fruit our Blood.
She ſpoke, and in her Boſom plung'd the Sword,
All warm and reeking from it's ſlaughter'd Lord.
The Pray'r, which dying *Thisbe* had preferr'd,
Both Gods, and Parents with Compaſſion heard.
The Whiteneſs of the Mulberry ſoon fled,
And rip'ning, ſadden'd in a dusky Red:
While both their Parents their loſt Children mourn,
And mix their Aſhes in one golden Urn.
Thus did the melancholy Tale conclude,
And a ſhort, ſilent Interval enſu'd.
The next in Birth unloos'd her artful Tongue,
And drew attentive all the Siſter-Throng.

The Story of LEUCOTHÖE *and the* SUN.

The Sun, the Source of Light, by Beauty's Pow'r
Once am'rous grew; then hear the Sun's Amour.
Venus, and *Mars*, with his far-piercing Eyes
This God firſt ſpy'd; this God firſt all things ſpies.
Stung at the Sight, and ſwift on Miſchief bent,
To haughty *Juno*'s ſhapeleſs Son he went:
The Goddeſs, and her God-Gallant betray'd,
And told the Cuckold, where their Pranks were play'd.

Poor *Vulcan* ſoon deſir'd to hear no more,
He drop'd his Hammer, and he ſhook all o'er:
Then Courage takes, and full of vengeful Ire
He heaves the Bellows, and blows fierce the Fire.
From liquid Braſs, tho' ſure, yet ſubtle Snares
He forms, and next a wond'rous Net prepares,
Drawn with ſuch curious Art, ſo nicely ſly,
Unſeen the Maſhes cheat the ſearching Eye.
Not half ſo thin their Webs the Spiders weave,
Which the moſt wary, buzzing Prey deceive.
Theſe Chains, obedient to the Touch, he ſpread
In ſecret Foldings o'er the conſcious Bed:
The conſcious Bed again was quickly preſt
By the fond Pair, in lawleſs Raptures bleſt.
Mars wonder'd at his *Cytherëa*'s Charms,
More faſt than ever lock'd within her Arms.
While *Vulcan* th' Iv'ry Doors unbarr'd with Care,
Then call'd the Gods to view the ſportive Pair:
The Gods throng'd in, and ſaw in open Day,
Where *Mars*, and Beauty's Queen, all naked, lay.
O! ſhameful Sight, if ſhameful that we name,
Which Gods with Envy view'd, and could not blame,
But for the Pleaſure wiſh'd to bear the Shame.
Each Deity, with Laughter tir'd, departs,
Yet all ſtill laugh'd at *Vulcan* in their Hearts.

Thro' Heav'n the News of this Surprizal run,
But *Venus* did not thus forget the Sun.
He, who ſtol'n Tranſports idly had betray'd,
By a Betrayer was in kind repay'd.
What now avails, great God, thy piercing Blaze,
That Youth, and Beauty, and thoſe golden Rays?

Thou, who can'ſt warm this Univerſe alone,
Feel'ſt now a Warmth more pow'rful than thy own:
And thoſe bright Eyes, which all things ſhould ſurvey,
Know not from fair *Leucothöe* to ſtray.
The Lamp of Light, for human Good deſign'd,
Is to one Virgin niggardly confin'd.
Sometimes too early riſe thy Eaſtern Beams,
Sometimes too late they ſet in Weſtern Streams:
'Tis then her Beauty thy ſwift Courſe delays,
And gives to Winter Skies long Summer Days.
Now in thy Face thy love-ſick Mind appears,
And ſpreads thro' impious Nations empty Fears:
For when thy beamleſs Head is wrapt in Night,
Poor Mortals tremble in deſpair of Light.
'Tis not the Moon, that o'er thee caſts a Veil,
'Tis Love alone, which makes thy Looks ſo pale.
Leucothöe is grown thy only Care,
Not *Phäeton*'s fair Mother now is fair.
The youthful *Rhodos* moves no tender Thought,
And beauteous *Perſa* is at laſt forgot.
Fond *Clytiè*, ſcorn'd, yet lov'd, and ſought thy Bed,
Ev'n then thy Heart for other Virgins bled.
Leucothöe has all thy Soul poſſeſt,
And chas'd each rival Paſſion from thy Breaſt.
To this bright Nymph *Eurynomè* gave Birth
In the bleſt Confines of the ſpicy Earth.
Excelling others, ſhe herſelf beheld
By her own blooming Daughter far excell'd.
The Sire was *Orchamus*, whoſe vaſt Command,
The Seventh from *Belus*, rul'd the *Perſian* Land.
Deep in cool Vales, beneath th' *Heſperian* Sky,
For the Sun's fiery Steeds the Paſtures lye.

Ambroſia there they eat, and thence they gain
New Vigour, and their daily Toils ſuſtain.
While thus on heav'nly Food the Courſers fed,
And Night, around, her gloomy Empire ſpread,
The God aſſum'd the Mother's Shape, and Air,
And paſs'd, unheeded, to his darling Fair.
Cloſe by a Lamp, with Maids encompaſs'd round,
The Royal Spinſter, full-employ'd, he found:
Then cry'd, A-while from Work, my Daughter, reſt;
And, like a Mother, ſcarce her Lips he preſt.
Servants, retire!---nor Secrets dare to hear
Intruſted only to a Daughter's Ear.
They ſwift obey'd: Not one, ſuſpicious, thought
The Secret, which their Miſtreſs would be taught.
Then he: Since now no Witneſſes are near,
Behold! the God, who guides the various Year!
The World's vaſt Eye, of Light the Source ſerene,
Who all things ſees, by whom are all things ſeen.
Believe me, Nymph! (for I the Truth have ſhow'd)
Thy Charms have Pow'r to charm ſo great a God.
Confus'd, ſhe heard him his ſoft Paſſion tell,
And on the Floor, untwirl'd, the Spindle fell:
Still from the ſweet Confuſion ſome new Grace
Bluſh'd out by ſtealth, and languiſh'd in her Face.
The Lover, now inflam'd, himſelf put on,
And out at once the God, all-radiant, ſhone.
The Virgin ſtartled at his alter'd Form,
Too weak to bear a God's impetuous Storm:
No more againſt the dazling Youth ſhe ſtrove,
But ſilent yielded, and indulg'd his Love.
This *Clytiè* knew, and knew ſhe was undone,
Whoſe Soul was fix'd, and doated on the Sun.

She

She rag'd to think on her neglected Charms,
And *Phœbus*, panting in another's Arms.
With envious Madneſs fir'd, ſhe flies in haſte,
And tells the King, his Daughter was unchaſte.
The King, incens'd to hear his Honour ſtain'd,
No more the Father, nor the Man retain'd.
In vain ſhe ſtretch'd her Arms, and turn'd her Eyes
To her lov'd God, th' Enlight'ner of the Skies.
In vain ſhe own'd, it was a Crime, yet ſtill
It was a Crime not acted by her Will.
The brutal Sire ſtood deaf to ev'ry Pray'r,
And deep in Earth entomb'd alive the Fair.
What *Phœbus* could do, was by *Phœbus* done,
Full on her Grave with pointed Beams he ſhone:
To pointed Beams the gaping Earth gave way,
Had the Nymph Eyes, her Eyes had ſeen the Day,
But lifeleſs now, yet lovely ſtill, ſhe lay.
Not more the God wept, when the World was fir'd,
And in the Wreck his blooming Boy expir'd.
The vital Flame he ſtrives to light again,
And warm the frozen Blood in ev'ry Vein:
But ſince reſiſtleſs Fates deny'd that Pow'r,
On the cold Nymph he rain'd a Nectar-ſhow'r.
Ah! undeſerving thus (he ſaid) to die,
Yet ſtill in Odours thou ſhalt reach the Sky.
The Body ſoon diſſolv'd, and all around
Perfum'd with heav'nly Fragrancies the Ground.
A Sacrifice for Gods up-roſe from thence,
A ſweet, delightful Tree of Frankincenſe.

The Transformation of CLYTIE.

Tho' guilty *Clytiè* thus the Sun betray'd,
By too much Paſſion ſhe was guilty made.
Exceſs of Love begot Exceſs of Grief,
Grief fondly bad her hence to hope Relief.
But angry *Phœbus* hears, unmov'd, her Sighs,
And ſcornful from her loath'd Embraces flies.
All Day, all Night, in trackleſs Wilds, alone
She pin'd, and taught the liſt'ning Rocks her Moan.
On the bare Earth ſhe lies, her Boſom bare,
Looſe her Attire, diſhevel'd is her Hair.
Nine times the Morn unbarr'd the Gates of Light,
As oft were ſpread th' alternate Shades of Night,
So long no Suſtenance the Mourner knew,
Unleſs ſhe drunk her Tears, or ſuck'd the Dew.
She turn'd about, but roſe not from the Ground,
Turn'd to the Sun, ſtill as he roul'd his Round:
On his bright Face hung her deſiring Eyes,
Till fix'd to Earth, ſhe ſtrove in vain to riſe.
Her Looks their Paleneſs in a Flow'r retain'd,
But here, and there, ſome purple Streaks they gain'd.
Still the lov'd Object the fond Leafs purſue,
Still move their Root, the moving Sun to view,
And in the *Heliotrope* the Nymph is true.

The Siſters heard theſe Wonders with Surpriſe,
But part receiv'd them, as Romantick Lies;
And pertly rally'd, that they could not ſee
In Pow'rs Divine ſo vaſt an Energy.
Part own'd, true Gods ſuch Miracles might do,
But own'd not *Bacchus*, one among the True.

At laſt a common, juſt Requeſt they make,
And beg *Alcithöe* her Turn to take.
I will (ſhe ſaid) and pleaſe you, if I can,
Then ſhot her Shuttle ſwift, and thus began.
The Fate of *Daphnis* is a Fate too known,
Whom an enamour'd Nymph transform'd to Stone,
Becauſe ſhe fear'd another Nymph might ſee
The lovely Youth, and love as much as ſhe:
So ſtrange the Madneſs is of Jealouſie!
Nor ſhall I tell, what Changes *Scython* made,
And how he walk'd a Man, or tripp'd a Maid.
You too would peeviſh frown, and Patience want
To hear, how *Celmis* grew an Adamant.
He once was dear to *Jove*, and ſaw of old
Jove, when a Child, but what he ſaw, he told.
Crocus, and *Smilax* may be turn'd to Flow'rs,
And the *Curetes* ſpring from bounteous Show'rs;
I paſs a hundred Legends ſtale, as theſe,
And with ſweet Novelty your Taſte will pleaſe.

The Story of SALMACIS *and* HERMAPHRODITUS.

By Mr. ADDISON.

How *Salmacis*, with weak enfeebling Streams
Softens the Body, and unnerves the Limbs,
And what the ſecret Cauſe, ſhall here be ſhown;
The Cauſe is ſecret, but th' Effect is known.
The *Naïds* nurſt an Infant heretofore,
That *Cytherea* once to *Hermes* bore:
From both th' Illuſtrious Authors of his Race
The Child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright Parents thro' the Infant's Face.

When fifteen Years, in *Ida*'s cool Retreat,
The Boy had told, he left his Native Seat,
And ſought freſh Fountains in a foreign Soil:
The Pleaſure leſſen'd the attending Toil.
With eager Steps the *Lycian* Fields he croſt,
And Fields that border on the *Lycian* Coaſt;
A River here he view'd ſo lovely bright,
It ſhew'd the Bottom in a fairer Light,
Nor kept a Sand conceal'd from Human ſight.
The Stream produc'd nor ſlimy Ooze, nor Weeds,
Nor miry Ruſhes, nor the ſpiky Reeds;
But dealt enriching Moiſture all around,
The fruitful Banks with chearful Verdure crown'd,
And kept the Spring Eternal on the Ground.
A Nymph preſides, nor practis'd in the Chace,
Nor skilful at the Bow, nor at the Race;
Of all the Blue-ey'd Daughters of the Main,
The only Stranger to *Diana*'s Train:
Her Siſters often, as 'tis ſaid, wou'd cry
" Fie *Salmacis*, what always idle! fie,
" Or take thy Quiver, or thy Arrows ſeize,
" And mix the Toils of Hunting with thy Eaſe.
Nor Quiver ſhe nor Arrows e'er wou'd ſeize,
Nor mix the Toils of Hunting with her Eaſe.
But oft would bathe her in the Chryſtal Tide,
Oft with a Comb her dewy Locks divide;
Now in the limpid Streams ſhe views her Face,
And dreſt her Image in the floating Glaſs:
On Beds of Leaves ſhe now repos'd her Limbs,
Now gather'd Flow'rs that grew about her Stream
And then by chance was gathering, as ſhe ſtood
To view the Boy, and long'd for what ſhe view'd.

Fain

Fain wou'd ſhe meet the Youth with haſty Feet,
She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her Looks were ſet with niceſt Care,
And well deſerv'd to be reputed Fair.
" Bright Youth, ſhe cries, whom all thy Features prove
" A God, and, if a God, the God of Love;
" But if a Mortal, bleſt thy Nurſe's Breaſt,
" Bleſt are thy Parents, and thy Siſters bleſt:
" But oh how bleſt! how more than bleſt thy Bride.
" Ally'd in Bliſs, if any yet ally'd.
" If ſo, let mine the ſtoln Enjoyments be;
" If not, behold a willing Bride in me.
The Boy knew nought of Love, and toucht with Shame,
He ſtrove, and bluſht, but ſtill the Bluſh became:
In riſing Bluſhes ſtill freſh Beauties roſe;
The ſunny Side of Fruit ſuch Bluſhes ſhows,
And ſuch the Moon, when all her Silver White
Turns in Eclipſes to a ruddy Light.
The Nymph ſtill begs, if not a nobler Bliſs,
A cold Salute at leaſt, a Siſter's Kiſs:
And now prepares to take the lovely Boy
Between her Arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, " Or leave me to my ſelf alone,
" You rude uncivil Nymph, or I'll be gone.
" Fair Stranger then, ſays ſhe, it ſhall be ſo;
And, for ſhe fear'd his Threats, ſhe feign'd to go:
But hid within a Covert's neighbouring Green,
She kept him ſtill in ſight, herſelf unſeen.
The Boy now fancies all the Danger o'er,
And innocently ſports about the Shore,
Playful and wanton to the Stream he trips,
And dips his Foot, and ſhivers, as he dips.

The Coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager haſte
His airy Garments on the Banks he caſt;
His Godlike Features, and his Heav'nly Hue,
And all his Beauties were expos'd to View.
His naked Limbs the Nymph with Rapture ſpies,
While hotter Paſſions in her Boſom riſe,
Fluſh in her Cheeks, and ſparkle in her Eyes.
She longs, ſhe burns to claſp him in her Arms,
And looks, and ſighs, and kindles at his Charms.
Now all undreſt upon the Banks he ſtood,
And clapt his Sides, and leapt into the Flood:
His lovely Limbs the Silver Waves divide,
His Limbs appear more lovely through the Tide;
As Lilies ſhut within a Chryſtal Caſe,
Receive a gloſſy Luſtre from the Glaſs.
He's mine, he's all my own, the *Naïd* cries,
And flings off all, and after him ſhe flies.
And now ſhe faſtens on him as he ſwims,
And holds him cloſe, and wraps about his Limbs.
The more the Boy reſiſted, and was coy,
The more ſhe clipt, and kiſt the ſtrugling Boy.
So when the wrigling Snake is ſnacht on high
In *Eagle*'s Claws, and hiſſes in the Sky,
Around the Foe his twirling Tail he flings,
And twiſts her Legs, and writhes about her Wings.
The reſtleſs Boy ſtill obſtinately ſtrove
To free himſelf, and ſtill refus'd her Love.
Amidſt his Limbs ſhe kept her Limbs intwin'd,
" And why, coy Youth, ſhe cries, why thus unkind!
" Oh may the Gods thus keep us ever join'd!
" Oh may we never, never part again!
So pray'd the Nymph, nor did ſhe pray in vain:

For now ſhe finds him, as his Limbs ſhe preſt,
Grow nearer ſtill, and nearer to her Breaſt;
Till, piercing each the other's Fleſh, they run
Together, and incorporate in One:
Laſt in one Face are both their Faces join'd,
As when the Stock and grafted Twig combin'd
Shoot up the ſame, and wear a common Rind:
Both Bodies in a ſingle Body mix,
A ſingle Body with a double Sex.

The Boy, thus loſt in Woman, now ſurvey'd
The River's guilty Stream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his ſofter Tone,
Surpriz'd to hear a Voice but half his own)
You Parent-Gods, whoſe Heav'nly Names I bear,
Hear your *Hermaphrodite*, and grant my Pray'r;
Oh grant, that whomſoe'er theſe Streams contain,
If Man he enter'd, he may riſe again
Supple, unſinew'd, and but half a Man!

The Heav'nly Parents anſwer'd, from on high,
Their two-ſhap'd Son, the double Votary;
Then gave a ſecret Virtue to the Flood,
And ting'd it's Source to make his Wiſhes good.

Continued by Mr. EUSDEN.

ALCITHÖE *and her Siſters transform'd to Bats.*

But *Mineus*' Daughters ſtill their Tasks purſue,
To Wickedneſs moſt obſtinately true:
At *Bacchus* ſtill they laugh, when all around,
Unſeen, the Timbrels hoarſe were heard to ſound.
Saffron, and Myrrh their fragrant Odours ſhed,
And now the preſent Deity they dread.

Strange to relate! Here Ivy firſt was ſeen,
Along the Diſtaff crept the wond'rous Green.
Then ſudden-ſpringing Vines began to bloom,
And the ſoft Tendrils curl'd around the Loom:
While purple Cluſters, dangling from on high,
Ting'd the wrought Purple with a ſecond Die.
Now from the Skies was ſhot a doubtful Light,
The Day declining to the Bounds of Night.
The Fabrick's firm Foundations ſhake all o'er,
Falſe Tigers rage, and figur'd Lions roar.
Torches, aloft, ſeem blazing in the Air,
And angry Flaſhes of red Light'nings glare.
To dark Receſſes, the dire Sight to ſhun,
Swift the pale Siſters in Confuſion run.
Their Arms were loſt in Pinions, as they fled,
And ſubtle Films each ſlender Limb o'er-ſpread.
Their alter'd Forms their Senſes ſoon reveal'd;
Their Forms, how alter'd, Darkneſs ſtill conceal'd.
Cloſe to the Roof each, wond'ring, upwards ſprings,
Born on unknown, tranſparent, plumeleſs Wings.
They ſtrove for Words; their little Bodies found
No Words, but murmur'd in a fainting Sound.
In Towns, not Woods, the ſooty Batts delight,
And never, till the Dusk, begin their Flight;
Till *Veſper* riſes with his Ev'ning Flame;
From whom the *Romans* have deriv'd their Name.

The Transformation of INO *and* MELICERTA *to Sea-Gods.*

The Pow'r of *Bacchus* now o'er *Thebes* had flown,
With awful Rev'rence ſoon the God they own.

Proud

Proud *Ino*, all around, the Wonder tells,
And on her Nephew-Deity ſtill dwells.
Of num'rous Siſters, ſhe alone yet knew
No Grief, but Grief, which ſhe from Siſters drew.
Imperial *Juno* ſaw her with Diſdain,
Vain in her Offspring, in her Conſort vain,
Who rul'd the trembling *Thebans* with a Nod,
But ſaw her vaineſt in her Foſter-God.
Could then (ſhe cry'd) a Baſtard-Boy have Pow'r
To make a Mother her own Son devour?
Could he the *Tuſcan* Crew to Fiſhes change,
And now three Siſters damn to Forms ſo ſtrange?
Yet ſhall the Wife of *Jove* find no Relief?
Shall ſhe, ſtill unreveng'd, diſcloſe her Grief?
Have I the mighty Freedom to complain?
Is that my Pow'r? is that to eaſe my Pain?
A Foe has taught me Vengeance; and who ought
To ſcorn that Vengeance, which a Foe has taught?
What ſure Deſtruction frantick Rage can throw,
The gaping Wounds of ſlaughter'd *Pentheus* ſhow.
Why ſhould not *Ino*, fir'd with Madneſs, ſtray,
Like her mad Siſters her own Kindred ſlay,
Why, ſhe not follow, where they lead the way.

Down a ſteep, yawning Cave, where Yews diſplay'd
In Arches meet, and lend a baleful Shade,
Thro' ſilent Labyrinths a Paſſage lies
To mournful Regions, and infernal Skies.
Here *Styx* exhales its noiſome Clouds, and here,
The fun'ral Rites once paid, all Souls appear.
Stiff Cold, and Horror with a ghaſtly Face
And ſtaring Eyes, infeſt the dreary Place.

Ghoſts, new-arriv'd, and Strangers to theſe Plains,
Know not the Palace, where grim *Pluto* reigns.
They journey doubtful, nor the Road can tell,
Which leads to the Metropolis of Hell.
A thouſand Avenues thoſe Tow'rs command,
A thouſand Gates for ever open ſtand.
As all the Rivers, diſembogu'd, find Room
For all their Waters in old Ocean's Womb:
So this vaſt City Worlds of Shades receives,
And Space for Millions ſtill of Worlds ſhe leaves.
The unbody'd Spectres freely rove, and ſhow
Whate'er they lov'd on Earth, they love below.
The Lawyers ſtill, or right, or wrong, ſupport,
The Courtiers ſmoothly glide to *Pluto*'s Court.
Still airy Heroes Thoughts of Glory fire,
Still the dead Poet ſtrings his deathleſs Lyre,
And Lovers ſtill with fancy'd Darts expire.

The Queen of Heav'n, to gratifie her Hate,
And ſooth immortal Wrath, forgets her State.
Down from the Realms of Day, to Realms of Night,
The Goddeſs ſwift precipitates her Flight.
At Hell arriv'd, the Noiſe Hell's Porter heard,
Th' enormous Dog his triple Head up-rear'd:
Thrice from three grizly Throats he howl'd profound,
Then ſuppliant couch'd, and ſtretch'd along the Ground.
The trembling Threſhold, which *Saturnia* preſt,
The Weight of ſuch Divinity confeſt.

Before a lofty, adamantine Gate,
Which clos'd a Tow'r of Braſs, the Furies ſate:
Miſhapen Forms, tremendous to the Sight,
Th' implacable, foul Daughters of the Night.

A ſounding Whip each bloody Siſter ſhakes,
Or from her Treſſes combs the curling Snakes.
But now great *Juno*'s Majeſty was known,
Thro' the thick Gloom, all-heav'nly bright, ſhe ſhone:
The hideous Monſters their Obedience ſhow'd,
And riſing from their Seats, ſubmiſſive bow'd.
This is the Place of Woe, here groan the Dead;
Huge *Tityus* o'er nine Acres here is ſpread.
Fruitful for Pain, th' immortal Liver bleeds,
Still grows, and ſtill th' inſatiate Vulture feeds.
Poor *Tantalus* to taſte the Water tries,
But from his Lips the faithleſs Water flies:
Then thinks, the bending Tree he can command,
The Tree ſtarts backwards, and eludes his Hand.
The Labour too of *Siſyphus* is vain,
Up the ſteep Mount he heaves the Stone with Pain,
Down from the Summit rouls the Stone again.
The *Belides* their leaky Veſſels ſtill
Are ever filling, and yet never fill:
Doom'd to this Puniſhment for Blood they ſhed,
For Bridegrooms ſlaughter'd in the Bridal Bed.
Stretch'd on the rouling Wheel *Ixion* lies;
Himſelf he follows, and himſelf he flies.
Ixion, tortur'd, *Juno* ſternly ey'd,
Then turn'd, and toiling *Siſyphus* eſpy'd:
And why (ſhe ſaid) ſo wretched is the Fate
Of him, whoſe Brother proudly reigns in State?
Yet ſtill my Altars unador'd have been
By *Athamas*, and his preſumptuous Queen.
What caus'd her Hate, the Goddeſs thus confeſt,
What caus'd her Journey now was more than gueſt.

That Hate, relentleſs, its Revenge did want,
And that Revenge the Furies ſoon could grant:
They could the Glory of proud *Thebes* efface,
And hide in Ruin the *Cadmëan* Race.
For this ſhe largely promiſes, entreats,
And to Entreaties adds Imperial Threats.
Then fell *Tiſiphonè* with Rage was ſtung,
And from her Mouth th' untwiſted Serpents flung.
To gain this trifling Boon, there is no need
(She cry'd) in formal Speeches to proceed.
Whatever thou command'ſt to do, is done;
Believe it finiſh'd, tho' not yet begun.
But from theſe melancholy Seats repair
To happier Manſions, and to purer Air.
She ſpoke: The Goddeſs, darting upwards, flies,
And joyous re-aſcends her native Skies:
Nor enter'd there, 'till 'round her *Iris* threw
Ambroſial Sweets, and pour'd Celeſtial Dew.
The faithful Fury, guiltleſs of Delays,
With cruel Haſte the dire Command obeys.
Girt in a bloody Gown, a Torch ſhe ſhakes,
And 'round her Neck twines ſpeckled Wreaths of Snakes.
Fear, and Diſmay, and agonizing Pain,
With frantick Rage, compleat her loveleſs Train.
To *Thebes* her Flight ſhe ſped, and Hell forſook;
At her Approach the *Theban* Turrets ſhook:
The Sun ſhrunk back, thick Clouds the Day o'er-caſt,
And ſpringing Greens were wither'd, as ſhe paſt.
Now, diſmal Yellings heard, ſtrange Spectres ſeen
Confound as much the Monarch, as the Queen.
In vain to quit the Palace they prepar'd,
Tiſiphonè was there, and kept the Ward.

She

She wide-extended her unfriendly Arms,
And all the Fury laviſh'd all her Harms.
Part of her Treſſes loudly hiſs, and part
Spread Poyſon, as their forky Tongues they dart.
Then from her middle Locks two Snakes ſhe drew,
Whoſe Merit from ſuperior Miſchief grew:
Th'envenom'd Ruin, thrown with ſpiteful Care,
Clung to the Boſoms of the hapleſs Pair.
The hapleſs Pair ſoon with wild Thoughts were fir'd,
And Madneſs, by a thouſand ways inſpir'd.
'Tis true, th'unwounded Body ſtill was ſound,
But 'twas the Soul, which felt the deadly Wound.
Nor did th' unſated Monſter here give o'er,
But dealt of Plagues a freſh, unnumber'd Store.
Each baneful Juice too well ſhe underſtood,
Foam, churn'd by *Cerberus*, and *Hydra*'s Blood.
Hot Hemlock, and cold Aconite ſhe choſe,
Delighted in Variety of Woes.
Whatever can untune th' harmonious Soul,
And its mild, reas'ning Faculties controul,
Give falſe Ideas, raiſe Deſires profane,
And whirl in Eddies the tumultuous Brain,
Mix'd with curs'd Art, ſhe direfully around
Thro' all their Nerves diffus'd the ſad Compound.
Then toſs'd her Torch in Circles ſtill the ſame,
Improv'd their Rage, and added Flame to Flame.
The grinning Fury her own Conqueſt ſpy'd,
And to her rueful Shades return'd with Pride,
And threw th' exhauſted, uſeleſs Snakes aſide.
Now *Athamas* cries out, his Reaſon fled,
Here, Fellow-hunters, let the Toils be ſpread.

I ſaw a Lioneſs, in queſt of Food,
With her two Young, run roaring in this Wood.
Again the fancy'd Savages were ſeen,
As thro' his Palace ſtill he chac'd his Queen;
Then tore *Learchus* from her Breaſt: The Child
Stretch'd little Arms, and on its Father ſmil'd:
A Father now no more, who now begun
Around his Head to whirl his giddy Son,
And, quite inſenſible to Nature's Call,
The helpleſs Infant ſlung againſt the Wall.
The ſame mad Poyſon in the Mother wrought,
Young *Melicerta* in her Arms ſhe caught,
And with diſorder'd Treſſes, howling, flies,
O! *Bacchus*, *Evôe*, *Bacchus!* loud ſhe cries.
The Name of *Bacchus Juno* laugh'd to hear,
And ſaid, thy Foſter-God has coſt thee dear.
A Rock there ſtood, whoſe Side the beating Waves
Had long conſum'd, and hollow'd into Caves.
The Head ſhot forwards in a bending Steep,
And caſt a dreadful Covert o'er the Deep.
The wretched *Ino*, on Deſtruction bent,
Climb'd up the Cliff; ſuch Strength her Fury lent:
Thence with her guiltleſs Boy, who wept in vain,
At one bold Spring ſhe plung'd into the Main.
Her Neice's Fate touch'd *Cytherëa*'s Breaſt,
And in ſoft Sounds ſhe *Neptune* thus addreſt.
Great God of Waters, whoſe extended Sway
Is next to his, whom Heav'n and Earth obey:
Let not the Suit of *Venus* thee diſpleaſe,
Pity the Floaters on th' *Ionian* Seas.
Encreaſe thy Subject-Gods, nor yet diſdain
To add my Kindred to that glorious Train.

If from the Sea I may ſuch Honours claim,
If 'tis Deſert, that from the Sea I came,
As *Greecian* Poets artfully have ſung,
And in the Name confeſt, from whence I ſprung.
Pleas'd *Neptune* nodded his Aſcent, and free
Both ſoon became from frail Mortality.
He gave them Form, and Majeſty Divine,
And bad them glide along the foamy Brine.
For *Melicerta* is *Palæmon* known,
And *Ino*, once, *Leucothöe* is grown.

The Transformation of the THEBAN *Matrons.*

The *Theban* Matrons their lov'd Queen purſu'd,
And tracing to the Rock, her Footſteps view'd.
Too certain of her Fate, they rend the Skies
With piteous Shrieks, and lamentable Cries.
All beat their Breaſts, and *Juno* all upbraid,
Who ſtill remember'd a deluded Maid:
Who, ſtill revengeful for one ſtol'n Embrace,
Thus wreak'd her Hate on the *Cadmëan* Race.
This *Juno* heard; And ſhall ſuch Elfs, ſhe cry'd,
Diſpute my Juſtice, or my Pow'r deride?
You too ſhall feel my Wrath not idly ſpent;
A Goddeſs never for Inſults was meant.
She, who lov'd moſt, and who moſt lov'd had been,
Said, Not the Waves ſhall part me from my Queen.
She ſtrove to plunge into the roaring Flood;
Fix'd to the Stone, a Stone herſelf ſhe ſtood.
This, on her Breaſt would fain her Blows repeat,
Her ſtiffen'd Hands refus'd her Breaſt to beat.
That, ſtretch'd her Arms unto the Seas; in vain
Her Arms ſhe labour'd to unſtretch again.

To tear her comely Locks another try'd,
Both comely Locks, and Fingers petrify'd.
Part thus; but *Juno* with a ſofter Mind
Part doom'd to mix among the feather'd Kind.
Transform'd, the Name of *Theban* Birds they keep,
And skim the Surface of that fatal Deep.

CADMUS *and his* QUEEN *transform'd to Serpents.*

Mean time, the wretched *Cadmus* mourns, nor knows,
That they who mortal fell, immortal roſe.
With a long Series of new Ills oppreſt,
He droops, and all the Man forſakes his Breaſt.
Strange Prodigies confound his frighted Eyes;
From the fair City, which he rais'd, he flies:
As if Misfortune not purſu'd his Race,
But only hung o'er that devoted Place.
Reſolv'd by Sea to ſeek ſome diſtant Land,
At laſt he ſafely gain'd th' *Illyrian* Strand.
Chearleſs himſelf, his Conſort ſtill he chears,
Hoary, and loaden'd both with Woes, and Years.
Then to recount paſt Sorrows they begin,
And trace them to the gloomy Origin.
That Serpent ſure was hallow'd, *Cadmus* cry'd,
Which once my Spear transfix'd with fooliſh Pride;
When the big Teeth, a Seed before unknown,
By me along the wond'ring Glebe were ſown,
And ſprouting Armies by themſelves o'erthrown.
If thence the Wrath of Heav'n on me is bent,
May Heav'n conclude it with one ſad Event;
To an extended Serpent change the Man,
And while he ſpoke, the wiſh'd-for Change began.

His

His Skin with Sea-green Spots was vary'd 'round,
And on his Belly prone he preſt the Ground.
He glitter'd ſoon with many a golden Scale,
And his ſhrunk Legs clos'd in a ſpiry Tail.
Arms yet remain'd, remaining Arms he ſpread
To his lov'd Wife, and human Tears yet ſhed.
Come, my *Harmonia*, come, thy Face recline
Down to my Face; ſtill touch, what ſtill is mine.
O! let theſe Hands, while Hands, be gently preſt,
While yet the Serpent has not all poſſeſt.
More he had ſpoke, but ſtrove to ſpeak in vain,
The forky Tongue refus'd to tell his Pain,
And learn'd in Hiſſings only to complain.
Then ſhriek'd *Harmonia*, Stay, my *Cadmus*, ſtay,
Glide not in ſuch a monſtrous Shape away!
Deſtruction, like impetuous Waves, rouls on,
Where are thy Feet, thy Legs, thy Shoulders gone?
Chang'd is thy Viſage, chang'd is all thy Frame;
Cadmus is only *Cadmus* now in Name.
Ye Gods, my *Cadmus* to himſelf reſtore,
Or me like him transform; I ask no more.
The Husband-Serpent ſhow'd, he ſtill had Thought,
With wonted Fondneſs an Embrace he ſought;
Play'd 'round her Neck in many a harmleſs Twiſt,
And lick'd that Boſom, which, a Man, he kiſt.
The Lookers on (for Lookers on there were)
Shock'd at the Sight, half-dy'd away with Fear.
The Transformation was again renew'd,
And, like the Husband, chang'd the Wife they view'd.
Both, Serpents now, with Fold involv'd in Fold,
To the next Covert amicably roul'd.

There curl'd they lie, or wave along the Green,
Fearleſs ſee Men, by Men are fearleſs ſeen,
Still mild, and conſcious, what they once have been.

The Story of PERSEUS.

Yet tho' this harſh, inglorious Fate they found,
Each in the deathleſs Grandſon liv'd renown'd.
Thro' conquer'd *India Bacchus* nobly rode,
And *Greece* with Temples hail'd the conqu'ring God.
In *Argos* only proud *Acriſius* reign'd,
Who all the conſecrated Rites profan'd.
Audacious Wretch! thus *Bacchus* to deny,
And the great Thunderer's great Son defie!
Nor him alone: Thy Daughter vainly ſtrove
Brave *Perſeus* of Celeſtial Stem to prove,
And herſelf pregnant by a golden *Jove*.
Yet this was true, and Truth in time prevails;
Acriſius now his Unbelief bewails.
His former Thought, an impious Thought he found,
And both the Heroe, and the God were own'd.
He ſaw, already one in Heav'n was plac'd,
And one with more, than mortal Triumphs grac'd.
The Victor *Perſeus* with the *Gorgon*-head,
O'er *Libyan* Sands his airy Journey ſped.
The gory Drops diſtill'd, as ſwift he flew,
And from each Drop envenom'd Serpents grew.
The Miſchiefs brooded on the barren Plains,
And ſtill th' unhappy Fruitfulneſs remains.

ATLAS *transform'd to a Mountain.*

Thence *Perſeus*, like a Cloud, by Storms was driv'n
Thro' all th' Expanſe beneath the Cope of Heav'n.

The jarring Winds unable to controul,
He ſaw the Southern, and the Northern Pole:
And Eaſtward thrice, and Weſtward thrice was whirl'd,
And from the Skies ſurvey'd the nether World.
But when grey Ev'ning ſhow'd the Verge of Night,
He fear'd in Darkneſs to purſue his Flight.
He pois'd his Pinions, and forgot to ſoar,
And ſinking, clos'd them on th' *Heſperian* Shore:
Then beg'd to reſt, till *Lucifer* begun
To wake the Morn, the Morn to wake the Sun.
Here *Atlas* reign'd, of more than human Size,
And in his Kingdom the World's Limit lies.
Here *Titan* bids his weary'd Courſers ſleep,
And cools the burning Axle in the Deep.
The mighty Monarch, uncontroul'd, alone,
His Sceptre ſways: no neighb'ring States are known.
A thouſand Flocks on ſhady Mountains fed,
A thouſand Herds o'er graſſy Plains were ſpread.
Here wond'rous Trees their ſhining Stores unfold,
Their ſhining Stores too wond'rous to be told,
Their Leafs, their Branches, and their Apples, Gold.
Then *Perſeus* the gigantick Prince addreſt,
Humbly implor'd a hoſpitable Reſt.
If bold Exploits thy Admiration fire,
He ſaid, I fancy, mine thou wilt admire.
Or if the Glory of a Race can move,
Not mean my Glory, for I ſpring from *Jove*.
At this Confeſſion *Atlas* ghaſtly ſtar'd,
Mindful of what an Oracle declar'd,
That the dark Womb of Time conceal'd a Day,
Which ſhould, diſclos'd, the bloomy Gold betray:

All ſhould at once be raviſh'd from his Eyes,
And *Jove*'s own Progeny enjoy the Prize.
For this, the Fruit he loftily immur'd,
And a fierce Dragon the ſtrait Paſs ſecur'd.
For this, all Strangers he forbad to land,
And drove them from th' inhoſpitable Strand.
To *Perſeus* then: Fly quickly, fly this Coaſt,
Nor falſly dare thy Acts, and Race to boaſt.
In vain the Heroe for one Night entreats,
Threat'ning he ſtorms, and next adds Force to Threats.
By Strength not *Perſeus* could himſelf defend,
For who in Strength with *Atlas* could contend?
But ſince ſhort Reſt to me thou wilt not give,
A Gift of endleſs Reſt from me receive.
He ſaid, and, backward turn'd, no more conceal'd
The Preſent, and *Meduſa*'s Head reveal'd.
Soon the high *Atlas* a high Mountain ſtood,
His Locks, and Beard became a leafy Wood.
His Hands, and Shoulders into Ridges went,
The Summit-head ſtill crown'd the ſteep Aſcent.
His Bones a ſolid, rocky Hardneſs gain'd:
He, thus immenſely grown, (as Fate ordain'd)
The Stars, the Heav'ns, and all the Gods ſuſtain'd.

ANDROMEDA *reſcued from the Sea-Monſter.*

Now *Æolus* had with ſtrong Chains confin'd,
And deep impriſon'd ev'ry bluſt'ring Wind.
The riſing *Phoſpher* with a purple Light
Did ſluggiſh Mortals to new Toils invite.
His Feet again the valiant *Perſeus* plumes,
And his keen Sabre in his Hand reſumes:

Then

Then nobly ſpurns the Ground, and upwards ſprings,
And cuts the liquid Air with ſounding Wings.
O'er various Seas, and various Lands he paſt,
Till *Æthiopia*'s Shore appear'd at laſt.
Andromeda was there, doom'd to attone
By her own Ruin Follies not her own:
And if Injuſtice in a God can be,
Such was the *Libyan* God's unjuſt Decree.
Chain'd to a Rock ſhe ſtood; young *Perſeus* ſtay'd
His rapid Flight, to view the beauteous Maid.
So ſweet her Frame, ſo exquiſitely fine,
She ſeem'd a Statue by a Hand Divine,
Had not the Wind her waving Treſſes ſhow'd,
And down her Cheeks the melting Sorrows flow'd.
Her faultleſs Form the Heroe's Boſom fires,
The more he looks, the more he ſtill admires.
Th' Admirer almoſt had forgot to fly,
And ſwift deſcended, flutt'ring from on high.
O! Virgin, worthy no ſuch Chains to prove,
But pleaſing Chains in the ſoft Folds of Love;
Thy Country, and thy Name (he ſaid) diſcloſe,
And give a true Rehearſal of thy Woes.
A quick Reply her Baſhfulneſs refus'd,
To the free Converſe of a Man unus'd.
Her riſing Bluſhes had Concealment found
From her ſpread Hands, but that her Hands were bound.
She acted to her full Extent of Pow'r,
And bath'd her Face with a freſh, ſilent Show'r.
But by degrees in Innocence grown bold,
Her Name, her Country, and her Birth ſhe told:
And how ſhe ſuffer'd for her Mother's Pride,
Who with the *Nereids* once in Beauty vy'd.

Part yet untold, the Seas began to roar,
And mounting Billows tumbled to the Shore.
Above the Waves a Monſter rais'd his Head,
His Body o'er the Deep was widely ſpread:
Onward he flounc'd, aloud the Virgin cries,
Each Parent to her Shrieks in Shrieks replies,
But ſhe had deepeſt Cauſe to rend the Skies.
Weeping, to her they cling; no Sign appears
Of Help, they only lend their helpleſs Tears.
Too long you vent your Sorrows, *Perſeus* ſaid,
Short is the Hour, and ſwift the time of Aid.
In me the Son of thund'ring *Jove* behold,
Got in a kindly Show'r of fruitful Gold.
Meduſa's Snaky Head is now my Prey,
And thro' the Clouds I boldly wing my Way.
If ſuch Deſert be worthy of Eſteem,
Add, if your Daughter I from Death redeem,
Shall ſhe be mine? Shall it not then be thought,
A Bride, ſo lovely, was too cheaply bought?
For her my Arms I willingly employ,
If I may Beauties, which I ſave, enjoy.
The Parents eagerly the Terms embrace,
For who would ſlight ſuch Terms in ſuch a Caſe?
Nor her alone they promiſe, but beſide,
The Dowry of a Kingdom with the Bride.
As well-rigg'd Gallies, which Slaves, ſweating, row,
With their ſharp Beaks the whiten'd Ocean plough;
So when the Monſter mov'd, ſtill at his Back
The furrow'd Waters left a foamy Track.
Now to the Rock he was advanc'd ſo nigh,
Whirl'd from a Sling a Stone the Space would fly.

Then bounding, upwards the brave *Perſeus* ſprung,
And in mid Air on hov'ring Pinions hung.
His Shadow quickly floated on the Main,
The Monſter could not his wild Rage reſtrain,
But at the floating Shadow leap'd in vain.
As when *Jove*'s Bird, a ſpeckled Serpent ſpies,
Which in the Shine of *Phœbus* basking lies,
Unſeen, he ſouſes down, and bears away,
Truſs'd from behind, the vainly hiſſing Prey.
To writh his Neck the Labour nought avails,
Too deep th'imperial Talons pierce his Scales.
Thus the wing'd Heroe now deſcends, now ſoars,
And at his Pleaſure the vaſt Monſter gores.
Full in his Back, ſwift-ſtooping from above,
The crooked Sabre to its Hilt he drove.
The Monſter rag'd, impatient of the Pain,
Firſt bounded high, and then ſunk low again.
Now, like a ſavage Boar, when chaf'd with Wounds,
And bay'd with op'ning Mouths of hungry Hounds,
He on the Foe turns with collected Might,
Who ſtill eludes him with an airy Flight;
And wheeling round, the ſcaly Armour tries
Of his thick Sides; his thinner Tail now plies:
Till from repeated Strokes out-guſh'd a Flood,
And the Waves redden'd with the ſtreaming Blood.
At laſt the dropping Wings, befoam'd all o'er,
With flaggy Heavineſs their Maſter bore:
A Rock he ſpy'd, whoſe humble Head was low,
Bare at an Ebb, but cover'd at a Flow.
A ridgy Hold, he, thither flying, gain'd,
And with one Hand his bending Weight ſuſtain'd;

With th'other, vig'rous Blows he dealt around,
And the Home-thruſts th' expiring Monſter own'd.
In deaf'ning Shouts the glad Applauſes riſe,
And Peal on Peal runs ratling thro' the Skies.
The Saviour-Youth the Royal Pair confeſs,
And with heav'd Hands their Daughter's Bridegroom bleſs.
The beauteous Bride moves on, now loos'd from Chains,
The Cauſe, and ſweet Reward of all the Heroe's Pains.
Mean time, on Shore triumphant *Perſeus* ſtood,
And purg'd his Hands, ſmear'd with the Monſter's Blood:
Then in the Windings of a ſandy Bed
Compos'd *Meduſa*'s execrable Head.
But to prevent the Roughneſs, Leafs he threw,
And young, green Twigs, which ſoft in Waters grew.
There ſoft, and full of Sap, but here, when lay'd,
Touch'd by the Head, that Softneſs ſoon decay'd.
The wonted Flexibility quite gone,
The tender Scyons harden'd into Stone.
Freſh, juicy Twigs, ſurpris'd, the *Nereids* brought,
Freſh, juicy Twigs the ſame Contagion caught.
The Nymphs the petrifying Seeds ſtill keep,
And propagate the Wonder thro' the Deep.
The pliant Sprays of Coral yet declare
Their ſtiff'ning Nature, when expos'd to Air.
Thoſe Sprays, which did, like bending Oſiers, move,
Snatch'd from their Element, obdurate prove,
And Shrubs beneath the Waves, grow Stones above.
The great Immortals grateful *Perſeus* prais'd,
And to three Pow'rs three turfy Altars rais'd.
To *Hermes* this, and that he did aſſign
To *Pallas*: The mid Honours, *Jove*, were thine.

He

He haſtes for *Pallas* a white Cow to cull,
A Calf for *Hermes*, but for *Jove* a Bull.
Then ſeiz'd the Prize of his victorious Fight,
Andromeda, and claim'd the Nuptial Rite.
Andromeda alone he greatly ſought,
The Dowry-Kingdom was not worth his Thought.
Pleas'd *Hymen* now his golden Torch diſplays;
With rich Oblations fragrant Altars blaze.
Sweet Wreaths of choiceſt Flow'rs are hung on high,
And cloudleſs Pleaſure ſmiles in ev'ry Eye.
The melting Muſick melting Thoughts inſpires,
And warbling Songſters aid the warbling Lyres.
The Palace opens wide in pompous State,
And by his Peers ſurrounded, *Cepheus* ſate.
A Feaſt was ſerv'd, fit for a King to give,
And fit for God-like Heroes to receive.
The Banquet ended, the gay, chearful Bowl
Mov'd round, and brighten'd, and enlarg'd each Soul.
Then *Perſeus* ask'd, what Cuſtoms there obtain'd,
And by what Laws the People were reſtrain'd.
Which told; the Teller a like Freedom takes,
And to the Warrior his Petition makes,
To know, what Arts had won *Meduſa's* Snakes.

The Story of MEDUSA'S *Head.*

The Heroe with his juſt Requeſt complies,
Shows, how a Vale beneath cold *Atlas* lies,
Where, with aſpiring Mountains fenc'd around,
He the two Daughters of old *Phorcus* found.
Fate had one common Eye to both aſſign'd,
Each ſaw by turns, and each by turns was blind.

But while one ſtrove to lend her Siſter Sight,
He ſtretch'd his Hand, and ſtole their mutual Light,
And left both Eyeleſs, both involv'd in Night.
Thro' devious Wilds, and trackleſs Woods he paſt,
And at the *Gorgon*-Seats arriv'd at laſt:
But as he journey'd, penſive he ſurvey'd,
What waſteful Havock dire *Meduſa* made.
Here, ſtood ſtill breathing Statues, Men before;
There, rampant Lions ſeem'd in Stone to roar.
Nor did he, yet affrighted, quit the Field,
But in the Mirror of his poliſh'd Shield
Reflected ſaw *Meduſa* Slumbers take,
And not one Serpent by good chance awake.
Then backward an unerring Blow he ſped,
And from her Body lop'd at once her Head.
The Gore prolifick prov'd; with ſudden Force
Sprung *Pegaſus*, and wing'd his airy Courſe.

The Heav'n-born Warrior faithfully went on,
And told the num'rous Dangers which he run.
What ſubject Seas, what Lands he had in view,
And nigh what Stars th' advent'rous Heroe flew.
At laſt he ſilent ſate; the liſt'ning Throng
Sigh'd at the Pauſe of his delightful Tongue.
Some beg'd to know, why this alone ſhould wear
Of all the Siſters ſuch deſtructive Hair.

Great *Perſeus* then: With me you ſhall prevail,
Worth the Relation, to relate a Tale.
Meduſa once had Charms; to gain her Love
A rival Crowd of envious Lovers ſtrove.
They, who have ſeen her, own, they ne'er did trace
More moving Features in a ſweeter Face.

Yet above all, her Length of Hair, they own,
In golden Ringlets wav'd, and graceful ſhone.
Her *Neptune* ſaw, and with ſuch Beauties fir'd,
Reſolv'd to compaſs, what his Soul deſir'd.
In chaſte *Minerva*'s Fane, he, luſtful, ſtay'd,
And ſeiz'd, and rifled the young, bluſhing Maid.
The baſhful Goddeſs turn'd her Eyes away,
Nor durſt ſuch bold Impurity ſurvey;
But on the raviſh'd Virgin Vengeance takes,
Her ſhining Hair is chang'd to hiſſing Snakes.
Theſe in her *Ægis Pallas* joys to bear,
The hiſſing Snakes her Foes more ſure enſnare,
Than they did Lovers once, when ſhining Hair.

The End of the Fourth Book.

THE



To the Right Honourable
the Countess of Warwick.

E. Kirkall

GARDE LA FOY

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK V.

Tranſlated by ARTHUR MAYNWARING, *Eſq;*

The Story of PERSEUS *continued.*

WHILE *Perſeus* entertain'd with this Report
His Father *Cepheus*, and the liſt'ning Court,
Within the Palace Walls was heard aloud
The roaring Noiſe of ſome unruly Crowd;
Not like the Songs which chearful Friends prepare
For nuptial Days, but Sounds that threaten'd War;
And all the Pleaſures of this happy Feaſt,
To Tumult turn'd, in wild Diſorder ceas'd:
So, when the Sea is calm, we often find
A Storm rais'd ſudden by ſome furious Wind.
Chief in the Riot *Phineus* firſt appear'd,
The raſh Ringleader of this boiſt'rous Herd,
And brandiſhing his brazen-pointed Lance,
Behold, he ſaid, an injur'd Man advance,

Stung with Reſentment for his raviſh'd Wife,
Nor ſhall thy Wings, O *Perſeus*, ſave thy Life;
Nor *Jove* himſelf; tho' we've been often told
Who got thee in the Form of tempting Gold.
His Lance was aim'd, when *Cepheus* ran, and ſaid,
Hold, Brother, hold; what brutal Rage has made
Your frantick Mind ſo black a Crime conceive?
Are theſe the Thanks that you to *Perſeus* give?
This the Reward that to his Worth you pay,
Whoſe timely Valour ſav'd *Andromeda*?
Nor was it he, if you would reaſon right,
That forc'd her from you, but the jealous Spight
Of envious *Nereids*, and *Jove*'s high Decree;
And that devouring Monſter of the Sea,
That ready with his Jaws wide-gaping ſtood
To eat my Child, the faireſt of my Blood.
You loſt her then, when ſhe ſeem'd paſt Relief,
And wiſh'd perhaps her Death, to eaſe your Grief
With my Afflictions: Not content to view
Andromeda in Chains, unhelp'd by you,
Her Spouſe and Uncle; will you grieve that he
Expos'd his Life the dying Maid to free?
And ſhall you claim his Merit? Had you thought
Her Charms ſo great, you ſhou'd have bravely ſought
That Bleſſing on the Rocks, where fix'd ſhe lay:
But now let *Perſeus* bear his Prize away,
By Service gain'd, by promis'd Faith poſſeſs'd;
To him I owe it, that my Age is bleſs'd
Still with a Child: Nor think that I prefer
Perſeus to thee, but to the Loſs of her.
Phineus on him, and *Perſeus* roul'd about
His Eyes in ſilent Rage, and ſeem'd to doubt

Which to deſtroy; till, reſolute at length,
He threw his Spear with the redoubled Strength
His Fury gave him, and at *Perſeus* ſtruck;
But miſſing *Perſeus*, in his Seat it ſtuck.
Who, ſpringing nimbly up, return'd the Dart,
And almoſt plung'd it in his Rival's Heart;
But he, for Safety, to the Altar ran,
Unfit Protection for ſo vile a Man;
Yet was the Stroke not vain, as *Rhætus* found,
Who in his Brow receiv'd a mortal Wound;
Headlong he tumbled, when his Skull was broke,
From which his Friends the fatal Weapon took,
While he lay trembling, and his guſhing Blood
In crimſon Streams around the Table flow'd.
But this provok'd th' unruly Rabble worſe,
They flung their Darts, and ſome in loud Diſcourſe
To Death young *Perſeus* and the Monarch doom;
But *Cepheus* left before the guilty Room,
With Grief appealing to the Gods above,
Who Laws of Hoſpitality approve,
Who Faith protect, and ſuccour injur'd Right,
That he was guiltleſs of this barb'rous Fight.
Pallas her Brother *Perſeus* cloſe attends,
And with her ample Shield from Harm defends,
Raiſing a ſprightly Courage in his Heart;
But *Indian Athis* took the weaker Part,
Born in the chryſtal Grottoes of the Sea,
Limnatè's Son, a Fenny Nymph, and ſhe
Daughter of *Ganges*; Graceful was his Mein,
His Perſon lovely, and his Age Sixteen.
His Habit made his native Beauty more;
A purple Mantle fring'd with Gold he wore;

His Neck well-turn'd with golden Chains was grac'd,
His Hair with Myrrh perfum'd, was nicely dreſs'd.
Tho' with juſt Aim he cou'd the Javelin throw,
Yet with more Skill he drew the bending Bow;
And now was drawing it with artful Hand,
When *Perſeus* ſnatching up a flaming Brand,
Whirl'd ſudden at his Face the burning Wood,
Cruſh'd his Eyes in, and quench'd the Fire with Blood;
Thro' the ſoft Skin the ſplinter'd Bones appear,
And ſpoil'd the Face that lately was ſo fair.
When *Lycabas* his *Athis* thus beheld,
How was his Heart with friendly Horror fill'd?
A Youth ſo noble, to his Soul ſo dear,
To ſee his ſhapeleſs Look, his dying Groans to hear!
He ſnatch'd the Bow the Boy was us'd to bend,
And cry'd, With me, falſe Traytor, dare contend;
Boaſt not a Conqueſt o'er a Child, but try
Thy Strength with me, who all thy Pow'rs defy;
Nor think ſo mean an Act a Victory.
While yet he ſpoke he flung the whizzing Dart,
Which pierc'd the plaited Robe, but miſs'd his Heart:
Perſeus defy'd, upon him fiercely preſs'd
With Sword unſheath'd, and plung'd it in his Breaſt;
His Eyes o'erwhelm'd with Night, he ſtumbling falls,
And with his lateſt Breath on *Athis* calls;
Pleas'd that ſo near the lovely Youth he lies,
He ſinks his Head upon his Friend, and dies.
Next eager *Phorbas*, old *Methion*'s Son,
Came ruſhing forward with *Amphimedon*;
When the ſmooth Pavement, ſlippery made with Gore,
Trip'd up their Feet, and flung 'em on the Floor;

The Sword of *Perſeus*, who by chance was nigh,
Prevents their Riſe, and where they fall they lye:
Full in his Ribs *Amphimedon* he ſmote,
And then ſtuck fiery *Phorbas* in the Throat.
Eurythus lifting up his Ax, the Blow
Was thus prevented by his nimble Foe;
A golden Cup he ſeizes, high emboſt,
And at his Head the maſſy Goblet toſt:
It hits, and from his Forehead bruis'd rebounds,
And Blood and Brains he vomits from his Wounds;
With his ſlain Fellows on the Floor he lies,
And Death for ever ſhuts his ſwimming Eyes.
Then *Polydæmon* fell, a Goddeſs-born;
Phlegias, and *Elycen* with Locks unſhorn
Next follow'd; next, the Stroke of Death he gave
To *Clytus*, *Abanis*, and *Lycetus* brave;
While o'er unnumber'd Heaps of ghaſtly Dead,
The *Argive* Heroe's Feet triumphant tread.
But *Phineus* ſtands aloof, and dreads to feel
His Rival's Force, and flies his pointed Steel:
Yet threw a Dart from far; by chance it lights
On *Idas*, who for neither Party fights;
But wounded, ſternly thus to *Phineus* ſaid,
Since of a Neuter thou a Foe haſt made,
This I return thee, drawing from his Side
The Dart; which, as he ſtrove to fling, he dy'd.
Odites fell by *Clymenus*'s Sword,
The *Cephen* Court had not a greater Lord.
Hypſeus his Blade does in *Protenor* ſheath,
But brave *Lyncides* ſoon reveng'd his Death.
Here too was old *Emathion*, one that fear'd
The Gods, and in the Cauſe of Heav'n appear'd,

Who only wiſhing the Succeſs of Right,
And, by his Age, exempted from the Fight,
Both Sides alike condemns; This impious War
Ceaſe, ceaſe, he cries; theſe bloody Broils forbear.
This ſcarce the Sage with high Concern had ſaid,
When *Chromis* at a Blow ſtruck off his Head,
Which dropping, on the royal Altar roul'd,
Still ſtaring on the Crowd with Aſpect bold;
And ſtill it ſeem'd their horrid Strife to blame,
In Life and Death his pious Zeal the ſame;
While, clinging to the Horns, the Trunk expires,
The ſever'd Head conſumes amidſt the Fires.

Then *Phineus*, who from far his Javelin threw,
Broteas and *Ammon*, Twins and Brothers, ſlew;
For knotted Gauntlets matchleſs in the Field;
But Gauntlets muſt to Swords and Javelins yield.
Ampycus next, with hallow'd Fillets bound,
As *Ceres'* Prieſt, and with a Mitre crown'd,
His Spear transfix'd, and ſtruck him to the Ground.

O, *Iäpetides*, with Pain I tell
How you, ſweet Lyriſt, in the Riot fell;
What worſe than brutal Rage his Breaſt could fill,
Who did thy Blood, O Bard Celeſtial, ſpill?
Kindly you preſs'd amid the Princely Throng,
To crown the Feaſt, and give the Nuptial Song:
Diſcord abhorr'd the Muſick of thy Lyre,
Whoſe Notes did gentle Peace ſo well inſpire;
Thee, when fierce *Pettalus* far off eſpy'd,
Defenceleſs with thy Harp, he ſcoffing cry'd,
Go; to the Ghoſts thy ſoothing Leſſons play;
We loath thy Lyre, and ſcorn thy peaceful Lay:

And, as again he fiercely bid him go,
He pierc'd his Temples with a mortal Blow.
His Harp he held, tho' ſinking on the Ground,
Whoſe Strings in Death his trembling Fingers found
By chance, and tun'd by chance a dying Sound.
With Grief *Lycormas* ſaw him fall from far,
And, wreſting from the Door a maſſy Bar,
Full in his Poll lays on a Load of Knocks,
Which ſtun him, and he falls like a devoted Ox.
Another Bar *Pelates* would have ſnatch'd,
But *Corythus* his Motions ſlily watch'd;
He darts his Weapon from a private Stand,
And rivets to the Poſt his veiny Hand:
When ſtrait a miſſive Spear transfix'd his Side,
By *Abas* thrown, and as he hung, he dy'd.
Melaneus on the Prince's Side was ſlain;
And *Dorylas*, who own'd a fertile Plain,
Of *Naſamonia*'s Fields the wealthy Lord,
Whoſe crowded Barns could ſcarce contain their Hoard.
A whizzing Spear obliquely gave a Blow,
Stuck in his Groin, and pierc'd the Nerves below;
His Foe beheld his Eyes convulſive roul,
His ebbing Veins, and his departing Soul;
Then taunting ſaid, Of all thy ſpacious Plains,
This Spot thy only Property remains.
He left him thus; but had no ſooner left,
Than *Perſeus* in revenge his Noſtrils cleft;
From his Friend's Breaſt the murd'ring Dart he drew,
And the ſame Weapon at the Murd'rer threw;
His Head in halves the darted Javelin cut,
And on each Side the Brain came iſſuing out.

Fortune his Friend, his Deaths around he deals,
And this his Lance, and that his Faulchion feels:
Now *Clytius* dies; and by a different Wound,
The Twin, his Brother *Clanis*, bites the Ground.
In his rent Jaw the bearded Weapon ſticks,
And the ſteel'd Dart does *Clytius'* Thigh transfix.
With theſe *Mendeſian Celadon* he ſlew;
And *Aſtreus* next, whoſe Mother was a Jew,
His Sire uncertain: Then by *Perſeus* fell
Æthion, who cou'd things to come foretell;
But now he knows not whence the Javelin flies
That wounds his Breaſt, nor by whoſe Arm he dies.
The Squire to *Phineus* next his Valour try'd,
And fierce *Agyrtes* ſtain'd with Parricide.
As theſe are ſlain, freſh Numbers ſtill appear,
And wage with *Perſeus* an unequal War;
To rob him of his Right, the Maid he won,
By Honour, Promiſe, and Deſert his own.
With him, the Father of the beauteous Bride,
The Mother, and the frighted Virgin ſide;
With Shrieks and doleful Cries they rend the Air:
Their Shrieks confounded with the Din of War,
With claſhing Arms, and Groanings of the Slain,
They grieve unpitied, and unheard complain.
The Floor with ruddy Streams *Bellona* ſtains,
And *Phineus* a new War with double Rage maintains.
Perſeus begirt, from all around they pour
Their Lances on him, a tempeſtuous Show'r,
Aim'd all at him; a Cloud of Darts and Spears,
Or blind his Eyes, or whiſtle round his Ears.
Their Numbers to reſiſt, againſt the Wall
He guards his Back ſecure, and dares them all.

Here

Here from the Left *Molpeus* renews the Fight,
And bold *Ethemon* preſſes on the Right:
As when a hungry Tiger near him hears
Two lowing Herds, awhile he both forbears;
Nor can his Hopes of This, or That renounce,
So ſtrong he luſts to prey on both at once;
Thus *Perſeus* now with That, or This is loath
To war diſtinct, but fain wou'd fall on Both.
And firſt *Chaonian Molpeus* felt his Blow,
And fled, and never after fac'd his Foe;
Then fierce *Ethemon*, as he turn'd his Back,
Hurried with Fury, aiming at his Neck,
His brandiſh'd Sword againſt the Marble ſtruck,
With all his Might; the brittle Weapon broke,
And in his Throat the Point rebounding ſtuck.
Too ſlight the Wound for Life to iſſue thence,
And yet too great for Battle, or Defence;
His Arms extended in this piteous State,
For Mercy he wou'd ſue, but ſues too late;
Perſeus has in his Boſom plung'd the Sword,
And, e're he ſpeaks, the Wound prevents the Word.
The Crowds encreaſing, and his Friends diſtreſs'd,
Himſelf by warring Multitudes oppreſs'd;
Since thus unequally you fight, 'tis time,
He cry'd, to puniſh your preſumptuous Crime;
Beware, my Friends; his Friends were ſoon prepar'd,
Their Sight averting, high the Head he rear'd,
And *Gorgon* on his Foes ſeverely ſtar'd.
Vain Shift! ſays *Theſcelus*, with Aſpect bold,
Thee, and thy Bugbear Monſter I behold
With Scorn; he lifts his Arm, but e're he threw.
The Dart, the Heroe to a Statue grew.

In the ſame Poſture ſtill the Marble ſtands,
And holds the Warrior's Weapons in its Hands.
Amphyx, whom yet this Wonder can't alarm,
Heaves at *Lyncides'* Breaſt his impious Arm;
But, while thus daringly he preſſes on,
His Weapon, and his Arm are turn'd to Stone.
Next *Nileus*, he who vainly ſaid he ow'd
His Origin to *Nile*'s prolifick Flood;
Who on his Shield ſeven ſilver Rivers bore,
His Birth to witneſs by the Arms he wore;
Full of his ſev'n-fold Father, thus expreſs'd
His Boaſt to *Perſeus*, and his Pride confeſs'd:
See whence we ſprung; Let this thy Comfort be
In thy ſure Death, that thou didſt die by me.
While yet he ſpoke, the dying Accents hung
In Sounds imperfect on his Marble Tongue;
Tho' chang'd to Stone, his Lips he ſeem'd to ſtretch,
And thro' th' inſenſate Rock wou'd force a Speech.
This *Eryx* ſaw, but ſeeing wou'd not own;
The Miſchief by your ſelves, he cries, is done,
'Tis your cold Courage turns your Hearts to Stone.
Come follow me; fall on the ſtripling Boy,
Kill him, and you his magick Arms deſtroy.
Then ruſhing on, his Arm to ſtrike he rear'd,
And marbled o'er, his varied Frame appear'd.
Theſe for affronting *Pallas* were chaſtis'd,
And juſtly met the Death they had deſpis'd.
But brave *Aconteus*, *Perſeus'* Friend, by chance
Look'd back, and met the *Gorgon*'s fatal Glance:
A Statue now become, he ghaſtly ſtares,
And ſtill the Foe to mortal Combat dares;

Aſtyages the living Likeneſs knew,
On the dead Stone with vengeful Fury flew;
But impotent his Rage, the jarring Blade
No Print upon the ſolid Marble made:
Again, as with redoubled Might he ſtruck,
Himſelf aſtoniſh'd in the Quarry ſtuck.

The vulgar Deaths 'twere tedious to rehearſe,
And Fates below the Dignity of Verſe;
Their Safety in their Flight Two Hundred found,
Two Hundred, by *Meduſa*'s Head were ſton'd.
Fierce *Phineus* now repents the wrongful Fight,
And views his varied Friends, a dreadful Sight;
He knows their Faces, for their Help he ſues,
And thinks, not hearing him, that they refuſe:
By Name he begs their Succour, one by one,
Then doubts their Life, and feels the friendly Stone.
Struck with Remorſe, and conſcious of his Pride,
Convict of Sin, he turn'd his Eyes aſide;
With ſuppliant Mein to *Perſeus* thus he prays,
Hence with the Head, as far as Winds and Seas
Can bear thee; Hence, O quit the *Cephen* Shore,
And never curſe us with *Meduſa* more,
That horrid Head, which ſtiffens into Stone
Thoſe impious Men who, daring Death, look on.
I warr'd not with thee out of Hate or Strife,
My honeſt Cauſe was to defend my Wife,
Firſt pledg'd to me; What Crime cou'd I ſuppoſe,
To arm my Friends, and vindicate my Spouſe?
But vain, too late, I ſee was our Deſign;
Mine was the Title, but the Merit thine.
Contending made me guilty, I confeſs,
But Penitence ſhou'd make that Guilt the leſs:

'Twas thine to conquer by *Minerva*'s Pow'r;
Favour'd of Heav'n, thy Mercy I implore;
For Life I ſue; the reſt to thee I yield;
In Pity, from my Sight remove the Shield.
He ſuing ſaid; nor durſt revert his Eyes
On the grim Head: And *Perſeus* thus replies;
Coward, what is in me to grant, I will,
Nor Blood, unworthy of my Valour, ſpill:
Fear not to periſh by my vengeful Sword,
From that ſecure; 'tis all the Fates afford.
Where I now ſee thee, thou ſhalt ſtill be ſeen,
A laſting Monument to pleaſe our Queen;
There ſtill ſhall thy Betroth'd behold her Spouſe,
And find his Image in her Father's Houſe.
This ſaid; where *Phineus* turn'd to ſhun the Shield,
Full in his Face the ſtaring Head he held;
As here, and there he ſtrove to turn aſide,
The Wonder wrought, the Man was petrify'd:
All Marble was his Frame; his humid Eyes
Drop'd Tears, which hung upon the Stone like Ice.
In ſuppliant Poſture, with uplifted Hands,
And fearful Look, the guilty Statue ſtands.
Hence *Perſeus* to his native City hies,
Victorious, and rewarded with his Prize.
Conqueſt, o'er *Prætus* the Uſurper, won,
He reinſtates his Grandſire in the Throne.
Prætus, his Brother diſpoſſeſs'd by Might,
His Realm enjoy'd, and ſtill detain'd his Right:
But *Perſeus* pull'd the haughty Tyrant down,
And to the rightful King reſtor'd the Throne.
Weak was th' Uſurper, as his Cauſe was wrong,
Where *Gorgon*'s Head appears, what Arms are ſtrong?

When

When *Perſeus* to his Hoſt the Monſter held,
They ſoon were Statues, and their King expell'd.
Thence, to *Seriphus* with the Head he ſails,
Whoſe Prince his Story treats as idle Tales:
Lord of a little Iſle, he ſcorns to ſeem
Too credulous, but laughs at That, and Him.
Yet did he not ſo much ſuſpect the Truth,
As out of Pride or Envy hate the Youth.
The *Argive* Prince, at his Contempt enrag'd,
To force his Faith by fatal Proof engag'd.
Friends, ſhut your Eyes, he cries; his Shield he takes,
And to the King expos'd *Meduſa*'s Snakes.
The Monarch felt the Pow'r he wou'd not own,
And ſtood convict of Folly in the Stone.

MINERVA'S *Interview with the* MUSES.

Thus far *Minerva* was content to rove
With *Perſeus*, Offspring of her Father *Jove:*
Now, hid in Clouds, *Seriphos* ſhe forſook;
And to the *Theban* Tow'rs her Journey took.
Cythnos and *Gyaros* lying to the Right,
She paſs'd unheeded in her eager Flight;
And chooſing firſt on *Helicon* to reſt,
The Virgin Muſes in theſe Words addreſs'd:
Me, the ſtrange Tidings of a new-found Spring,
Ye learned Siſters, to this Mountain bring.
If all be true that Fame's wide Rumours tell,
'Twas *Pegaſus* diſcover'd firſt your Well;
Whoſe piercing Hoof gave the ſoft Earth a Blow,
Which broke the Surface, where theſe Waters flow.
I ſaw that Horſe by Miracle obtain
Life, from the Blood of dire *Meduſa* ſlain;

And now, this equal Prodigy to view,
From diſtant Iſles to fam'd *Bœotia* flew.
The Muſe *Urania* ſaid, Whatever Cauſe
So great a Goddeſs to this Manſion draws;
Our Shades are happy with ſo bright a Gueſt,
You, Queen, are welcome, and we Muſes bleſt.
What Fame has publiſh'd of our Spring is true,
Thanks for our Spring to *Pegaſus* are due.
Then, with becoming Courteſy, ſhe led
The curious Stranger to their Fountain's Head;
Who long ſurvey'd, with Wonder, and Delight,
Their ſacred Water, charming to the Sight;
Their ancient Groves, dark Grottos, ſhady Bow'rs,
And ſmiling Plains adorn'd with various Flow'rs.
O happy Muſes! ſhe with Rapture cry'd,
Who, ſafe from Cares, on this fair Hill reſide;
Bleſt in your Seat, and free your ſelves to pleaſe
With Joys of Study, and with glorious Eaſe.

The Fate of PYRENEUS.

Then one replies; O Goddeſs, fit to guide
Our humble Works, and in our Choir preſide,
Who ſure wou'd wiſely to theſe Fields repair,
To taſte our Pleaſures, and our Labours ſhare,
Were not your Virtue, and ſuperior Mind
To higher Arts, and nobler Deeds inclin'd;
Juſtly you praiſe our Works, and pleaſing Seat,
Which all might envy in this ſoft Retreat,
Were we ſecur'd from Dangers, and from Harms,
But Maids are frighten'd with the leaſt Alarms,
And none are ſafe in this licentious Time;
Still fierce *Pyreneus*, and his daring Crime

With laſhing Horror ſtrikes my feeble Sight,
Nor is my Mind recover'd from the Fright.
With *Thracian* Arms this bold Uſurper gain'd
Daulis, and *Phocis*, where he proudly reign'd:
It happen'd once, as thro' his Lands we went,
For the bright Temple of *Parnaſſus* bent,
He met us there, and in his artful Mind
Hiding the faithleſs Action he deſign'd,
Confer'd on us (whom, Oh! too well he knew)
All Honours that to Goddeſſes are due.
Stop, ſtop, ye Muſes, 'tis your Friend who calls,
The Tyrant ſaid; Behold the Rain that falls
On ev'ry Side, and that ill-boding Sky,
Whoſe lowring Face portends more Storms are nigh.
Pray make my Houſe your own, and void of Fear,
While this bad Weather laſts, take Shelter here.
Gods have made meaner Places their Reſort,
And, for a Cottage, left their ſhining Court.
Oblig'd to ſtop, by the united Force
Of pouring Rains, and complaiſant Diſcourſe,
His courteous Invitation we obey,
And in his Hall reſolve awhile to ſtay.
Soon it clear'd up; the Clouds began to fly,
The driving North refin'd the ſhow'ry Sky;
Then to purſue our Journey we began:
But the falſe Traitor to his Portal ran,
Stopt our Eſcape, the Door ſecurely barr'd,
And to our Honour, Violence prepar'd.
But we, transform'd to Birds, avoid his Snare,
On Pinions riſing in the yielding Air.
But he, by Luſt and Indignation fir'd,
Up to his higheſt Tow'r with Speed retir'd,

And cries, In vain you from my Arms withdrew,
The Way you go your Lover will purſue.
Then, in a flying Poſture wildly plac'd,
And daring from that Height himſelf to caſt,
The Wretch fell headlong, and the Ground beſtrew'd
With broken Bones, and Stains of guilty Blood.

The Story of the PIERIDES.

The Muſe yet ſpoke; when they began to hear
A Noiſe of Wings that flutter'd in the Air;
And ſtrait a Voice, from ſome high ſpreading Bough,
Seem'd to ſalute the Company below.
The Goddeſs wonder'd, and inquir'd from whence
That Tongue was heard, that ſpoke ſo plainly Senſe:
(It ſeem'd to her a human Voice to be,
But prov'd a Bird's; for in a ſhady Tree
Nine Magpies perch'd lament their alter'd State,
And, what they hear, are skilful to repeat.)
The Siſter to the wondring Goddeſs ſaid,
Theſe, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid.
Theſe did *Evippè* of *Paonia* bring
With nine hard Labour-Pangs to *Pella*'s King.
The fooliſh Virgins of their Number proud,
And puff'd with Praiſes of the ſenſeleſs Crowd,
Thro' all *Achaia*, and th' *Æmonian* Plains,
Defy'd us thus, to match their artleſs Strains;
No more, ye *Theſpian* Girls, your Notes repeat,
Nor with falſe Harmony the Vulgar cheat;
In Voice or Skill, if you with us will vye,
As many we, in Voice or Skill will try.
Surrender you to us, if we excel,
Fam'd *Aganippè*, and *Meduſa*'s Well.

The

The Conqueſt yours, your Prize from us ſhall be
Th' *Æmathian* Plains to ſnowy *Pæonè*;
The Nymphs our Judges. To diſpute the Field,
We thought a Shame; but greater Shame to yield.
On Seats of living Stone the Siſters ſit,
And by the Rivers ſwear to judge aright.

The Song of the PIERIDES.

Then riſes one of the preſumptuous Throng,
Steps rudely forth, and firſt begins the Song;
With vain Addreſs deſcribes the Giants Wars,
And to the Gods their fabled Acts prefers.
She ſings, from Earth's dark Womb how *Typhon* roſe,
And ſtruck with mortal Fear his heav'nly Foes.
How the Gods fled to *Egypt*'s ſlimy Soil,
And hid their Heads beneath the Banks of *Nile*;
How *Typhon*, from the conquer'd Skies, purſu'd
Their routed Godheads to the ſev'n-mouth'd Flood;
Forc'd ev'ry God, his Fury to eſcape,
Some beaſtly Form to take, or earthly Shape.
Jove (ſo ſhe ſung) was chang'd into a Ram,
From whence the Horns of *Libyan Ammon* came.
Bacchus a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
Phœbè a Cat; the Wife of *Jove* a Cow,
Whoſe Hue was whiter than the falling Snow.
Mercury to a naſty *Ibis* turn'd,
The Change obſcene, afraid of *Typhon*, mourn'd;
While *Venus* from a Fiſh Protection craves,
And once more plunges in her native Waves.
She ſung, and to her Harp her Voice apply'd;
Then us again to match her they defy'd.

But our poor Song, perhaps, for you to hear,
Nor Leiſure ſerves, nor is it worth your Ear.
That cauſeleſs Doubt remove, O Muſe rehearſe,
The Goddeſs cry'd, your ever-grateful Verſe.
Beneath a chequer'd Shade ſhe takes her Seat,
And bids the Siſter her whole Song repeat.
The Siſter thus; *Calliopè* we choſe
For the Performance. The ſweet Virgin roſe,
With Ivy crown'd; ſhe tunes her golden Strings,
And to her Harp this Compoſition ſings.

The Song of the MUSES.

Firſt *Ceres* taught the lab'ring Hind to plow
The pregnant Earth, and quickning Seed to ſow.
She firſt for Man did wholeſom Food provide,
And with juſt Laws the wicked World ſupply'd:
All Good from her deriv'd, to her belong
The grateful Tributes of the Muſe's Song.
Her more than worthy of our Verſe we deem,
Oh! were our Verſe more worthy of the Theme.
Jove on the Giant fair *Trinacria* hurl'd,
And with one Bolt reveng'd his ſtarry World.
Beneath her burning Hills *Typhæus* lies,
And, ſtrugling always, ſtrives in vain to riſe.
Down does *Pelorus* his right Hand ſuppreſs
Toward *Latium*, on the left *Pachynè* weighs.
His Legs are under *Lilybæum* ſpread,
And *Ætna* preſſes hard his horrid Head.
On his broad Back he there extended lies,
And vomits Clouds of Aſhes to the Skies.
Oft lab'ring with his Load, at laſt he tires,
And ſpews out in Revenge a Flood of Fires.

Mountains he ſtruggles to o'erwhelm, and Towns,
Earth's inmoſt Bowels quake, and Nature groans.
His Terrors reach the direful King of Hell;
He fears his Throws will to the Day reveal
The Realms of Night, and fright his trembling Ghoſts.
This to prevent, he quits the *Stygian* Coaſts,
In his black Carr, by ſooty Horſes drawn,
Fair *Sicily* he ſeeks, and dreads the Dawn.
Around her Plains he caſts his eager Eyes,
And ev'ry Mountain to the Bottom tries.
But when, in all the careful Search, he ſaw
No Cauſe of Fear, no ill ſuſpected Flaw;
Secure from Harm, and wandring on at Will,
Venus beheld him from her flow'ry Hill:
When ſtrait the Dame her little *Cupid* preſt
With ſecret Rapture to her ſnowy Breaſt,
And in theſe Words the flutt'ring Boy addreſt.

O thou, my Arms, my Glory, and my Pow'r,
My Son, whom Men, and deathleſs Gods adore;
Bend thy ſure Bow, whoſe Arrows never miſs'd,
No longer let Hell's King thy Sway reſiſt:
Take him, while ſtragling from his dark Abodes
He coaſts the Kingdoms of ſuperior Gods.
If Sovereign *Jove*, if Gods who rule the Waves,
And *Neptune*, who rules them, have been thy Slaves;
Shall Hell be free? The Tyrant ſtrike, my Son,
Enlarge thy Mother's Empire, and thy own.
Let not our Heav'n be made the Mock of Hell,
But *Pluto* to confeſs thy Pow'r compel.
Our Rule is ſlighted in our native Skies,
See *Pallas*, ſee *Diana* too defies
Thy Darts, which *Ceres'* Daughter wou'd deſpiſe.

She too our Empire treats with awkward Scorn;
Such Inſolence no longer's to be born.
Revenge our ſlighted Reign, and with thy Dart
Transfix the Virgin's to the Uncle's Heart.
She ſaid; and from his Quiver ſtrait he drew
A Dart that ſurely wou'd the Buſineſs do.
She guides his Hand, ſhe makes her Touch the Teſt,
And of a thouſand Arrows choſe the beſt:
No Feather better pois'd, a ſharper Head
None had, and ſooner none, and ſurer ſped.
He bends his Bow, he draws it to his Ear,
Thro' *Pluto*'s Heart it drives, and fixes there.

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

Near *Enna*'s Walls a ſpacious Lake is ſpread,
Fam'd for the ſweetly-ſinging Swans it bred;
Perguſa is its Name: And never more
Were heard, or ſweeter on *Cayſter*'s Shore.
Woods crown the Lake; and *Phœbus* ne'er invades
The tufted Fences, or offends the Shades.
Freſh fragrant Breezes fan the verdant Bow'rs,
And the moiſt Ground ſmiles with enamel'd Flow'rs.
The chearful Birds their airy Carols ſing,
And the whole Year is one eternal Spring.
Here, while young *Proſerpine*, among the Maids,
Diverts herſelf in theſe delicious Shades;
While like a Child with buſy Speed and Care
She gathers Lillies here, and Vi'lets there;
While firſt to fill her little Lap ſhe ſtrives,
Hell's grizly Monarch at the Shade arrives;
Sees her thus ſporting on the flow'ry Green,
And loves the blooming Maid, as ſoon as ſeen.

His

His urgent Flame impatient of Delay;
Swift as his Thought he ſeiz'd the beauteous Prey,
And bore her in his ſooty Carr away.
The frighted Goddeſs to her Mother cries,
But all in vain, for now far off ſhe flies;
Far ſhe behind her leaves her Virgin Train;
To them too cries, and cries to them in vain.
And, while with Paſſion ſhe repeats her Call,
The Vi'lets from her Lap, and Lillies fall:
She miſſes 'em, poor Heart! and makes new Moan;
Her Lillies, ah! are loſt, her Vi'lets gone.
O'er Hills, the Raviſher, and Vallies ſpeeds,
By Name encouraging his foamy Steeds;
He rattles o'er their Necks the ruſty Reins,
And ruffles with the Stroke their ſhaggy Manes.
O'er Lakes he whirls his flying Wheels, and comes
To the *Palici* breathing ſulph'rous Fumes.
And thence to where the *Bacchiads* of Renown
Between unequal Havens built their Town;
Where *Arethuſa*, round th'impriſon'd Sea,
Extends her crooked Coaſt to *Cyanè*;
The Nymph who gave the neighb'ring Lake a Name,
Of all *Sicilian* Nymphs the firſt in Fame.
She from the Waves advanc'd her beauteous Head,
The Goddeſs knew, and thus to *Pluto* ſaid;
Farther thou ſhalt not with the Virgin run;
Ceres unwilling, canſt thou be her Son?
The Maid ſhou'd be by ſweet Perſwaſion won.
Force ſuits not with the Softneſs of the Fair;
For, if great things with ſmall I may compare,
Me *Anapis* once lov'd; a milder Courſe
He took, and won me by his Words, not Force.

Then, ſtretching out her Arms, ſhe ſtopt his Way;
But he, impatient of the ſhorteſt Stay,
Throws to his dreadful Steeds the ſlacken'd Rein,
And ſtrikes his Iron Sceptre thro' the Main;
The Depths profound thro' yielding Waves he cleaves,
And to Hell's Center a free Paſſage leaves;
Down ſinks his Chariot, and his Realms of Night
The God ſoon reaches with a rapid Flight.

CYANE *diſſolves to a Fountain.*

But ſtill does *Cyanè* the Rape bemoan,
And with the Goddeſs' Wrongs laments her own;
For the ſtoln Maid, and for her injur'd Spring,
Time to her Trouble no Relief can bring.
In her ſad Heart a heavy Load ſhe bears,
Till the dumb Sorrow turns her all to Tears.
Her mingling Waters with that Fountain paſs,
Of which ſhe late immortal Goddeſs was.
Her varied Members to a Fluid melt,
A pliant Softneſs in her Bones is felt.
Her wavy Locks firſt drop away in Dew,
And liquid next her ſlender Fingers grew.
The Body's Change ſoon ſeizes its Extreme,
Her Legs diſſolve, and Feet flow off in Stream.
Her Arms, her Back, her Shoulders, and her Side,
Her ſwelling Breaſts in little Currents glide.
A Silver Liquor only now remains
Within the Channel of her purple Veins;
Nothing to fill Love's Graſp; her Husband chaſte
Bathes in that Boſom he before embrac'd.

A Boy transform'd to an Eft.

Thus, while thro' all the Earth, and all the Main,
Her Daughter mournful *Ceres* ſought in vain;
Aurora, when with dewy Looks ſhe roſe,
Nor burniſh'd *Veſper* found her in Repoſe.
At *Ætna*'s flaming Mouth two pitchy Pines
To light her in her Search at length ſhe tines.
Reſtleſs with theſe, thro' froſty Night ſhe goes,
Nor fears the cutting Winds, nor heeds the Snows;
And, when the Morning-Star the Day renews,
From Eaſt to Weſt her abſent Child purſues.
Thirſty at laſt by long Fatigue ſhe grows,
But meets no Spring, no Riv'let near her flows.
Then looking round, a lowly Cottage ſpies,
Smoaking among the Trees, and thither hies.
The Goddeſs knocking at the little Door,
'Twas open'd by a Woman old and poor,
Who, when ſhe begg'd for Water, gave her Ale
Brew'd long, but well preſerv'd from being ſtale.
The Goddeſs drank; a chuffy Lad was by,
Who ſaw the Liquor with a grutching Eye,
And grinning cries, She's greedy more than dry.
Ceres, offended at his foul Grimace,
Flung what ſhe had not drunk into his Face.
The Sprinklings ſpeckle where they hit the Skin,
And a long Tail does from his Body ſpin;
His Arms are turn'd to Legs, and leſt his Size
Shou'd make him miſchievous, and he might riſe
Againſt Mankind, diminutives his Frame,
Leſs than a Lizzard, but in Shape the ſame.

Amaz'd the Dame the wondrous Sight beheld,
And weeps, and fain wou'd touch her quondam Child.
Yet her Approach th' affrighted Vermin ſhuns,
And faſt into the greateſt Crevice runs.
A Name they gave him, which the Spots expreſt,
That roſe like * Stars, and varied all his Breaſt. * *Stellio.*
What Lands, what Seas the Goddeſs wander'd o'er,
Were long to tell, for there remain'd no more.
Searching all round, her fruitleſs Toil ſhe mourns,
And with Regret to *Sicily* returns.
At length, where *Cyanè* now flows, ſhe came,
Who cou'd have told her, were ſhe ſtill the ſame
As when ſhe ſaw her Daughter ſink to Hell,
But what ſhe knows ſhe wants a Tongue to tell.
Yet this plain Signal manifeſtly gave,
The Virgin's Girdle floating on a Wave,
As late ſhe dropt it from her ſlender Waſte,
When with her Uncle thro' the Deep ſhe paſt.
Ceres the Token by her Grief confeſt,
And tore her golden Hair, and beat her Breaſt.
She knows not on what Land her Curſe ſhou'd fall,
But, as ingrate, alike upbraids 'em all,
Unworthy of her Gifts; *Trinacria* moſt,
Where the laſt Steps ſhe found of what ſhe loſt.
The Plough for this the vengeful Goddeſs broke,
And with one Death the Ox and Owner ſtruck.
In vain the fallow Fields the Peaſant tills,
The Seed, corrupted e're 'tis ſown, ſhe kills.
The fruitful Soil, that once ſuch Harveſts bore,
Now mocks the Farmer's Care, and teems no more.
And the rich Grain which fills the furrow'd Glade,
Rots in the Seed, or ſhrivels in the Blade;

Or too much Sun burns up, or too much Rain
Drowns, or black Blights deſtroy the blaſted Plain;
Or greedy Birds the new-ſown Seed devour,
Or Darnel, Thiſtles, and a Crop impure
Of knotted Graſs along the Acres ſtand,
And ſpread their thriving Roots thro' all the Land.
Then from the Waves ſoft *Arethuſa* rears
Her Head, and back ſhe flings her dropping Hairs:
O Mother of the Maid, whom thou ſo far
Haſt ſought, of whom thou canſt no Tidings hear;
O thou, ſhe cry'd, who art to Life a Friend,
Ceaſe here thy Search, and let thy Labour end.
Thy faithful *Sicily*'s a guiltleſs Clime,
And ſhou'd not ſuffer for another's Crime;
She neither knew, nor cou'd prevent the Deed.
Nor think that for my Country thus I plead;
My Country's *Piſa*, I'm an Alien here,
Yet theſe Abodes to *Elis* I prefer,
No Clime to me ſo ſweet, no Place ſo dear.
Theſe Springs I *Arethuſa* now poſſeſs,
And this my Seat, O gracious Goddeſs, bleſs.
This Iſland why I love, and why I croſt
Such ſpacious Seas to reach *Ortygia*'s Coaſt,
To you I ſhall impart, when, void of Care,
Your Heart's at Eaſe, and you're more fit to hear;
When on your Brow no preſſing Sorrow ſits,
For gay Content alone ſuch Tales admits.
When thro' Earth's Caverns I awhile have roul'd
My Waves, I riſe, and here again behold
The long loſt Stars; and, as I late did glide
Near *Styx*, *Proſerpina* there I eſpy'd.

Fear ſtill with Grief might in her Face be ſeen;
She ſtill her Rape laments; yet, made a Queen,
Beneath thoſe gloomy Shades her Sceptre ſways,
And ev'n th' infernal King her Will obeys.
This heard, the Goddeſs like a Statue ſtood,
Stupid with Grief; and in that muſing Mood
Continu'd long; new Cares awhile ſuppreſt
The reigning Pow'rs of her immortal Breaſt.
At laſt to *Jove* her Daughter's Sire ſhe flies,
And with her Chariot cuts the chryſtal Skies;
She comes in Clouds, and with diſhevel'd Hair,
Standing before his Throne, prefers her Pray'r.
King of the Gods, defend my Blood and thine,
And uſe it not the worſe for being mine.
If I no more am gracious in thy Sight,
Be juſt, O *Jove*, and do thy Daughter right.
In vain I ſought her the wide World around,
And, when I moſt deſpair'd to find her, found.
But how can I the fatal Finding boaſt,
By which I know ſhe is for ever loſt?
Without her Father's Aid, what other Pow'r
Can to my Arms the raviſh'd Maid reſtore?
Let him reſtore her, I'll the Crime forgive,
My Child, tho' raviſh'd, I'd with Joy receive.
Pity, your Daughter with a Thief ſhou'd wed,
Tho' mine, you think, deſerves no better Bed.
Jove thus replies; It equally belongs
To both, to guard our common Pledge from Wrongs.
But if to things we proper Names apply,
This hardly can be call'd an Injury.
The Theft is Love; nor need we bluſh to own
The Thief, if I can judge, to be our Son.

Had you of his Deſert no other Proof,
To be *Jove*'s Brother is methinks enough.
Nor was my Throne by Worth ſuperior got,
Heav'n fell to me, as Hell to him, by Lot.
If you are ſtill reſolv'd her Loſs to mourn,
And nothing leſs will ſerve than her Return;
Upon theſe Terms ſhe may again be yours,
(Th' irrevocable Terms of Fate, not ours.)
Of *Stygian* Food if ſhe did never taſte,
Hell's Bounds may then, and only then, be paſt.

The Transformation of ASCALAPHUS *into an Owl.*

The Goddeſs now, reſolving to ſucceed,
Down to the gloomy Shades deſcends with Speed;
But adverſe Fate had otherwiſe decreed.
For, long before, her giddy thoughtleſs Child
Had broke her Faſt, and all her Projects ſpoil'd.
As in the Garden's ſhady Walks ſhe ſtray'd,
A fair Pomegranate charm'd the ſimple Maid,
Hung in her Way, and tempting her to taſte,
She pluck'd the Fruit, and took a ſhort Repaſt.
Seven times, a Seed at once, ſhe eat the Food;
The Fact *Aſcalaphus* had only view'd;
Whom *Acheron* begot in *Stygian* Shades
On *Orphnè*, fam'd among *Avernal* Maids;
He ſaw what paſt, and by diſcov'ring all,
Detain'd the raviſh'd Nymph in cruel Thrall.
But now a Queen, ſhe with Reſentment heard,
And chang'd the vile Informer to a Bird.
In *Phlegeton*'s black Stream her Hand ſhe dips,
Sprinkles his Head, and wets his babbling Lips.

Soon on his Face, bedropt with Magick Dew,
A Change appear'd, and gawdy Feathers grew.
A crooked Beak the Place of Noſe ſupplies,
Rounder his Head, and larger are his Eyes.
His Arms and Body waſte, but are ſupply'd
With yellow Pinions flagging on each Side.
His Nails grow crooked, and are turn'd to Claws,
And lazily along his heavy Wings he draws.
Ill-omen'd in his Form, th' unlucky Fowl,
Abhorr'd by Men, and call'd a Scrieching Owl.

The Daughters of ACHELOUS *transform'd to* SIRENS.

Juſtly this Puniſhment was due to him,
And leſs had been too little for his Crime;
But, O ye Nymphs that from the Flood deſcend,
What Fault of yours the Gods cou'd ſo offend,
With Wings and Claws your beauteous Forms to ſpoil,
Yet ſave your maiden Face, and winning Smile?
Were you not with her in *Perguſa*'s Bow'rs,
When *Proſerpine* went forth to gather Flow'rs?
Since *Pluto* in his Carr the Goddeſs caught,
Have you not for her in each Climate ſought?
And when on Land you long had ſearch'd in vain,
You wiſh'd for Wings to croſs the pathleſs Main;
That Earth and Sea might witneſs to your Care:
The Gods were eaſy, and return'd your Pray'r;
With golden Wing o'er foamy Waves you fled,
And to the Sun your plumy Glories ſpread.
But, leſt the ſoft Enchantment of your Songs,
And the ſweet Muſick of your flatt'ring Tongues
Shou'd quite be loſt, (as courteous Fates ordain)
Your Voice and Virgin Beauty ſtill remain.

Jove ſome Amends for *Ceres'* Loſs to make,
Yet willing *Pluto* ſhou'd the Joy partake,
Gives 'em of *Proſerpine* an equal Share,
Who, claim'd by both, with both divides the Year.
The Goddeſs now in either Empire ſways,
Six Moons in Hell, and ſix with *Ceres* ſtays.
Her peeviſh Temper's chang'd; that ſullen Mind,
Which made ev'n Hell uneaſy, now is kind.
Her Voice refines, her Mein more ſweet appears,
Her Forehead free from Frowns, her Eyes from Tears.
As when, with golden Light, the conqu'ring Day
Thro' dusky Exhalations clears a Way.
Ceres her Daughter's Rape no longer mourn'd,
But back to *Arethuſa*'s Spring return'd;
And ſitting on the Margin, bid her tell
From whence ſhe came, and why a ſacred Well.

The Story of Arethusa.

Still were the purling Waters, and the Maid
From the ſmooth Surface rais'd her beauteous Head,
Wipes off the Drops that from her Treſſes ran,
And thus to tell *Alpheus'* Loves began.
In *Elis* firſt I breath'd the living Air,
The Chaſe was all my Pleaſure, all my Care.
None lov'd like me the Foreſt to explore,
To pitch the Toils, and drive the briſtled Boar.
Of Fair, tho' Maſculine, I had the Name,
But gladly wou'd to that have quitted Claim:
It leſs my Pride than Indignation rais'd,
To hear the Beauty I neglected prais'd;
Such Compliments I loath'd, ſuch Charms as theſe
I ſcorn'd, and thought it Infamy to pleaſe.

Once, I remember, in the Summer's Heat,
Tir'd with the Chaſe, I ſought a cool Retreat;
And, walking on, a ſilent Current found,
Which gently glided o'er the grav'ly Ground.
The chryſtal Water was ſo ſmooth, ſo clear,
My Eye diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry Pebble there.
So ſoft its Motion, that I ſcarce perceiv'd
The running Stream, or what I ſaw, believ'd.
The hoary Willow, and the Poplar made
Along the ſhelving Bank a grateful Shade.
In the cool Rivulet my Feet I dipt,
Then waded to the Knee, and then I ſtript;
My Robe I careleſs on an Oſier threw,
That near the Place commodiouſly grew,
Nor long upon the Border naked ſtood,
But plung'd with Speed into the ſilver Flood.
My Arms a thouſand ways I mov'd, and try'd
To quicken, if I cou'd, the lazy Tide;
Where, while I play'd my ſwimming Gambols o'er,
I heard a murm'ring Voice, and frighted ſprung to Shore.
Oh! whither, *Arethuſa*, doſt thou fly?
From the Brook's Bottom did *Alpheus* cry;
Again, I heard him, in a hollow Tone,
Oh! whither, *Arethuſa*, doſt thou run?
Naked I flew, nor cou'd I ſtay to hide
My Limbs, my Robe was on the other Side;
Alpheus follow'd faſt, th' inflaming Sight
Quicken'd his Speed, and made his Labour light;
He ſees me ready for his eager Arms,
And with a greedy Glance devours my Charms.
As trembling Doves from preſſing Danger fly,
When the fierce Hawk comes ſouſing from the Sky;

And, as fierce Hawks the trembling Doves purſue,
From him I fled, and after me he flew.
Firſt by *Orchomenus* I took my Flight,
And ſoon had *Pſophis* and *Cyllene* in Sight;
Behind me then high *Mænalus* I loſt,
And craggy *Erimanthus* ſcal'd with Froſt;
Elis was next; thus far the Ground I trod
With nimble Feet, before the diſtanc'd God.
But here I lagg'd, unable to ſuſtain
The Labour longer, and my Flight maintain;
While he more ſtrong, more patient of the Toil,
And fir'd with Hopes of Beauty's ſpeedy Spoil,
Gain'd my loſt Ground, and by redoubled Pace,
Now left between us but a narrow Space.
Unweary'd I till now o'er Hills and Plains,
O'er Rocks and Rivers ran, and felt no Pains:
The Sun behind me, and the God I kept,
But, when I faſteſt ſhou'd have run, I ſtept.
Before my Feet his Shadow now appear'd,
As what I ſaw, or rather what I fear'd.
Yet there I cou'd not be deceiv'd by Fear,
Who felt his Breath pant on my braided Hair,
And heard his ſounding Tread, and knew him to be near.
Tir'd and deſpairing, O Celeſtial Maid,
I'm caught, I cry'd, without thy heav'nly Aid.
Help me, *Diana*, help a Nymph forlorn,
Devoted to the Woods, who long has worn
Thy Livery, and long thy Quiver born.
The Goddeſs heard, my pious Pray'r prevail'd,
In muffling Clouds my Virgin Head was veil'd.
The amorous God deluded of his Hopes,
Searches the Gloom, and thro' the Darkneſs gropes;

Twice, where *Diana* did her Servant hide
He came, and twice, O *Arethuſa*, cry'd.
How ſhaken was my Soul, how ſunk my Heart?
The Terror ſeiz'd on ev'ry trembling Part.
Thus when the Wolf about the Mountain prowls
For Prey, the Lambkin hears his horrid Howls;
The tim'rous Hare, the Pack approaching nigh,
Thus hearkens to the Hounds, and trembles at the Cry;
Nor dares ſhe ſtir, for fear her ſcented Breath
Direct the Dogs, and guide the threaten'd Death.
Alpheus in the Cloud no Traces found
To mark my Way, yet ſtays to guard the Ground.
The God ſo near, a chilly Sweat poſſeſt
My fainting Limbs, at ev'ry Pore expreſt;
My Strength diſtill'd in Drops, my Hair in Dew,
My Form was chang'd, and all my Subſtance new.
Each Motion was a Stream, and my whole Frame
Turn'd to a Fount, which ſtill preſerves my Name.
Reſolv'd I ſhou'd not his Embrace eſcape,
Again the God reſumes his fluid Shape;
To mix his Streams with mine he fondly tries,
But ſtill *Diana* his Attempt denies,
She cleaves the Ground; thro' Caverns dark I run
A diff'rent Current, while he keeps his own.
To dear *Ortygia* ſhe conducts my Way,
And here I firſt review the welcome Day.
Here *Arethuſa* ſtopt; then *Ceres* takes
Her golden Carr, and yokes her fiery Snakes;
With a juſt Rein, along Mid-heaven ſhe flies
O'er Earth and Seas, and cuts the yielding Skies.
She halts at *Athens*, dropping like a Star,
And to *Triptolemus* reſigns her Carr.

Parent

Parent of Seed, ſhe gave him fruitful Grain,
And bad him teach to till and plough the Plain;
The Seed to ſow, as well in fallow Fields,
As where the Soil manur'd a richer Harveſt yields.

The Transformation of LYNCUS.

The Youth o'er *Europe*, and o'er *Aſia* drives,
Till at the Court of *Lyncus* he arrives.
The Tyrant *Scythia*'s barb'rous Empire ſway'd;
And, when he ſaw *Triptolemus*, he ſaid,
How cam'ſt thou, Stranger, to our Court, and why?
Thy Country, and thy Name? The Youth did thus reply;
Triptolemus my Name; my Country's known
O'er all the World, *Minerva*'s fav'rite Town,
Athens, the firſt of Cities in Renown.
By Land I neither walk'd, nor ſail'd by Sea,
But hither thro' the *Æther* made my Way.
By me, the Goddeſs who the Fields befriends,
Theſe Gifts, the greateſt of all Bleſſings, ſends.
The Grain ſhe gives if in your Soil you ſow,
Thence wholſom Food in golden Crops ſhall grow.
Soon as the Secret to the King was known,
He grudg'd the Glory of the Service done,
And wickedly reſolv'd to make it all his own.
To hide his Purpoſe, he invites his Gueſt,
The Friend of *Ceres*, to a royal Feaſt.
And when ſweet Sleep his heavy Eyes had ſeiz'd,
The Tyrant with his Steel attempts his Breaſt.
Him ſtrait a Lynx's Shape the Goddeſs gives,
And home the Youth her ſacred Dragons drives.

The PIERIDES *transform'd to Magpies.*

The choſen Muſe here ends her ſacred Lays;
The Nymphs unanimous decree the Bays,
And give the *Heliconian* Goddeſſes the Praiſe.
Then, far from vain that we ſhou'd thus prevail,
But much provok'd to hear the Vanquiſh'd rail,
Calliopè reſumes; Too long we've born
Your daring Taunts, and your affronting Scorn;
Your Challenge juſtly merited a Curſe,
And this unmanner'd Railing makes it worſe.
Since you refuſe us calmly to enjoy
Our Patience, next our Paſſions we'll employ;
The Dictates of a Mind enrag'd purſue,
And, what our juſt Reſentment bids us, do.
The Railers laugh, our Threats and Wrath deſpiſe,
And clap their Hands, and make a ſcolding Noiſe:
But in the Fact they're ſeiz'd; beneath their Nails
Feathers they feel, and on their Faces Scales;
Their horny Beaks at once each other ſcare,
Their Arms are plum'd, and on their Backs they bear
Py'd Wings, and flutter in the fleeting Air.
Chatt'ring, the Scandal of the Woods they fly,
And there continue ſtill their clam'rous Cry:
The ſame their Eloquence, as Maids, or Birds,
Now only Noiſe, and nothing then but Words.

The End of the Fifth Book.



To Her Highneſs the Princeſs Anne Eldest Daughter of
Their Royal Highneſses ye Prince & Princeſs of Wales.

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VI.

Tranſlated by Mr. CROXALL.

The Transformation of ARACHNE *into a Spider.*

PAllas, attending to the Muſe's Song,
Approv'd the juſt Reſentment of their Wrong;
And thus reflects; While tamely I commend
Thoſe who their injur'd Deities defend,
My own Divinity affronted ſtands,
And calls aloud for Juſtice at my Hands;
Then takes the Hint, aſham'd to lag behind,
And on *Arachnè* bends her vengeful Mind;
One at the Loom ſo excellently skill'd,
That to the Goddeſs ſhe refus'd to yield.
Low was her Birth, and ſmall her native Town,
She from her Art alone obtain'd Renown.
Idmon her Father made it; his Employ,
To give the ſpungy Fleece a purple Dye:
Of vulgar Strain her Mother, lately dead,
With her own Rank had been content to wed;

Yet ſhe their Daughter, tho' her Time was ſpent
In a ſmall Hamlet, and of mean Deſcent,
Thro' the great Towns of *Lydia* gain'd a Name,
And fill'd the neighb'ring Countries with her Fame.
Oft to admire the Niceneſs of her Skill,
The *Nymphs* would quit their Fountain, Shade, or Hill:
Thither, from green *Tymolus* they repair,
And leave the Vineyards, their peculiar Care;
Thither, from fam'd *Pactolus*' golden Stream,
Drawn by her Art, the curious *Naiads* came.
Nor would the Work, when finiſh'd, pleaſe ſo much,
As, while ſhe wrought, to view each graceful Touch;
Whether the ſhapeleſs Wooll in Balls ſhe wound,
Or with quick Motion turn'd the Spindle round,
Or with her Pencil drew the neat Deſign,
Pallas her Miſtreſs ſhone in ev'ry Line.
This the proud Maid with ſcornful Air denies,
And ev'n the Goddeſs at her Work defies;
Diſowns her heav'nly Miſtreſs ev'ry Hour,
Nor asks her Aid, nor deprecates her Pow'r.
Let us, ſhe cries, but to a Tryal come,
And, if ſhe conquers, let her fix my Doom.
The Goddeſs then a Beldame's Form put on,
With ſilver Hairs her hoary Temples ſhone;
Prop'd by a Staff, ſhe hobbles in her Walk,
And tott'ring thus begins her old Wive's Talk.
Young Maid attend, nor ſtubbornly deſpiſe
The Admonitions of the Old, and Wiſe;
For Age, tho' ſcorn'd, a ripe Experience bears,
That golden Fruit, unknown to blooming Years:
Still may remoteſt Fame your Labours crown,
And Mortals your ſuperior Genius own;

But

But to the Goddeſs yield, and humbly meek
A Pardon for your bold Preſumption ſeek;
The Goddeſs will forgive. At this the Maid
With Paſſion fir'd, her gliding Shuttle ſtay'd;
And, darting Vengeance with an angry Look,
To *Pallas* in Diſguiſe thus fiercely ſpoke.

Thou doating Thing, whoſe idle babling Tongue
But too well ſhews the Plague of living long;
Hence, and reprove, with this your ſage Advice,
Your giddy Daughter, or your awkward Neice;
Know, I deſpiſe your Counſel, and am ſtill
A Woman, ever wedded to my Will;
And, if your skillful Goddeſs better knows,
Let her accept the Tryal I propoſe.

She does, impatient *Pallas* ſtrait replies, [Diſguiſe.
And, cloath'd with heavenly Light, ſprung from her odd
The *Nymphs*, and Virgins of the Plain adore
The awful Goddeſs, and confeſs her Pow'r;
The Maid alone ſtood unappall'd; yet ſhow'd
A tranſient Bluſh, that for a Moment glow'd,
Then diſappear'd; as purple Streaks adorn
The opening Beauties of the roſy Morn;
Till *Phœbus* riſing prevalently bright,
Allays the Tincture with his Silver Light.
Yet ſhe perſiſts, and obſtinately great,
In hopes of Conqueſt hurries on her Fate.
The Goddeſs now the Challenge waves no more,
Nor, kindly good, adviſes as before.
Strait to their Poſts appointed both repair,
And fix their threaded Looms with equal Care:
Around the ſolid Beam the Web is ty'd,
While hollow Canes the parting Warp divide;

Thro' which with nimble Flight the Shuttles play,
And for the Woof prepare a ready Way;
The Woof and Warp unite, preſs'd by the toothy Slay.
Thus both, their Mantles button'd to their Breaſt,
Their skilful Fingers ply with willing haſte,
And work with Pleaſure; while they chear the Eye
With glowing Purple of the *Tyrian* Dye:
Or, juſtly intermixing Shades with Light,
Their Colourings inſenſibly unite.
As when a Show'r tranſpierc'd with Sunny Rays,
It's mighty Arch along the Heav'n diſplays;
From whence a thouſand diff'rent Colours riſe,
Whoſe fine Tranſition cheats the cleareſt Eyes;
So like the intermingled Shading ſeems,
And only differs in the laſt Extreams.
Then Threads of Gold both artfully diſpoſe,
And, as each Part in juſt Proportion roſe,
Some antique Fable in their Work diſcloſe.
Pallas in Figures wrought the heav'nly Pow'rs,
And *Mars*'s Hill among th' *Athenian* Tow'rs.
On lofty Thrones twice ſix Celeſtials ſate,
Jove in the Midſt, and held their warm Debate;
The Subject weighty, and well-known to Fame,
From whom the City ſhould receive its Name.
Each God by proper Features was expreſt,
Jove with majeſtick Mein excell'd the reſt.
His three-fork'd Mace the dewy Sea-God ſhook,
And, looking ſternly, ſmote the ragged Rock;
When from the Stone leapt forth a ſpritely Steed,
And *Neptune* claims the City for the Deed.
Herſelf ſhe blazons with a glitt'ring Spear,
And creſted Helm that veil'd her braided Hair,
With Shield, and ſcaly Breaſt-plate, Implements of War.

Struck with her pointed Launce, the teeming Earth
Seem'd to produce a new ſurprizing Birth;
When, from the Glebe, the Pledge of Conqueſt ſprung,
A Tree pale-green with faireſt Olives hung.
And then, to let her giddy Rival learn
What juſt Rewards ſuch Boldneſs was to earn,
Four Tryals at each Corner had their Part,
Deſign'd in Miniature, and touch'd with Art.
Hæmus in one, and *Rhodopè* of *Thrace*,
Transform'd to Mountains, fill'd the foremoſt Place;
Who claim'd the Titles of the Gods above,
And vainly us'd the Epithets of *Jove*.
Another ſhew'd, where the *Pigmæan* Dame,
Profaning *Juno*'s venerable Name,
Turn'd to an airy Crane, deſcends from far,
And with her *Pigmy* Subjects wages War.
In a third Part, the Rage of Heaven's great Queen,
Diſplay'd on proud *Antigonè*, was ſeen:
Who with preſumptuous Boldneſs dar'd to vye,
For Beauty, with the Empreſs of the Sky.
Ah! what avails her ancient Princely Race,
Her Sire a King, and *Troy* her native Place?
Now, to a noiſy Stork transform'd, ſhe flies,
And with her whiten'd Pinions cleaves the Skies.
And in the laſt remaining Part was drawn
Poor *Cinyras*, that ſeem'd to weep in Stone;
Claſping the Temple Steps, he ſadly mourn'd
His lovely Daughters, now to Marble turn'd.
With her own Tree the finiſh'd Piece is crown'd,
And Wreaths of peaceful Olive all the Work ſurround.
Arachnè drew the fam'd Intreagues of *Jove*,
Chang'd to a Bull to gratify his Love;

How thro' the briny Tide all foaming Hoar,
Lovely *Europa* on his Back he bore.
The Sea ſeem'd waving, and the trembling Maid
Shrunk up her tender Feet, as if afraid;
And, looking back on the forſaken Strand,
To her Companions wafts her diſtant Hand.
Next ſhe deſign'd *Aſteria*'s fabled Rape,
When *Jove* aſſum'd a ſoaring Eagle's Shape:
And ſhew'd how *Leda* lay ſupinely preſs'd,
Whilſt the ſoft ſnowy Swan ſate hov'ring o'er her Breaſt.
How in a Satyr's Form the God beguil'd,
When fair *Antiopè* with Twins he fill'd.
Then, like *Amphitryon*, but a real *Jove*,
In fair *Alcmena*'s Arms he cool'd his Love.
In fluid Gold to *Danaë*'s Heart he came,
Ægina felt him in a lambent Flame.
He took *Mnemoſynè* in Shepherd's Make,
And for *Dëois* was a ſpeckled Snake.
She made thee, *Neptune*, like a wanton Steer,
Pacing the Meads for Love of *Arnè* dear;
Next like a Stream, thy burning Flame to ſlake,
And like a Ram, for fair *Biſaltis*' ſake.
Then *Ceres* in a Steed your Vigour try'd,
Nor cou'd the Mare the yellow Goddeſs hide.
Next to a Fowl transform'd, you won by Force
The Snake-hair'd Mother of the winged Horſe;
And, in a Dolphin's fiſhy Form, ſubdu'd
Melantho ſweet beneath the oozy Flood.
All theſe the Maid with lively Features drew,
And open'd proper Landskips to the View.
There *Phœbus*, roving like a Country Swain,
Attunes his jolly Pipe along the Plain;

For

For lovely *Iſſe*'s ſake in Shepherd's Weeds,
O'er Paſtures green his bleating Flock he feeds.
There *Bacchus*, imag'd like the cluſt'ring Grape,
Melting bedrops *Erigonè*'s fair Lap;
And there old *Saturn*, ſtung with youthful Heat,
Form'd like a Stallion, ruſhes to the Feat.
Freſh Flow'rs, which Twiſts of Ivy intertwine,
Mingling a running Foliage, cloſe the neat Deſign.
This the bright Goddeſs, paſſionately mov'd,
With Envy ſaw, yet inwardly approv'd.
The Scene of heav'nly Guilt with haſte ſhe tore,
Nor longer the Affront with Patience bore;
A boxen Shuttle in her Hand ſhe took,
And more than once *Arachnè*'s Forehead ſtruck.
Th'unhappy Maid, impatient of the Wrong,
Down from a Beam her injur'd Perſon hung;
When *Pallas*, pitying her wretched State,
At once prevented, and pronounc'd her Fate;
Live; but depend, vile Wretch, the Goddeſs cry'd,
Doom'd in Suſpence for ever to be ty'd;
That all your Race, to utmoſt Date of Time,
May feel the Vengeance, and deteſt the Crime.
Then, going off, ſhe ſprinkled her with Juice,
Which Leaves of baleful Aconite produce.
Touch'd with the pois'nous Drug, her flowing Hair
Fell to the Ground, and left her Temples bare;
Her uſual Features vaniſh'd from their Place,
Her Body leſſen'd all, but moſt her Face.
Her ſlender Fingers, hanging on each Side
With many Joynts, the uſe of Legs ſupply'd:
A Spider's Bag the reſt, from which ſhe gives
A Thread, and ſtill by conſtant Weaving lives.

The Story of NIOBE.

Swift thro' the *Phrygian* Towns the Rumour flies,
And the ſtrange News each female Tongue employs:
Niobè, who before ſhe married knew
The famous Nymph, now found the Story true;
Yet, unreclaim'd by poor *Arachnè*'s Fate,
Vainly above the Gods aſſum'd a State.
Her Husband's Fame, their Family's Deſcent,
Their Pow'r, and rich Dominion's wide Extent,
Might well have juſtify'd a decent Pride;
But not on theſe alone the Dame rely'd.
Her lovely Progeny, that far excell'd,
The Mother's Heart with vain Ambition ſwell'd:
The happieſt Mother not unjuſtly ſtyl'd,
Had no conceited Thoughts her tow'ring Fancy fill'd.
For once a Propheteſs with Zeal inſpir'd,
Their ſlow Neglect to warm Devotion fir'd;
Thro' ev'ry Street of *Thebes* who ran poſſeſs'd,
And thus in Accents wild her Charge expreſs'd:
Haſte, haſte, ye *Theban* Matrons, and adore,
With hallow'd Rites, *Latona*'s mighty Pow'r;
And, to the heav'nly Twins that from her ſpring,
With Laurel crown'd, your ſmoaking Incenſe bring.
Strait the great Summons ev'ry Dame obey'd,
And due Submiſſion to the Goddeſs paid;
Graceful, with Laurel Chaplets dreſs'd, they came,
And offer'd Incenſe in the ſacred Flame.
Mean while, ſurrounded with a courtly Guard,
The royal *Niobè* in State appear'd;
Attir'd in Robes embroider'd o'er with Gold,
And mad with Rage, yet lovely to behold:

Her comely Treſſes, trembling as ſhe ſtood,
Down her fine Neck with eaſy Motion flow'd;
Then, darting round a proud diſdainful Look,
In haughty Tone her haſty Paſſion broke,
And thus began; What Madneſs this, to court
A Goddeſs founded meerly on Report?
Dare ye a poor pretended Pow'r invoke,
While yet no Altars to my Godhead ſmoke?
Mine, whoſe immediate Lineage ſtands confeſs'd
From *Tantalus*, the only mortal Gueſt
That e'er the Gods admitted to their Feaſt.
A Siſter of the *Pleiads* gave me Birth;
And *Atlas*, mightieſt Mountain upon Earth,
Who bears the Globe of all the Stars above,
My Grandſire was, and *Atlas* ſprung from *Jove*.
The *Theban* Towns my Majeſty adore,
And neighb'ring *Phrygia* trembles at my Pow'r:
Rais'd by my Husband's Lute, with Turrets crown'd,
Our lofty City ſtands ſecur'd around.
Within my Court, where-e'er I turn my Eyes,
Unbounded Treaſures to my Proſpect riſe:
With theſe my Face I modeſtly may name,
As not unworthy of ſo high a Claim;
Seven are my Daughters, of a Form Divine,
With ſeven fair Sons, an indefective Line.
Go, Fools! conſider this; and ask the Cauſe
From which my Pride its ſtrong Preſumption draws;
Conſider this; and then prefer to me
Cæus the *Titan*'s vagrant Progeny;
To whom, in Travel, the whole ſpacious Earth
No Room afforded for her ſpurious Birth.

Not the leaſt Part in Earth, in Heaven, or Seas,
Would grant your outlaw'd Goddeſs any Eaſe:
Till pitying her's, from his own wandring Caſe,
Delos, the floating Iſland, gave a Place.
There ſhe a Mother was, of two at moſt;
Only the ſeventh Part of what I boaſt.
My Joys all are beyond Suſpicion fix'd,
With no Pollutions of Misfortune mix'd;
Safe on the *Baſis* of my Pow'r I ſtand,
Above the Reach of *Fortune*'s fickle Hand.
Leſſen ſhe may my inexhauſted Store,
And much deſtroy, yet ſtill muſt leave me more.
Suppoſe it poſſible that ſome may dye
Of this my num'rous lovely Progeny;
Still with *Latona* I might ſafely vye.
Who, by her ſcanty Breed, ſcarce fit to name,
But juſt eſcapes the childleſs Woman's Shame.
Go then, with Speed your laurel'd Heads uncrown,
And leave the ſilly Farce you have begun.

The tim'rous Throng their ſacred Rites forbore,
And from their Heads the verdant Laurel tore;
Their haughty Queen they with Regret obey'd,
And ſtill in gentle Murmurs ſoftly pray'd.

High, on the Top of *Cynthus*' ſhady Mount,
With Grief the Goddeſs ſaw the baſe Affront;
And, the Abuſe revolving in her Breaſt,
The Mother her Twin-offspring thus addreſt.

Lo I, my Children, who with Comfort knew
Your God-like Birth, and thence my Glory drew;
And thence have claim'd Precedency of Place
From all but *Juno* of the heav'nly Race,
Muſt now deſpair, and languiſh in Diſgrace.

My

My Godhead queſtion'd, and all Rites Divine,
Unleſs you ſuccour, baniſh'd from my Shrine.
Nay more, the Imp of *Tantalus* has flung
Reflections with her vile paternal Tongue;
Has dar'd prefer her mortal Breed to mine,
And call'd me childleſs; which, juſt Fate, may ſhe repine!
When to urge more the Goddeſs was prepar'd,
Phœbus in haſte replies, Too much we've heard,
And ev'ry Moment's loſt, while Vengeance is defer'd.
Diana ſpoke the ſame. Then both enſhroud
Their heav'nly Bodies in a ſable Cloud;
And to the *Theban* Tow'rs deſcending light,
Thro' the ſoft yielding Air direct their Flight.
Without the Wall there lies a champian Ground
With even Surface, far extending round,
Beaten and level'd, while it daily feels
The trampling Horſe, and Chariot's grinding Wheels.
Part of proud *Niobè*'s young rival Breed,
Practiſing there to ride the manag'd Steed;
Their Bridles boſs'd with Gold, were mounted high
On ſtately Furniture of *Tyrian* Dye.
Of theſe, *Iſmenos*, who by Birth had been
The firſt fair Iſſue of the fruitful Queen,
Juſt as he drew the Rein to guide his Horſe
Around the Compaſs of the circling Courſe,
Sigh'd deeply, and the Pangs of Smart expreſs'd,
While the Shaft ſtuck, engor'd within his Breaſt:
And, the Reins dropping from his dying Hand,
He ſunk quite down, and tumbled on the Sand.
Sipylus next the rattling Quiver heard,
And with full Speed for his Eſcape prepar'd;

As when the Pilot from the black'ning Skies
A gath'ring Storm of wintry Rain deſcries,
His Sails unfurl'd, and crowded all with Wind,
He ſtrives to leave the threat'ning Cloud behind:
So fled the Youth; but an unerring Dart
O'ertook him, quick diſcharg'd, and ſped with Art;
Fix'd in his Neck behind, it trembling ſtood,
And at his Throat diſplay'd the Point beſmear'd with Blood.
Prone, as his Poſture was, he tumbled o'er,
And bath'd his Courſer's Mane with ſteaming Gore.
Next at young *Phædimus* they took their Aim,
And *Tantalus*, who bore his Grandſire's Name:
Theſe, when their other Exerciſe was done,
To try the Wreſtler's oily Sport begun;
And, ſtraining ev'ry Nerve, their Skill expreſs'd
In cloſeſt Grapple, joyning Breaſt to Breaſt:
When from the bending Bow an Arrow ſent,
Joyn'd as they were, thro' both their Bodies went:
Both groan'd, and writhing both their Limbs with Pain,
They fell together bleeding on the Plain;
Then both their languid Eye-balls faintly roul,
And thus together breath away their Soul.
With Grief *Alphenor* ſaw their doleful Plight,
And ſmote his Breaſt, and ſicken'd at the Sight;
Then to their Succour ran with eager haſte,
And, fondly griev'd, their ſtiff'ning Limbs embrac'd:
But in the Action falls: A thrilling Dart,
By *Phœbus* guided, pierc'd him to the Heart.
This, as they drew it forth, his Midriff tore,
It's barbed Point the fleſhy Fragments bore,
And let the Soul guſh out in Streams of purple Gore.

But *Damaſiethon*, by a double Wound,
Beardleſs, and young, lay gaſping on the Ground.
Fix'd in his ſinewy Ham, the ſteely Point
Stuck thro' his Knee, and pierc'd the nervous Joint:
And, as he ſtoop'd to tug the painful Dart,
Another ſtruck him in a vital Part;
Shot thro' his Wezon, by the Wing it hung,
The Life-blood forc'd it out, and darting upward ſprung.
Ilioneus, the laſt, with Terror ſtands,
Lifting in Pray'r his unavailing Hands;
And, ignorant from whom his Griefs ariſe,
Spare me, O all ye heav'nly Pow'rs, he cries:
Phœbus was touch'd too late, the ſounding Bow
Had ſent the Shaft, and ſtruck the fatal Blow;
Which yet but gently gor'd his tender Side,
So by a ſlight, and eaſy Wound he dy'd.
Swift to the Mother's Ears the Rumour came,
And doleful Sighs the heavy News proclaim;
With Anger and Surprize inflam'd by turns,
In furious Rage her haughty Stomach burns:
Firſt ſhe diſputes th' Effects of heav'nly Pow'r,
Then at their daring Boldneſs wonders more;
For poor *Amphion* with ſore Grief diſtreſt,
Hoping to ſooth his Cares by endleſs Reſt,
Had ſheath'd a Dagger in his wretched Breaſt.
And ſhe, who toſs'd her high diſdainful Head,
When thro' the Streets in ſolemn Pomp ſhe led
The Throng that from *Latona*'s Altar fled,
Aſſuming State beyond the proudeſt Queen;
Was now the miſerableſt Object ſeen.
Proſtrate among the clay-cold Dead ſhe fell,
And kiſs'd an undiſtinguiſh'd laſt Farewel.

Then, her pale Arms advancing to the Skies,
Cruel *Latona!* triumph now ſhe cries.
My grieving Soul in bitter Anguiſh drench,
And with my Woes your thirſty Paſſion quench;
Feaſt your black Malice at a Price thus dear,
While the ſore Pangs of ſev'n ſuch Deaths I bear.
Triumph, too cruel Rival, and diſplay
Your conqu'ring Standard; for you've won the Day.
Yet I'll excel; for yet, tho' ſev'n are ſlain,
Superior ſtill in Number I remain.
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke; the Bow-ſtring's twanging Sound
Was heard, and dealt freſh Terrors all around;
Which all, but *Niobè* alone, confound.
Stunn'd, and obdurate by her Load of Grief,
Inſenſible ſhe ſits, nor hopes Relief.
Before the fun'ral Biers, all weeping ſad,
Her Daughters ſtood, in Veſts of Sable clad.
When one, ſurpriz'd, and ſtung with ſudden Smart,
In vain attempts to draw the ſticking Dart:
But to grim Death her blooming Youth reſigns,
And o'er her Brother's Corpſe her dying Head reclines.
This, to aſſwage her Mother's Anguiſh tries,
And, ſilenc'd in the pious Action, dies;
Shot by a ſecret Arrow, wing'd with Death,
Her fault'ring Lips but only gaſp'd for Breath.
One, on her dying Siſter, breathes her laſt;
Vainly in Flight another's Hopes are plac'd:
This hiding, from her Fate a Shelter ſeeks;
That trembling ſtands, and fills the Air with Shrieks.
And all in vain; for now all ſix had found
Their Way to Death, each by a diff'rent Wound.

The

The laſt, with eager Care the Mother veil'd,
Behind her ſpreading Mantle cloſe conceal'd,
And with her Body guarded, as a Shield.
Only for this, this youngeſt, I implore,
Grant me this one Requeſt, I ask no more;
O grant me this! ſhe paſſionately cries,
But while ſhe ſpeaks, the deſtin'd Virgin dies.

The Transformation of NIOBE.

Widow'd, and Childleſs, lamentable State!
A doleful Sight, among the Dead ſhe ſate:
Harden'd with Woes, a Statue of Deſpair,
To ev'ry Breath of Wind unmov'd her Hair;
Her Cheek ſtill red'ning, but its Colour dead,
Faded her Eyes, and ſet within her Head.
No more her pliant Tongue its Motion keeps,
But ſtands congeal'd within her frozen Lips.
Stagnate, and dull, within her purple Veins,
Its Current ſtop'd, the lifeleſs Blood remains.
Her Feet their uſual Offices refuſe,
Her Arms, and Neck their graceful Geſtures loſe:
Action, and Life from ev'ry Part are gone,
And ev'n her Entrails turn to ſolid Stone;
Yet ſtill ſhe weeps, and whirl'd by ſtormy Winds,
Born thro' the Air, her native Country finds;
There fix'd, ſhe ſtands upon a bleaky Hill,
There yet her marble Cheeks eternal Tears diſtil.

The Peaſants of LYCIA *transform'd to Frogs.*

Then all, reclaim'd by this Example, ſhow'd
A due Regard for each peculiar God:

Both Men, and Women their Devoirs expreſs'd,
And great *Latona*'s awful Pow'r confeſs'd.
Then, tracing Inſtances of older Time,
To ſuit the Nature of the preſent Crime,
Thus one begins his Tale.---Where *Lycia* yields
A golden Harveſt from its fertile Fields,
Some churliſh Peaſants, in the Days of Yore,
Provok'd the Goddeſs to exert her Pow'r.
The thing indeed the Meanneſs of the Place
Has made obſcure, ſurprizing as it was;
But I my ſelf once happen'd to behold
This famous Lake of which the Story's told.
My Father then, worn out by Length of Days,
Nor able to ſuſtain the tedious Ways,
Me with a Guide had ſent the Plains to roam,
And drive his well-fed ſtragling Heifers home.
Here, as we ſaunter'd thro' the verdant Meads,
We ſpy'd a Lake o'er-grown with trembling Reeds,
Whoſe wavy Tops an op'ning Scene diſcloſe,
From which an antique ſmoaky Altar roſe.
I, as my ſuperſtitious Guide had done,
Stop'd ſhort, and bleſs'd my ſelf, and then went on;
Yet I enquir'd to whom the Altar ſtood,
Faunus, the *Naiads*, or ſome native God?
No Silvan Deity, my Friend replies,
Enſhrin'd within this hallow'd Altar lies:
For this, O Youth, to that fam'd Goddeſs ſtands,
Whom, at th' imperial *Juno*'s rough Commands,
Of ev'ry Quarter of the Earth bereav'd,
Delos, the floating Iſle, at length receiv'd.
Who there, in ſpite of Enemies, brought forth,
Beneath an Olive's Shade, her great Twin-birth.

Hence too ſhe fled the furious Stepdame's Pow'r,
And in her Arms a double Godhead bore;
And now the Borders of fair *Lycia* gain'd,
Juſt when the Summer Solſtice parch'd the Land.
With Thirſt the Goddeſs languiſhing, no more
Her empty'd Breaſt would yield its milky Store;
When, from below, the ſmiling Valley ſhow'd
A ſilver Lake that in its Bottom flow'd:
A ſort of Clowns were reaping, near the Bank,
The bending Oſier, and the Bullruſh dank;
The Creſſe, and Water-lilly, fragrant Weed,
Whoſe juicy Stalk the liquid Fountains feed.
The Goddeſs came, and kneeling on the Brink,
Stoop'd at the freſh Repaſt, prepar'd to drink.
Then thus, being hinder'd by the Rabble Race,
In Accents mild expoſtulates the Caſe.
Water I only ask, and ſure 'tis hard
From *Nature*'s common Rights to be debar'd:
This, as the genial Sun, and vital Air,
Should flow alike to ev'ry Creature's Share.
Yet ſtill I ask, and as a Favour crave,
That, which a publick Bounty, Nature gave.
Nor do I ſeek my weary Limbs to drench;
Only, with one cool Draught, my Thirſt I'd quench.
Now from my Throat the uſual Moiſture dries,
And ev'n my Voice in broken Accents dies:
One Draught as dear as Life I ſhould eſteem,
And Water, now I thirſt, would Nectar ſeem.
Oh! let my little Babes your Pity move,
And melt your Hearts to charitable Love;
They (as by chance they did) extend to you
Their little Hands, and my Requeſt purſue.

Whom would theſe ſoft Perſwaſions not ſubdue,
Tho' the moſt ruſtick and unmanner'd Crew?
Yet they the Goddeſs's Requeſt refuſe,
And with rude Words reproachfully abuſe:
Nay more, with ſpiteful Feet the Villains trod
O'er the ſoft Bottom of the marſhy Flood,
And blacken'd all the Lake with Clouds of riſing Mud.
Her Thirſt by Indignation was ſuppreſs'd;
Bent on Revenge, the Goddeſs ſtood confeſs'd.
Her ſuppliant Hands uplifting to the Skies,
For a Redreſs, to Heav'n ſhe now applies.
And, May you live, ſhe paſſionately cry'd,
Doom'd in that Pool for ever to abide.
The Goddeſs has her Wiſh; for now they chuſe
To plunge and dive among the watry Ooze;
Sometimes they ſhew their Head above the Brim,
And on the glaſſy Surface ſpread to ſwim;
Often upon the Bank their Station take,
Then ſpring, and leap into the cooly Lake.
Still, void of Shame, they lead a clam'rous Life,
And, croaking, ſtill ſcold on in endleſs Strife;
Compell'd to live beneath the liquid Stream,
Where ſtill they quarrel, and attempt to skream.
Now, from their bloated Throat, their Voice puts on
Imperfect Murmurs in a hoarſer Tone;
Their noiſy Jaws, with Bawling now grown wide,
An ugly Sight! extend on either Side:
Their motly Back, ſtreak'd with a Liſt of Green,
Joyn'd to their Head, without a Neck is ſeen;
And, with a Belly broad and white, they look
Meer Frogs, and ſtill frequent the muddy Brook.

The Fate of MARSYAS.

Scarce had the Man this famous Story told,
Of Vengeance on the *Lycians* ſhown of old,
When ſtrait Another pictures to their View
The *Satyr*'s Fate, whom angry *Phœbus* ſlew;
Who, rais'd with high Conceit, and puff'd with Pride,
At his own Pipe, the skilful God defy'd.
Why do you tear me from my ſelf, he cries?
Ah cruel! muſt my Skin be made the Prize?
This for a ſilly Pipe? he roaring ſaid,
Mean while the Skin from off his Limbs was flay'd.
All bare, and raw, one large continu'd Wound,
With Streams of Blood his Body bath'd the Ground.
The blueiſh Veins their trembling Pulſe diſclos'd,
The ſtringy Nerves lay naked, and expos'd;
His Guts appear'd, diſtinctly each expreſs'd,
With ev'ry ſhining Fibre of his Breaſt.
The *Fauns*, and *Silvans*, with the *Nymphs* that rove
Among the *Satyrs* in the ſhady Grove;
Olympus, known of old, and ev'ry Swain
That fed, or Flock, or Herd upon the Plain,
Bewail'd the Loſs; and with their Tears that flow'd,
A kindly Moiſture on the Earth beſtow'd;
That ſoon, conjoyn'd, and in a Body rang'd,
Sprung from the Ground, to limpid Water chang'd;
Which, down thro' *Phrygia*'s Rocks, a mighty Stream,
Comes tumbling to the Sea, and *Marſya* is its Name.

The Story of PELOPS.

From theſe Relations ſtrait the People turn
To preſent Truths, and loſt *Amphion* mourn:

The Mother moſt was blam'd, yet ſome relate
That *Pelops* pity'd, and bewail'd her Fate,
And ſtript his Cloaths, and laid his Shoulder bare,
And made the Iv'ry Miracle appear.
This Shoulder, from the firſt, was form'd of Fleſh,
As lively as the other, and as freſh;
But, when the Youth was by his Father ſlain,
The Gods reſtor'd his mangled Limbs again;
Only that Place which joins the Neck, and Arm,
The reſt untouch'd, was found to ſuffer Harm:
The Loſs of which an Iv'ry Piece ſuſtain'd;
And thus the Youth his Limbs, and Life regain'd.

The Story of TEREUS, PROCNE, *and* PHILOMELA.

To *Thebes* the neighb'ring Princes all repair,
And with Condolance the Misfortune ſhare.
Each bord'ring State in ſolemn Form addreſs'd,
And each betimes a friendly Grief expreſs'd.
Argos, with *Sparta*'s, and *Mycenæ*'s Towns,
And *Calydon*, yet free from fierce *Diana*'s Frowns.
Corinth for fineſt Braſs well fam'd of old,
Orchomenos for Men of Courage bold:
Cleonæ lying in the lowly Dale,
And rich *Meſſenè* with its fertile Vale:
Pylos, for *Neſtor*'s City after fam'd,
And *Trœzen*, not as yet from *Pittheus* nam'd.
And thoſe fair Cities, which are hem'd around
By double Seas within the *Iſthmian* Ground;
And thoſe, which farther from the Sea-coaſt ſtand,
Lodg'd in the Boſom of the ſpacious Land.
Who can believe it? *Athens* was the laſt:
Tho' for Politeneſs fam'd for Ages paſt.

For a ſtrait Siege, which then their Walls enclos'd,
Such Acts of kind Humanity oppos'd:
And thick with Ships, from foreign Nations bound,
Sea-ward their City lay inveſted round.
  Theſe, with auxiliar Forces led from far,
Tereus of *Thrace*, brave, and inur'd to War,
Had quite defeated, and obtain'd a Name,
The Warrior's Due, among the Sons of *Fame*.
This, with his Wealth, and Pow'r, and ancient Line,
From *Mars* deriv'd, *Pandion*'s Thoughts incline
His Daughter *Procnè* with the Prince to joyn.
  Nor *Hymen*, nor the *Graces* here preſide,
Nor *Juno* to befriend the blooming Bride;
But *Fiends* with fun'ral Brands the Proceſs led,
And *Furies* waited at the *Genial* Bed:
And all Night long the ſcrieching Owl aloof,
With baleful Notes, ſate brooding o'er the Roof.
With ſuch ill *Omens* was the Match begun,
That made them Parents of a hopeful Son.
Now *Thrace* congratulates their ſeeming Joy,
And they, in thankful Rites, their Minds employ.
If the fair Queen's Eſpouſals pleas'd before,
Itys, the new-born Prince, now pleaſes more;
And each bright Day, the Birth, and Bridal Feaſt,
Were kept with hallow'd Pomp above the reſt.
So far true Happineſs may lye conceal'd,
When, by falſe Lights, we fancy 'tis reveal'd!
  Now, ſince their Nuptials, had the golden Sun
Five Courſes round his ample Zodiac run;
When gentle *Procnè* thus her Lord addreſs'd,
And ſpoke the ſecret Wiſhes of her Breaſt:

If I, ſhe ſaid, have ever Favour found,
Let my Petition with Succeſs be crown'd:
Let me at *Athens* my dear Siſter ſee,
Or let her come to *Thrace*, and viſit me.
And, leſt my Father ſhould her Abſence mourn,
Promiſe that ſhe ſhall make a quick Return.
With Thanks I'd own the Obligation due
Only, O *Tereus*, to the Gods, and you.
Now, ply'd with Oar, and Sail at his Command,
The nimble Gallies reach'd th' *Athenian* Land,
And anchor'd in the fam'd *Piræan* Bay,
While *Tereus* to the Palace takes his Way;
The King ſalutes, and Ceremonies paſt,
Begins the fatal Embaſſy at laſt;
The Occaſion of his Voyage he declares,
And, with his own, his Wife's Requeſt prefers;
Asks Leave that, only for a little Space,
Their lovely Siſter might embark for *Thrace*.
Thus, while he ſpoke, appear'd the royal Maid,
Bright *Philomela*, ſplendidly array'd;
But moſt attractive in her charming Face,
And comely Perſon, turn'd with ev'ry Grace:
Like thoſe fair *Nymphs*, that are deſcrib'd to rove
Acroſs the Glades, and Op'nings of the Grove;
Only that theſe are dreſs'd for Silvan Sports,
And leſs become the Finery of Courts.
Tereus beheld the Virgin, and admir'd,
And with the Coals of burning Luſt was fir'd:
Like crackling Stubble, or the Summer Hay,
When forked Lightnings o'er the Meadows play.
Such Charms in any Breaſt might kindle Love,
But him the Heats of inbred Lewdneſs move;

To which, tho' *Thrace* is naturally prone,
Yet his is ſtill ſuperior, and his own.
Strait her Attendants he deſigns to buy,
And with large Bribes her Governeſs would try:
Herſelf with ample Gifts reſolves to bend,
And his whole Kingdom in th' Attempt expend:
Or, ſnatch'd away by Force of Arms, to bear,
And juſtify the Rape with open War.
The boundleſs Paſſion boils within his Breaſt,
And his projecting Soul admits no Reſt.
And now, impatient of the leaſt Delay,
By pleading *Procnè*'s Cauſe, he ſpeeds his Way:
The Eloquence of Love his Tongue inſpires,
And, in his Wife's, he ſpeaks his own Deſires:
Hence all his Importunities ariſe,
And Tears unmanly trickle from his Eyes.
Ye Gods! what thick involving Darkneſs blinds
The ſtupid Faculties of mortal Minds!
Tereus the Credit of Good-nature gains
From theſe his Crimes; ſo well the Villain feigns.
And, unſuſpecting of his baſe Deſigns,
In the Requeſt fair *Philomela* joyns;
Her ſnowy Arms her aged Sire embrace,
And claſp his Neck with an endearing Grace:
Only to ſee her Siſter ſhe entreats,
A ſeeming Bleſſing, which a Curſe compleats.
Tereus ſurveys her with a luſcious Eye,
And in his Mind foreſtalls the bliſsful Joy:
Her circling Arms a Scene of Luſt inſpire,
And ev'ry Kiſs foments the raging Fire.
Fondly he wiſhes for the Father's Place,
To feel, and to return the warm Embrace;

Since not the neareſt Ties of filial Blood,
Would damp his Flame, and force him to be good.
At length, for both their ſakes, the King agrees;
And *Philomela*, on her bended Knees,
Thanks him for what her Fancy calls Succeſs,
When cruel Fate intends her nothing leſs.
Now *Phœbus*, haſting to ambroſial Reſt,
His fiery Steeds drove ſloping down the Weſt:
The ſculptur'd Gold with ſparkling Wines was fill'd,
And, with rich Meats, each chearful Table ſmil'd.
Plenty, and Mirth the royal Banquet cloſe,
Then all retire to Sleep, and ſweet Repoſe.
But the lewd Monarch, tho' withdrawn apart,
Still feels Love's Poiſon rankling in his Heart:
Her Face Divine is ſtamp'd within his Breaſt,
Fancy imagines, and improves the reſt;
And thus, kept waking by intenſe Deſire,
He nouriſhes his own prevailing Fire.
Next Day the good old King for *Tereus* ſends,
And to his Charge the Virgin recommends;
His Hand with Tears th' indulgent Father preſs'd,
Then ſpoke, and thus with Tenderneſs addreſs'd.
Since the kind Inſtances of pious Love,
Do all Pretence of Obſtacle remove;
Since *Procne*'s, and her own, with your Requeſt,
O'er-rule the Fears of a Paternal Breaſt;
With you, dear Son, my Daughter I entruſt,
And by the Gods adjure you to be juſt;
By Truth, and ev'ry conſanguineal Tye,
To watch, and guard her with a Father's Eye.
And, ſince the leaſt Delay will tedious prove,
In keeping from my Sight the Child I love,

With Speed return her, kindly to aſſwage
The tedious Troubles of my lingring Age.
And you, my *Philomel*, let it ſuffice,
To know your Siſter's baniſh'd from my Eyes;
If any Senſe of Duty ſways your Mind,
Let me from you the ſhorteſt Abſence find.
He wept; then kiſs'd his Child; and while he ſpeaks,
The Tears fall gently down his aged Cheeks.
Next, as a Pledge of Fealty, he demands,
And, with a ſolemn Charge, conjoyns their Hands;
Then to his Daughter, and his Grandſon ſends,
And by their Mouth a Bleſſing recommends;
While, in a Voice with dire Forebodings broke,
Sobbing, and faint, the laſt Farewel was ſpoke.
Now *Philomela*, ſcarce receiv'd on Board,
And in the royal gilded Bark ſecur'd,
Beheld the Daſhes of the bending Oar,
The ruffled Sea, and the receding Shore;
When ſtrait (his Joy impatient of Diſguiſe)
We've gain'd our Point, the rough *Barbarian* cries;
Now I poſſeſs the dear, the bliſsful Hour,
And ev'ry Wiſh ſubjected to my Pow'r.
Tranſports of Luſt his vicious Thoughts employ,
And he forbears, with Pain, th' expected Joy.
His gloting Eyes inceſſantly ſurvey'd
The Virgin Beauties of the lovely Maid:
As when the bold rapacious Bird of *Jove*,
With crooked Talons ſtooping from above,
Has ſnatcht, and carry'd to his lofty Neſt
A Captive Hare, with cruel Gripes oppreſt;
Secure, with fix'd, and unrelenting Eyes,
He ſits, and views the helpleſs, trembling Prize.

Their Veſſels now had made th' intended Land,
And all with Joy deſcend upon the Strand;
When the falſe Tyrant ſeiz'd the Princely Maid,
And to a Lodge in diſtant Woods convey'd;
Pale, ſinking, and diſtreſs'd with jealous Fears,
And asking for her Siſter all in Tears.
The Letcher, for Enjoyment fully bent,
No longer now conceal'd his baſe Intent;
But with rude Haſte the bloomy Girl deflowr'd,
Tender, defenceleſs, and with Eaſe o'erpowr'd.
Her piercing Accents to her Sire complain,
And to her abſent Siſter, but in vain:
In vain ſhe importunes, with doleful Cries,
Each unattentive Godhead of the Skies.
She pants, and trembles, like the bleating Prey,
From ſome cloſe-hunted Wolf juſt ſnatch'd away;
That ſtill, with fearful Horror, looks around,
And on its Flank regards the bleeding Wound.
Or, as the tim'rous Dove, the Danger o'er,
Beholds her ſhining Plumes beſmear'd with Gore,
And, tho' deliver'd from the Faulcon's Claw,
Yet ſhivers, and retains a ſecret Awe.
But when her Mind a calm Reflection ſhar'd,
And all her ſcatter'd Spirits were repair'd:
Torn, and diſorder'd while her Treſſes hung,
Her livid Hands, like one that mourn'd, ſhe wrung;
Then thus, with Grief o'erwhelm'd her languid Eyes,
Savage, inhumane, cruel Wretch! ſhe cries;
Whom nor a Parent's ſtrict Commands could move,
Tho' charg'd, and utter'd with the Tears of Love;
Nor Virgin Innocence, nor all that's due
To the ſtrong Contract of the Nuptial Vow:

Virtue

Virtue, by this, in wild Confuſion's laid,
And I compell'd to wrong my Siſter's Bed;
Whilſt you, regardleſs of your Marriage Oath,
With Stains of Inceſt have defil'd us Both.
Tho' I deſerv'd ſome Puniſhment to find,
This was, ye Gods, too cruel, and unkind.
Yet, Villain, to compleat your horrid Guilt,
Stab here, and let my tainted Blood be ſpilt.
Oh happy! had it come, before I knew
The curs'd Embrace of vile perfidious you;
Then my pale Ghoſt, pure from inceſtuous Love,
Had wander'd ſpotleſs thro' th' *Elyſian* Grove.
But, if the Gods above have Pow'r to know,
And judge thoſe Actions that are done below;
Unleſs the dreaded Thunders of the Sky,
Like me, ſubdu'd, and violated lye;
Still my Revenge ſhall take its proper Time,
And ſuit the Baſeneſs of your helliſh Crime.
My ſelf, abandon'd, and devoid of Shame,
Thro' the wide World your Actions will proclaim;
Or tho' I'm priſon'd in this lonely Den,
Obſcur'd, and bury'd from the Sight of Men,
My mournful Voice the pitying Rocks ſhall move,
And my Complainings eccho thro' the Grove.
Hear me, O Heav'n! and, if a God be there,
Let him regard me, and accept my Pray'r.
Struck with theſe Words, the Tyrant's guilty Breaſt
With Fear, and Anger, was, by turns, poſſeſt;
Now, with Remorſe his Conſcience deeply ſtung,
He drew the Faulchion that beſide him hung,
And firſt her tender Arms behind her bound,
Then drag'd her by the Hair along the Ground.

The Princeſs willingly her Throat reclin'd,
And view'd the Steel with a contented Mind;
But ſoon her Tongue the girding Pinchers ſtrain,
With Anguiſh, ſoon ſhe feels the piercing Pain:
Oh Father! Father! ſhe would fain have ſpoke,
But the ſharp Torture her Intention broke;
In vain ſhe tries, for now the Blade has cut
Her Tongue ſheer off, cloſe to the trembling Root.
The mangled Part ſtill quiver'd on the Ground,
Murmuring with a faint imperfect Sound:
And, as a Serpent writhes his wounded Train,
Uneaſy, panting, and poſſeſs'd with Pain;
The Piece, while Life remain'd, ſtill trembled faſt,
And to its Miſtreſs pointed to the laſt.

Yet, after this ſo damn'd, and black a Deed,
Fame (which I ſcarce can credit) has agreed,
That on her rifled Charms, ſtill void of Shame,
He frequently indulg'd his luſtful Flame.
At laſt he ventures to his *Procne*'s Sight,
Loaded with Guilt, and cloy'd with long Delight;
There, with feign'd Grief, and falſe, diſſembled Sighs,
Begins a formal Narrative of Lies;
Her Siſter's Death he artfully declares,
Then weeps, and raiſes Credit from his Tears.
Her Veſt, with Flow'rs of Gold embroider'd o'er,
With Grief diſtreſs'd, the mournful Matron tore,
And a beſeeming Suit of gloomy Sable wore.
With Coſt, an honorary Tomb ſhe rais'd,
And thus th' imaginary Ghoſt appeas'd.
Deluded Queen! the Fate of her you love,
Nor Grief, nor Pity, but Revenge ſhould move.

Thro' the twelve Signs had paſs'd the circling Sun,
And round the Compaſs of the *Zodiac* run;
What muſt unhappy *Philomela* do,
For ever ſubject to her Keeper's View?
Huge Walls of maſſy Stone the Lodge ſurround,
From her own Mouth no way of ſpeaking's found.
But all our Wants by Wit may be ſupply'd,
And Art makes up, what Fortune has deny'd:
With Skill exact a *Phrygian* Web ſhe ſtrung,
Fix'd to a Loom that in her Chamber hung,
Where in-wrought Letters, upon White diſplay'd,
In purple Notes, her wretched Caſe betray'd:
The Piece, when finiſh'd, ſecretly ſhe gave
Into the Charge of one poor menial Slave;
And then, with Geſtures, made him underſtand,
It muſt be ſafe convey'd to *Procne*'s Hand.
The Slave, with Speed, the Queen's Apartment ſought,
And render'd up his Charge, unknowing what he brought.
But when the Cyphers, figur'd in each Fold,
Her Siſter's melancholy Story told,
(Strange that ſhe could!) with Silence, ſhe ſurvey'd
The tragick Piece, and without weeping read:
In ſuch tumultuous Haſte her Paſſions ſprung,
They choak'd her Voice, and quite diſarm'd her Tongue.
No Room for female Tears; the *Furies* riſe,
Darting vindictive Glances from her Eyes;
And, ſtung with Rage, ſhe bounds from Place to Place,
While ſtern Revenge ſits low'ring in her Face.
Now the triennial Celebration came,
Obſerv'd to *Bacchus* by each *Thracian* Dame;
When, in the Privacies of Night retir'd,
They act his Rites, with ſacred Rapture fir'd:

By Night, the twinkling Cymbals ring around,
While the ſhrill Notes from *Rhodopè* reſound;
By Night, the Queen, diſguis'd, forſakes the Court,
To mingle in the Feſtival Reſort.
Leafs of the curling Vine her Temples ſhade,
And, with a circling Wreath, adorn her Head:
Adown her Back the Stag's rough Spoils appear,
Light on her Shoulder leans a Cornel Spear.
Thus, in the Fury of the God conceal'd,
Procnè her own mad headſtrong Paſſion veil'd;
Now, with her Gang, to the thick Wood ſhe flies,
And with religious Yellings fills the Skies;
The fatal Lodge, as 'twere by chance, ſhe ſeeks,
And, thro' the bolted Doors, an Entrance breaks;
From thence, her Siſter ſnatching by the Hand,
Mask'd like the ranting *Bacchanalian* Band,
Within the Limits of the Court ſhe drew,
Shading, with Ivy green, her outward Hue.
But *Philomela*, conſcious of the Place,
Felt new reviving Pangs of her Diſgrace;
A ſhiv'ring Cold prevail'd in ev'ry Part,
And the chill'd Blood ran trembling to her Heart.
Soon as the Queen a fit Retirement found,
Stript of the Garlands that her Temples crown'd,
She ſtrait unveil'd her bluſhing Siſter's Face,
And fondly claſp'd her with a cloſe Embrace:
But, in Confuſion loſt, th'unhappy Maid,
With Shame dejected, hung her drooping Head,
As guilty of a Crime that ſtain'd her Siſter's Bed.
That Speech, that ſhould her injur'd Virtue clear,
And make her ſpotleſs Innocence appear,

Is now no more; only her Hands, and Eyes
Appeal, in Signals, to the conſcious Skies.
In *Procnè*'s Breaſt the riſing Paſſions boil,
And burſt in Anger with a mad Recoil;
Her Siſter's ill-tim'd Grief, with Scorn, ſhe blames,
Then, in theſe furious Words her Rage proclaims.
Tears, unavailing, but defer our Time,
The ſtabbing Sword muſt expiate the Crime;
Or worſe, if Wit, on bloody Vengeance bent,
A Weapon more tormenting can invent.
O Siſter! I've prepar'd my ſtubborn Heart,
To act ſome helliſh, and unheard-of Part;
Either the Palace to ſurround with Fire,
And ſee the Villain in the Flames expire;
Or, with a Knife, dig out his curſed Eyes,
Or, his falſe Tongue with racking Engines ſeize;
Or, cut away the Part that injur'd you,
And, thro' a thouſand Wounds, his guilty Soul purſue.
Tortures enough my Paſſion has deſign'd,
But the Variety diſtracts my Mind.
Awhile, thus wav'ring, ſtood the furious Dame,
When *Itys* fondling to his Mother came;
From him the cruel fatal Hint ſhe took,
She view'd him with a ſtern remorſeleſs Look;
Ah! but too like thy wicked Sire, ſhe ſaid,
Forming the direful Purpoſe in her Head.
At this a ſullen Grief her Voice ſuppreſt,
While ſilent Paſſions ſtruggle in her Breaſt.
Now, at her Lap arriv'd, the flatt'ring Boy
Salutes his Parent with a ſmiling Joy:
About her Neck his little Arms are thrown,
And he accoſts her in a pratling Tone.

Then her tempeſtuous Anger was allay'd,
And in its full Career her Vengeance ſtay'd;
While tender Thoughts, in ſpite of Paſſion, riſe,
And melting Tears diſarm her threat'ning Eyes.
But when ſhe found the Mother's eaſy Heart,
Too fondly ſwerving from th' intended Part;
Her injur'd Siſter's Face again ſhe view'd:
And, as by turns ſurveying Both ſhe ſtood,
While this fond Boy (ſhe ſaid) can thus expreſs
The moving Accents of his fond Addreſs;
Why ſtands my Siſter of her Tongue bereft,
Forlorn, and ſad, in ſpeechleſs Silence left?
O *Procnè*, ſee the Fortune of your Houſe!
Such is your Fate, when match'd to ſuch a Spouſe!
Conjugal Duty, if obſerv'd to him,
Would change from Virtue, and become a Crime;
For all Reſpect to *Tereus* muſt debaſe
The noble Blood of Great *Pandion*'s Race.
Strait at theſe Words, with big Reſentment fill'd,
Furious her Look, ſhe flew, and ſeiz'd her Child;
Like a fell Tigreſs of the ſavage Kind,
That drags the tender Suckling of the ~~Hi~~nd
Thro' *India*'s gloomy Groves, where *Ganges* laves
The ſhady Scene, and rouls his ſtreamy Waves.
Now to a cloſe Apartment they were come,
Far off retir'd within the ſpacious Dome;
When *Procnè*, on revengeful Miſchief bent,
Home to his Heart a piercing Poinyard ſent.
Itys, with rueful Cries, but all too late,
Holds out his Hands, and deprecates his Fate;
Still at his Mother's Neck he fondly aims,
And ſtrives to melt her with endearing Names;

Yet ſtill the cruel Mother perſeveres,
Nor with Concern his bitter Anguiſh hears.
This might ſuffice; but *Philomela* too
Acroſs his Throat a ſhining Curtlaſs drew.
Then Both, with Knives, diſſect each quiv'ring Part,
And carve the butcher'd Limbs with cruel Art;
Which, whelm'd in boiling Cauldrons o'er the Fire,
Or turn'd on Spits, in ſteamy Smoak aſpire:
While the long Entries, with their ſlipp'ry Floor,
Run down in purple Streams of clotted Gore.
Ask'd by his Wife to this inhuman Feaſt,
Tereus unknowingly is made a Gueſt:
Whilſt ſhe her Plot the better to diſguiſe,
Stiles it ſome unknown myſtick Sacrifice;
And ſuch the Nature of the hallow'd Rite,
The Wife her Husband only could invite,
The Slaves muſt all withdraw, and be debarr'd the Sight.
Tereus, upon a Throne of antique State,
Loftily rais'd, before the Banquet ſate;
And Glutton like, luxurioufly pleas'd,
With his own Fleſh his hungry Maw appeas'd.
Nay, ſuch a Blindneſs o'er his Senſes falls,
That he for *Itys* to the Table calls.
When *Procnè*, now impatient to diſcloſe
The Joy that from her full Revenge aroſe,
Cries out, in Tranſports of a cruel Mind,
Within your ſelf your *Itys* you may find.
Still at this puzzling Anſwer, with Surpriſe,
Around the Room he ſends his curious Eyes;
And, as he ſtill inquir'd, and call'd aloud,
Fierce *Philomela*, all beſmear'd with Blood,

Her Hands with Murder ſtain'd, her ſpreading Hair
Hanging diſhevel'd with a ghaſtly Air,
Stept forth, and flung full in the Tyrant's Face
The Head of *Itys*, goary as it was:
Nor ever long'd ſo much to uſe her Tongue,
And with a juſt Reproach to vindicate her Wrong.
The *Thracian* Monarch from the Table flings,
While with his Cries the vaulted Parlour rings;
His Imprecations eccho down to Hell,
And rouze the ſnaky *Furies* from their *Stygian* Cell.
One while he labours to diſgorge his Breaſt,
And free his Stomach from the curſed Feaſt;
Then, weeping o'er his lamentable Doom,
He ſtiles himſelf his Son's ſepulchral Tomb.
Now, with drawn Sabre, and impetuous Speed,
In cloſe Purſuit he drives *Pandion*'s Breed;
Whoſe nimble Feet ſpring with ſo ſwift a Force
Acroſs the Fields, they ſeem to wing their Courſe.
And now, on real Wings themſelves they raiſe,
And ſteer their airy Flight by diff'rent Ways;
One to the Woodland's ſhady Covert hies,
Around the ſmoaky Roof the other flies;
Whoſe Feathers yet the Marks of Murder ſtain,
Where, ſtampt upon her Breaſt, the crimſon Spots remain.
Tereus, through Grief, and Haſte to be reveng'd,
Shares the like Fate, and to a Bird is chang'd:
Fix'd on his Head, the creſted Plumes appear,
Long is his Beak, and ſharpen'd like a Spear;
Thus arm'd, his Looks his inward Mind diſplay,
And, to a Lapwing turn'd, he fans his Way.
Exceeding Trouble, for his Childrens Fate,
Shorten'd *Pandion*'s Days, and chang'd his Date;

Down

Down to the Shades below, with Sorrow ſpent,
An earlier, unexpected Ghoſt he went.

BOREAS *in Love.*

Erechtheus next th' *Athenian* Sceptre ſway'd,
Whoſe Rule the State with joynt Conſent obey'd;
So mix'd his Juſtice with his Valour flow'd,
His Reign one Scene of Princely Goodneſs ſhew'd.
Four hopeful Youths, as many Females bright,
Sprung from his Loyns, and ſooth'd him with Delight.
Two of theſe Siſters, of a lovelier Air,
Excell'd the reſt, tho' all the reſt were fair.
Procris, to *Cephalus* in Wedlock ty'd,
Bleſs'd the young Silvan with a blooming Bride:
For *Orithyia Boreas* ſuffer'd Pain,
For the coy Maid ſue'd long, but ſue'd in vain:
Tereus his Neighbour, and his *Thracian* Blood,
Againſt the Match a main Objection ſtood;
Which made his Vows, and all his ſuppliant Love,
Empty as Air, and ineffectual prove.
But when he found his ſoothing Flatt'ries fail,
Nor ſaw his ſoft Addreſſes cou'd avail;
Bluſt'ring with Ire, he quickly has Recourſe
To rougher Arts, and his own native Force.
'Tis well, he ſaid; ſuch Uſage is my Due,
When thus diſguis'd by foreign ways I ſue;
When my ſtern Airs, and Fierceneſs I diſclaim,
And ſigh for Love, ridiculouſly tame;
When ſoft Addreſſes fooliſhly I try,
Nor my own ſtronger Remedies apply.
By Force and Violence I chiefly live,
By them the lowring ſtormy Tempeſts drive;

In foaming Billows raiſe the hoary Deep,
Writhe knotted Oaks, and ſandy Deſarts ſweep;
Congeal the falling Flakes of fleecy Snow,
And bruiſe, with rattling Hail, the Plains below.
I, and my Brother-Winds, when joyn'd above,
Thro' the waſte Champian of the Skies we rove,
With ſuch a boiſt'rous full Career engage,
That Heav'n's whole Concave thunders at our Rage.
While, ſtruck from nitrous Clouds, fierce Lightnings play,
Dart thro' the Storm, and gild the gloomy Day.
Or when, in ſubterraneous Caverns pent,
My Breath, againſt the hollow Earth, is bent,
The quaking World above, and Ghoſts below,
My mighty Pow'r, by dear Experience, know,
Tremble with Fear, and dread the fatal Blow.
This is the only Cure to be apply'd,
Thus to *Erechtheus* I ſhould be ally'd;
And thus the ſcornful Virgin ſhould be woo'd,
Not by Intreaty, but by Force ſubdu'd.
Boreas, in Paſſion, ſpoke theſe huffing things,
And, as he ſpoke, he ſhook his dreadful Wings;
At which, afar the ſhiv'ring Sea was fan'd,
And the wide Surface of the diſtant Land:
His duſty Mantle o'er the Hills he drew,
And ſwept the lowly Vallies, as he flew;
Then, with his yellow Wings, embrac'd the Maid,
And, wrapt in dusky Clouds, far off convey'd.
The ſparkling Blaze of Love's prevailing Fire
Shone brighter as he flew, and flam'd the higher.
And now the God, poſſeſs'd of his Delight,
To Northern *Thrace* purſu'd his airy Flight,

Where the young raviſh'd Nymph became his Bride,
And ſoon the luſcious Sweets of Wedlock try'd.
Two lovely Twins, th' Effect of this Embrace,
Crown their ſoft Labours, and their Nuptials grace;
Who, like their Mother, beautiful, and fair,
Their Father's Strength, and feather'd Pinions ſhare:
Yet theſe, at firſt, were wanting, as 'tis ſaid,
And after, as they grew, their Shoulders ſpread.
Zethes and *Calaïs*, the pretty Twins,
Remain'd unfledg'd, while ſmooth their beardleſs Chins;
But when, in Time, the budding ſilver Down
Shaded their Face, and on their Cheeks was grown,
Two ſprouting Wings upon their Shoulders ſprung,
Like thoſe in Birds, that veil the callow Young.
Then, as their Age advanc'd, and they began
From greener Youth to ripen into Man,
With *Jaſon*'s *Argonauts* they croſs'd the Seas,
Embark'd in queſt of the fam'd Golden Fleece;
There, with the reſt, the firſt frail Veſſel try'd,
And boldly ventur'd on the ſwelling Tide.

The End of the Sixth Book.

OVID's



E. Kirkall Sc.

To the Rt. Honble the Lady Cowper

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VII.

Tranſlated by Mr. TATE *and Mr.* STONESTREET.

The Story of MEDEA *and* JASON.

THE *Argonauts* now ſtemm'd the foaming Tide,
And to *Arcadia*'s Shore their Courſe apply'd;
Where ſightleſs *Phineus* ſpent his Age in Grief,
But *Boreas*' Sons engage in his Relief;
And thoſe unwelcome Gueſts, the odious Race
Of *Harpyes*, from the Monarch's Table chaſe.
With *Jaſon* then they greater Toils ſuſtain,
And *Phaſis*' ſlimy Banks at laſt they gain.
Here boldly they demand the Golden Prize
Of *Scythia*'s King, who ſternly thus replies:
That mighty Labours they muſt firſt o'ercome,
Or ſail their *Argo* thence unfreighted home.
Mean while *Medea*, ſeiz'd with fierce Deſire,
By Reaſon ſtrives to quench the raging Fire;
But ſtrives in vain!---Some God (ſhe ſaid) withſtands,
And Reaſon's bafflʼd Council countermands.

What unſeen Pow'r does this Diſorder move?
'Tis Love, ---- at leaſt 'tis like what Men call Love.
Elſe wherefore ſhou'd the King's Commands appear
To me too hard? ---- But ſo indeed they are.
Why ſhou'd I for a Stranger fear, leſt he
Shou'd periſh, whom I did but lately ſee?
His Death, or Safety, what are they to me?
Wretch, from thy Virgin-Breaſt this Flame expel,
And ſoon ---- Oh cou'd I, all wou'd then be well!
But Love, reſiſtleſs Love, my Soul invades;
Diſcretion this, Affection that perſwades.
I ſee the Right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the Wrong, ---- and yet the Wrong purſue.
Why, Royal Maid, ſhou'dſt thou deſire to wed
A Wanderer, and court a foreign Bed?
Thy native Land, tho' barb'rous, can preſent
A Bridegroom worth a Royal Bride's Conſent:
And whether this Advent'rer lives or dies,
In Fate and Fortune's fickle Pleaſure lies.
Yet may he live! for to the Pow'rs above,
A Virgin, led by no Impulſe of Love,
So juſt a Suit may, for the Guiltleſs, move.
Whom wou'd not *Jaſon*'s Valour, Youth, and Blood
Invite? or cou'd theſe Merits be withſtood,
At leaſt his charming Perſon muſt encline
The hardeſt Heart ---- I'm ſure 'tis ſo with mine!
Yet, if I help him not, the flaming Breath
Of Bulls, and Earth-born Foes muſt be his Death.
Or, ſhould he through theſe Dangers force his way,
At laſt he muſt be made the Dragon's Prey.
If no Remorſe for ſuch Diſtreſs I feel,
I am a Tigreſs, and my Breaſt is Steel.

Why do I ſcruple then to ſee him ſlain,
And with the tragick Scene my Eyes prophane?
My Magick's Art employ, not to aſſwage
The *Salvages*, but to enflame their Rage?
His Earth-born Foes to fiercer Fury move,
And acceſſary to his Murder prove?
The Gods forbid---But Pray'rs are idle Breath,
When Action only can prevent his Death.
Shall I betray my Father and the State,
To intercept a rambling Hero's Fate;
Who may ſail off next Hour, and ſav'd from Harms
By my Aſſiſtance, bleſs another's Arms?
Whilſt I, not only of my Hopes bereft,
But to unpity'd Puniſhment am left.
If he is falſe, let the Ingrateful bleed!
But no ſuch Symptom in his Looks I read.
Nature wou'd ne'er have laviſh'd ſo much Grace
Upon his Perſon, if his Soul were baſe.
Beſides, he firſt ſhall plight his Faith, and ſwear
By all the Gods; what therefore can'ſt thou fear?
Medea haſte, from Danger ſet him free,
Jaſon ſhall thy eternal Debtor be.
And thou, his Queen, with Sov'raign State enſtall'd,
By *Græcian* Dames the *Kind Preſerver* call'd.
Hence idle Dreams, by Love-ſick Fancy bred!
Wilt thou, *Medea*, by vain Wiſhes led,
To Siſter, Brother, Father bid adieu?
Forſake thy Country's Gods, and Country too?
My Father's harſh, my Brother but a Child,
My Siſter rivals me, my Country's wild;
And for it's Gods, the greateſt of 'em all
Inſpires my Breaſt, and I obey his Call.

That great Endearments I forſake, is true,
But greater far the Hopes that I purſue:
The Pride of having ſav'd the Youths of *Greece*,
(Each Life more precious than our Golden Fleece;)
A nobler Soil by me ſhall be poſſeſt,
I ſhall ſee Towns with Arts and Manners bleſt;
And, what I prize above the World beſide,
Enjoy my *Jaſon*---- and when once his Bride,
Be more than Mortal, and to Gods ally'd.
They talk of Hazards I muſt firſt ſuſtain,
Of floating Iſlands juſtling in the Main;
Our tender Barque expos'd to dreadful Shocks
Of fierce *Charybdis'* Gulf, and *Scylla*'s Rocks,
Where breaking Waves in whirling Eddies rowl,
And rav'nous Dogs that in deep Caverns howl:
Amidſt theſe Terrors, while I lye poſſeſt
Of him I love, and lean on *Jaſon*'s Breaſt,
In Tempeſts unconcern'd I will appear,
Or, only for my Husband's Safety fear.
Didſt thou ſay Husband?----can'ſt thou ſo deceive
Thy ſelf, fond Maid, and thy own Cheat believe?
In vain thou ſtriv'ſt to varniſh o'er thy Shame,
And grace thy Guilt with Wedlock's ſacred Name.
Pull off the coz'ning Maſque, and oh! in time
Diſcover, and avoid the fatal Crime.
She ceas'd---- the Graces now, with kind Surprize,
And Virtue's lovely Train, before her Eyes
Preſent themſelves, and vanquiſh'd *Cupid* flies.
She then retires to *Hecate*'s Shrine, that ſtood
Far in the Covert of a ſhady Wood:
She finds the Fury of her Flames aſſwag'd,
But, ſeeing *Jaſon* there, again they rag'd.

Bluſhes

Bluſhes and Paleneſs did by turns invade
Her tender Cheeks, and ſecret Grief betray'd.
As Fire, that ſleeping under Aſhes lyes,
Freſh-blown and rouz'd, does up in Blazes riſe,
So flam'd the Virgin's Breaſt----
New kindled by her Lover's ſparkling Eyes.
For Chance, that Day, had with uncommon Grace
Adorn'd the lovely Youth, and through his Face
Diſplay'd an Air ſo pleaſing, as might charm
A Goddeſs, and a Veſtal's Boſom warm.
Her raviſh'd Eyes ſurvey him o'er and o'er,
As ſome gay Wonder never ſeen before;
Tranſported to the Skies ſhe ſeems to be,
And thinks ſhe gazes on a Deity.
But when he ſpoke, and preſt her trembling Hand,
And did with tender Words her Aid demand,
With Vows and Oaths to make her ſoon his Bride,
She wept a Flood of Tears, and thus reply'd:
I ſee my Error, yet to Ruin move,
Nor owe my Fate to Ignorance, but Love:
Your Life I'll guard, and only crave of you
To ſwear once more----and to your Oath be true.
He ſwears by *Hecate* he would all fulfil,
And by her Grandfather's prophetick Skill,
By ev'ry thing that doubting Love cou'd preſs,
His preſent Danger, and deſir'd Succeſs.
She credits him, and kindly does produce
Enchanted Herbs, and teaches him their uſe;
Their myſtick Names and Virtues he admires,
And with his Booty joyfully retires.

The Dragon's Teeth transform'd to Men.

Impatient for the Wonders of the Day,
Aurora drives the loyt'ring Stars away.
Now *Mars*'s Mount the preſſing People fill,
The Crowd below, the Nobles crown the Hill;
The King himſelf, high-thron'd above the reſt,
With Iv'ry Scepter, and in Purple dreſt.
Forthwith the Braſs-hoof'd Bulls are ſet at large,
Whoſe furious Noſtrils ſulph'rous Flame diſcharge:
The blaſted Herbage by their Breath expires;
As Forges rumble with exceſſive Fires,
And Furnaces with fiercer Fury glow,
When Water on the panting Maſs ye throw;
With ſuch a Noiſe, from their Convulſive Breaſt,
Thro' bellowing Throats, the ſtruggling Vapour preſt.
Yet *Jaſon* marches up without Concern,
While on th' advent'rous Youth the Monſters turn
Their glaring Eyes, and, eager to engage,
Brandiſh their Steel-tipt Horns in threat'ning Rage:
With brazen Hoofs they beat the Ground, and choak
The ambient Air with Clouds of Duſt and Smoak:
Each gazing *Græcian* for his Champion ſhakes,
While bold Advances he ſecurely makes
Thro' ſindging Blaſts; ſuch Wonders Magick Art
Can work, when Love conſpires, and plays his Part.
The paſſive Savages like Statues ſtand,
While he their Dew-laps ſtroaks with ſoothing Hand;
To unknown Yoaks their brawny Necks they yield,
And, like tame Oxen, plow the wond'ring Field.
The *Colchians* ſtare; the *Græcians* ſhout, and raiſe
Their Champion's Courage with inſpiring Praiſe.

Embolden'd now, on freſh Attempts he goes,
With Serpent's Teeth the fertile Furrows ſows;
The Glebe, fermenting with inchanted Juice,
Makes the Snake's Teeth a human Crop produce.
For as an Infant, Pris'ner to the Womb,
Contented ſleeps, till to Perfection come,
Then does his Cell's obſcure Confinement ſcorn,
He toſſes, throbs, and preſſes to be born;
So from the lab'ring Earth no ſingle Birth,
But a whole Troop of luſty Youths ruſh forth;
And, what's more ſtrange, with Martial Fury warm'd,
And for Encounter all compleatly arm'd;
In Rank and File, as they were ſow'd, they ſtand,
Impatient for the Signal of Command.
No Foe but the *Æmonian* Youth appears;
At him they level their Steel-pointed Spears;
His frighted Friends, who triumph'd juſt before,
With Peals of Sighs his deſp'rate Caſe deplore:
And where ſuch hardy Warriors are afraid,
What muſt the tender and enamour'd Maid?
Her Spirits ſink, the Blood her Check forſook;
She fears, who for his Safety undertook:
She knew the Vertue of the Spells ſhe gave,
She knew their Force, and knew her Lover brave;
But what's a ſingle Champion to an Hoſt?
Yet ſcorning thus to ſee him tamely loſt,
Her ſtrong Reſerve of ſecret Arts ſhe brings,
And laſt, her never-failing Song ſhe ſings.
Wonders enſue; among his gazing Foes
The maſſy Fragment of a Rock he throws;
This Charm in Civil War engag'd 'em all;
By mutual Wounds thoſe Earth-born Brothers fall.

The *Greeks*, tranſported with the ſtrange Succeſs,
Leap from their Seats the Conqu'ror to careſs;
Commend, and kiſs, and claſp him in their Arms:
So would the kind Contriver of the Charms;
But her, who felt the tendereſt Concern,
Honour condemns in ſecret Flames to burn;
Committed to a double Guard of Fame,
Aw'd by a Virgin's, and a Princeſs' Name.
But Thoughts are free, and Fancy unconfin'd,
She kiſſes, courts, and hugs him in her Mind;
To fav'ring Pow'rs her ſilent Thanks ſhe gives,
By whoſe Indulgence her lov'd Heroe lives.
One Labour more remains, and, tho' the laſt,
In Danger far ſurmounting all the paſt;
That Enterprize by Fates in ſtore was kept,
To make the Dragon ſleep that never ſlept.
Whoſe Creſt ſhoots dreadful Luſtre; from his Jaws
A tripple Tire of forked Stings he draws,
With Fangs and Wings of a prodigious Size:
Such was the Guardian of the Golden Prize.
Yet him, beſprinkled with *Lethæan* Dew,
The fair Inchantreſs into Slumber threw;
And then, to fix him, thrice ſhe did repeat
The Rhyme that makes the raging Winds retreat;
In ſtormy Seas can halcyon Seaſons make,
Turn rapid Streams into a ſtanding Lake;
While the ſoft Gueſt his drowzy Eye-lids ſeals,
Th'unguarded Golden Fleece the Stranger ſteals;
Proud to poſſeſs the Purchaſe of his Toil,
Proud of his Royal Bride, the richer Spoil;
To Sea both Prize and Patroneſs he bore,
And Lands triumphant on his native Shore.

Old

Old ÆSON *reſtor'd to Youth.*

Æmonian Matrons, who their Abſence mourn'd,
Rejoyce to ſee their proſp'rous Sons return'd:
Rich curling Fumes of Incenſe feaſt the Skies,
An Hecatomb of voted Victims dies,
With gilded Horns, and Garlands on their Head,
And all the Pomp of Death, to th' Altar led.
Congratulating Bowls go briskly round,
Triumphant Shouts in louder Muſick drown'd.
Amidſt theſe Revels, why that Cloud of Care
On *Jaſon*'s Brow? (to whom the largeſt Share
Of Mirth was due) ---- His Father was not there.
Æſon was abſent, once the Young and Brave,
Now cruſh'd with Years, and bending to the Grave.
At laſt withdrawn, and by the Crowd unſeen,
Preſſing her Hand, (with ſtarting Sighs between)
He ſupplicates his kind and skilful Queen.
O Patroneſs! Preſerver of my Life!
(Dear when my Miſtreſs, and much dearer Wife)
Your Favours to ſo vaſt a Sum amount,
'Tis paſt the Pow'r of Numbers to recount;
Or cou'd they be to Computation brought,
The Hiſtory would a Romance be thought:
And yet, unleſs you add one Favour more,
Greater than all that you conferr'd before,
But not too hard for Love and Magick Skill,
Your paſt are thrown away, and *Jaſon*'s wretched ſtill.
The Morning of my Life is juſt begun,
But my declining Father's Race is run;
From my large Stock retrench the long Arrears,
And add 'em to expiring *Æſon*'s Years.

Thus ſpake the gen'rous Youth, and wept the reſt.
Mov'd with the Piety of his Requeſt,
To his ag'd Sire ſuch filial Duty ſhown,
So diff'rent from her Treatment of her own;
But ſtill endeav'ring her Remorſe to hide,
She check'd her riſing Sighs, and thus reply'd.
How cou'd the Thought of ſuch inhuman Wrong
Eſcape (ſaid ſhe) from pious *Jaſon*'s Tongue?
Does the whole World another *Jaſon* bear,
Whoſe Life *Medea* can to yours prefer?
Or cou'd I with ſo dire a Change diſpence,
Hecat will never join in that Offence:
Unjuſt is the Requeſt you make, and I
In Kindneſs your Petition ſhall deny;
Yet ſhe that grants not what you do implore,
Shall yet eſſay to give her *Jaſon* more;
Find Means t' encreaſe the Stock of *Æſon*'s Years,
Without Retrenchment of your Life's Arrears;
Provided that the Tripple Goddeſs join
A ſtrong Confed'rate in my bold Deſign.
Thus was her Enterprize reſolv'd; but ſtill
Three tedious Nights are wanting to fulfil
The circling Creſcents of th' encreaſing Moon;
Then, in the Height of her Nocturnal Noon,
Medea ſteals from Court; her Ankles bare,
Her Garments cloſely girt, but looſe her Hair;
Thus ſally'd, like a ſolitary Sprite,
She traverſes the Terrors of the Night.
Men, Beaſts, and Birds in ſoft Repoſe lay charm'd,
No boiſtrous Wind the Mountain-Woods alarm'd;
Nor did thoſe Walks of Love, the Myrtle Trees,
Of am'rous *Zephyr* hear the whiſp'ring Breeze;

All Elements chain'd in unactive Reſt,
No Senſe but what the twinkling Stars expreſt;
To them (that only wak'd) ſhe rears her Arms,
And thus commences her myſterious Charms.
She turn'd her thrice about, as oft ſhe threw
On her pale Treſſes the Nocturnal Dew;
Then yelling thrice a moſt enormous Sound,
Her bare Knee bended on the flinty Ground,
O Night (ſaid ſhe) thou Confident and Guide
Of Secrets, ſuch as Darkneſs ought to hide;
Ye Stars and Moon, that, when the Sun retires,
Support his Empire with ſucceeding Fires;
And thou, great *Hecat*, Friend to my Deſign;
Songs, mutt'ring Spells, your magick Forces join;
And thou, O Earth, the Magazine that yields
The Midnight Sorcerer Drugs; Skies, Mountains, Fields;
Ye watr'y Pow'rs of Fountain, Stream, and Lake;
Ye Sylvan Gods, and Gods of Night, awake,
And gen'rouſly your Parts in my Adventure take.
Oft by your Aid ſwift Currents I have led
Thro' wandring Banks, back to their Fountain Head;
Transform'd the Proſpect of the briny Deep,
Made ſleeping Billows rave, and raving Billows ſleep;
Made Clouds, or Sunſhine; Tempeſts riſe or fall;
And ſtubborn lawleſs Winds obey my Call:
With mutter'd Words diſarm'd the Viper's Jaw,
Up by the Roots vaſt Oaks and Rocks cou'd draw;
Make Foreſts dance, and trembling Mountains come,
Like Malefactors, to receive their Doom;
Earth groan, and frighted Ghoſts forſake their Tomb.
Thee, *Cynthia*, my reſiſtleſs Rhymes drew down,
When tinkling Cymbals ſtrove my Voice to drown;

Nor ſtronger *Titan* could their Force ſuſtain,
In full Career compell'd to ſtop his Wain:
Nor could *Aurora*'s Virgin Bluſh avail,
With pois'nous Herbs I turn'd her Roſes pale;
The Fury of the fiery Bulls I broke,
Their ſtubborn Necks ſubmitting to my Yoke;
And when the Sons of Earth with Fury burn'd,
Their hoſtile Rage upon themſelves I turn'd;
The Brothers made with mutual Wounds to bleed,
And by their fatal Strife my Lover freed;
And, while the Dragon ſlept, to diſtant *Greece*,
Thro' cheated Guards, convey'd the Golden Fleece.
But now to bolder Action I proceed,
Of ſuch prevailing Juices now have need,
That wither'd Years back to their Bloom can bring,
And in dead Winter raiſe a ſecond Spring.
And you'll perform't-------
You will; for lo! the Stars, with ſparkling Fires,
Preſage as bright Succeſs to my Deſires:
And now another happy Omen ſee!
A Chariot drawn by Dragons waits for me.
With theſe laſt Words ſhe leaps into the Wain,
Stroaks the Snakes Necks, and ſhakes the Golden Rein;
That Signal giv'n, they mount her to the Skies,
And now beneath her fruitful *Tempè* lies,
Whoſe Stores ſhe ranſacks, then to *Crete* ſhe flies;
There *Oſſa*, *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*, all
To the fair Raviſher a Booty fall;
The Tribute of their Verdure ſhe collects,
Nor proud *Olympus* Height his Plants protects.
Some by the Roots ſhe plucks; the tender Tops
Of others with her culling Sickle crops.

Nor

Nor could the Plunder of the Hills ſuffice,
Down to the humble Vales and Meads ſhe flies;
Apidanus, *Amphryſus*, the next Rape
Suſtain, nor could *Enipeus*' Banks eſcape;
Thro' *Beebe*'s Marſh, and thro' the Border rang'd
Whoſe Paſture *Glaucus* to a Triton chang'd.
Now the Ninth Day, and Ninth ſucceſſive Night,
Had wonder'd at the reſtleſs Rover's Flight;
Mean while her Dragons, fed with no Repaſt,
But her exhaling Simples od'rous Blaſt,
Their tarniſh'd Scales, and wrinkled Skins had caſt.
At laſt return'd before her Palace Gate,
Quitting her Chariot, on the Ground ſhe ſate,
The Sky her only Canopy of State.
All Converſation with her Sex ſhe fled,
Shun'd the Careſſes of the Nuptial Bed:
Two Altars next of graſſy Turf ſhe rears,
This *Hecat*'s Name, that *Youth*'s Inſcription bears;
With Foreſt-Boughs, and Vervain theſe ſhe crown'd;
Then delves a double Trench in lower Ground,
And ſticks a black-fleec'd Ram, that ready ſtood,
And drench'd the Ditches with devoted Blood:
New Wine ſhe pours, and Milk from th' Udder warm,
With myſtick Murmurs to compleat the Charm,
And ſubterranean Deities alarm.
To the ſtern King of Ghoſts ſhe next apply'd,
And gentle *Proſerpine*, his raviſh'd Bride,
That for old *Æſon* with the Laws of Fate
They would diſpenſe, and lengthen his ſhort Date;
Thus with repeated Pray'rs ſhe long aſſails
Th' Infernal Tyrant, and at laſt prevails;

Then calls to have decrepit *Æſon* brought,
And ſtupifies him with a ſleeping Draught;
On Earth his Body, like a Corpſe, extends,
Then charges *Jaſon* and his waiting Friends
To quit the Place, that no unhallow'd Eye
Into her Art's forbidden Secrets pry.
This done, th' Inchantreſs, with her Locks unbound,
About her Altars trips a frantick Round;
Piece-meal the conſecrated Wood ſhe ſplits,
And dips the Splinters in the bloody Pits,
Then hurls 'em on the Piles; the ſleeping Sire
She luſtrates thrice, with Sulphur, Water, Fire.
In a large Cauldron now the Med'cine boils,
Compounded of her late collected Spoils,
Blending into the Meſh the various Pow'rs
Of Wonder-working Juices, Roots, and Flow'rs;
With Gems i'th' Eaſtern Ocean's Cell refin'd,
And ſuch as ebbing Tides had left behind;
To them the Midnight's pearly Dew ſhe flings,
A Screetch-Owl's Carcaſs, and ill boding Wings;
Nor could the Wizard Wolf's warm Entrails ſcape,
(That Wolf who counterfeits a Human Shape.)
Then, from the Bottom of her conj'ring Bag,
Snakes Skins, and Liver of a long-liv'd Stag;
Laſt a Crow's Head to ſuch an Age arriv'd,
That he had now nine Centuries ſurviv'd;
Theſe, and with theſe a thouſand more that grew
In ſundry Soils, into her Pot ſhe threw;
Then with a wither'd Olive-Bough ſhe rakes
The bubling Broth; the Bough freſh Verdure takes;
Green Leaves at firſt the periſh'd Plant ſurround.
Which the next Minute with ripe Fruit were crown'd.

The foaming Juices now the Brink o'er-ſwell;
The barren Heath, where-e'er the Liquor fell,
Sprang out with vernal Graſs, and all the Pride
Of blooming *May*---- When this *Medea* ſpy'd,
She cuts her Patient's Throat; th'exhauſted Blood
Recruiting with her new enchanted Flood;
While at his Mouth, and thro' his op'ning Wound,
A double Inlet her Infuſion found;
His feeble Frame reſumes a youthful Air,
A gloſſy Brown his hoary Beard and Hair.
The meager Paleneſs from his Aſpect fled,
And in its Room ſprang up a florid Red;
Thro' all his Limbs a youthful Vigour flies,
His empty'd Art'ries ſwell with freſh Supplies,
Gazing Spectators ſcarce believe their Eyes.
But *Æſon* is the moſt ſurpriz'd, to find
A happy Change in Body, and in Mind;
In Senſe and Conſtitution the ſame Man,
As when his Fortieth active Year began.
Bacchus, who from the Clouds this Wonder view'd,
Medea's Method inſtantly purſu'd,
And his indulgent Nurſe's Youth renew'd.

The Death of PELIAS.

Thus far obliging Love employ'd her Art,
But now Revenge muſt act a tragick Part;
Medea feigns a mortal Quarrel bred
Betwixt her, and the Partner of her Bed;
On this Pretence to *Pelia*'s Court ſhe flies,
Who languiſhing with Age and Sickneſs lies:
His innocent Daughters, with inveigling Wiles,
And well-diſſembled Friendſhip, ſhe beguiles:

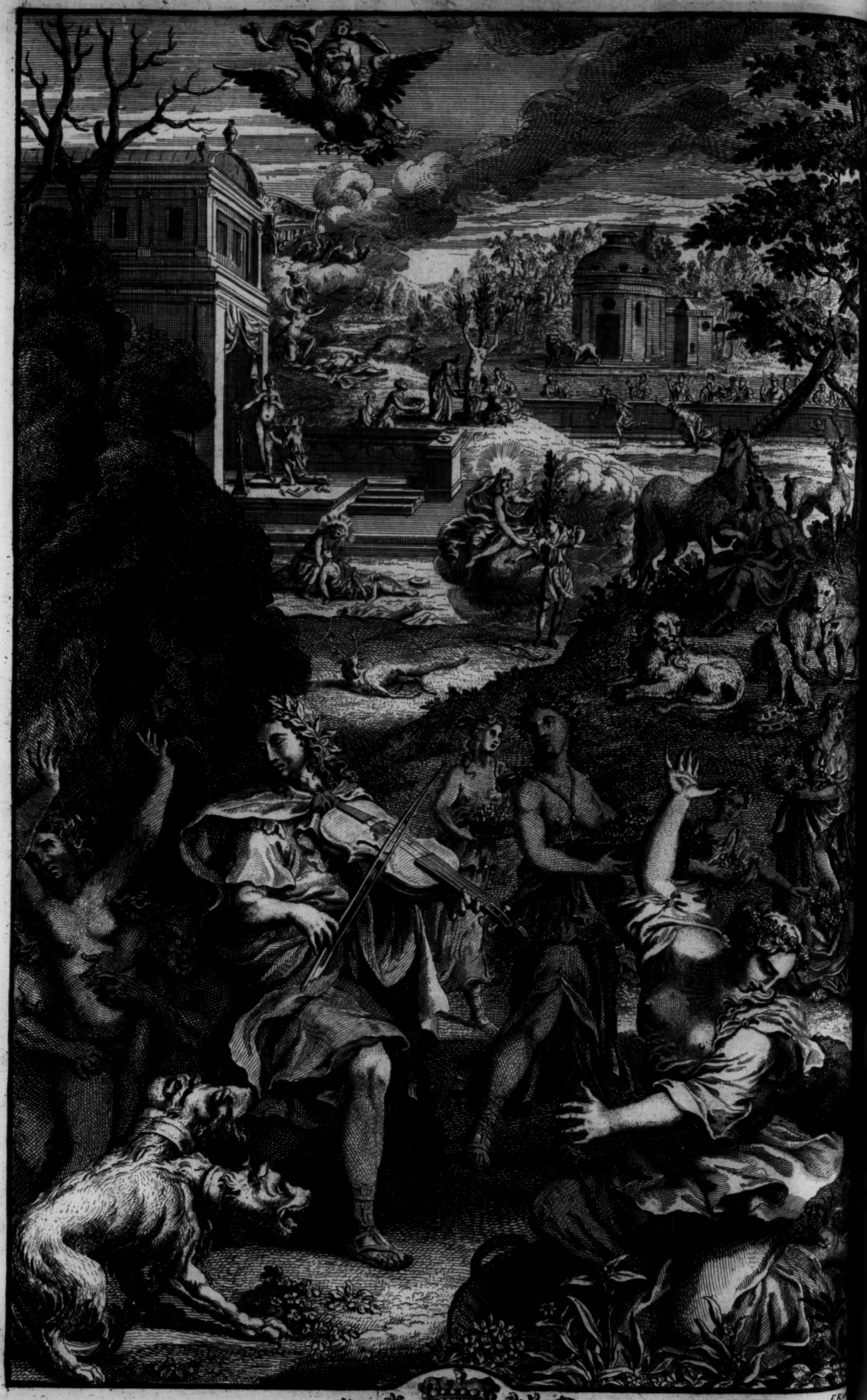
The ſtrange Atchievements of her Art ſhe tells,
With *Æſon*'s Cure, and long on that ſhe dwells;
Till them to firm Perſwaſion ſhe has won,
The ſame for their old Father may be done:
For him they court her to employ her Skill,
And put upon the Cure what Price ſhe will.
At firſt ſhe's mute, and with a grave Pretence
Of Difficulty, holds 'em in Suſpenſe;
Then promiſes, and bids 'em, from the Fold
Chuſe out a Ram, the moſt infirm and old;
That ſo by Fact their Doubts may be remov'd,
And firſt, on him, the Operation prov'd.
A wreath-horn'd Ram is brought, ſo far o'er-grown
With Years, his Age was to that Age unknown
Of Senſe too dull the piercing Point to feel,
And ſcarce ſufficient Blood to ſtain the Steel.
His Carcaſs ſhe into a Cauldron threw,
With Drugs whoſe vital Qualities ſhe knew;
His Limbs grow leſs, he caſts his Horns and Years,
And tender Bleatings ſtrike their wondring Ears.
Then inſtantly leaps forth a friſking Lamb,
That ſeeks (too young to graze) a ſuckling Dam.
The Siſters, thus confirm'd with the Succeſs,
Her Promiſe with renew'd Entreaty preſs;
To countenance the Cheat, three Nights and Days
Before Experiment th' Inchantreſs ſtays;
Then into limpid Water, from the Springs,
Weeds, and Ingredients of no Force ſhe flings;
With antique Ceremonies for Pretence,
And rambling Rhymes without a Word of Senſe.
Mean while the King with all his Guards lay bound,
In Magick Sleep, ſcarce that of Death ſo ſound;

The

The Daughters now are by the Sorc'reſs led
Into his Chamber, and ſurround his Bed.
Your Father's Health's concern'd, and can ye ſtay?
Unnat'ral Nymphs, why this unkind Delay?
Unſheath your Swords, diſmiſs his lifeleſs Blood,
And I'll recruit it with a vital Flood:
Your Father's Life and Health is in your Hand,
And can ye thus like idle Gazers ſtand?
Unleſs you are of common Senſe bereft,
If yet one Spark of Piety is left,
Diſpatch a Father's Cure, and diſengage
The Monarch from his toilſome Load of Age:
Come --- drench your Weapons in his putrid Gore,
'Tis Charity to wound, when Wounding will reſtore.
Thus urg'd, the poor deluded Maids proceed,
Betray'd by Zeal, to an inhumane Deed,
And, in Compaſſion, make a Father bleed.
Yes, ſhe who had the kindeſt, tend'reſt Heart,
Is foremoſt to perform the bloody Part.
Yet, tho' to act the Butchery betray'd,
They could not bear to ſee the Wounds they made;
With Looks averted, backward they advance,
Then ſtrike, and ſtab, and leave the Blows to Chance.
Waking in Conſternation, he eſſays
(Weltring in Blood) his feeble Arms to raiſe:
Environ'd with ſo many Swords --- from whence
This barb'rous Uſage? what is my Offence?
What fatal Fury, what infernal Charm,
'Gainſt a kind Father does his Daughters arm?
Hearing his Voice, as Thunder-ſtruck, they ſtopt,
Their Reſolution, and their Weapons dropt:

Medea then the mortal Blow beſtows,
And that perform'd, the tragick Scene to cloſe,
His Corpſe into the boiling Cauldron throws.
Then, dreading the Revenge that muſt enſue,
High mounted on her Dragon-Coach ſhe flew;
And in her ſtately Progreſs thro' the Skies,
Beneath her ſhady *Pelion* firſt ſhe ſpies,
With *Othrys*, that above the Clouds did riſe;
With skilful *Chiron*'s Cave, and neighb'ring Ground,
For old *Cerambus*' ſtrange Eſcape renown'd,
By Nymphs deliver'd when the World was drown'd;
Who him with unexpected Wings ſupply'd,
When delug'd Hills a ſafe Retreat deny'd.
Æolian Pitanè on her Left Hand
She ſaw, and there the ſtatu'd Dragon ſtand;
With *Ida*'s Grove, where *Bacchus*, to diſguiſe
His Son's bold Theft, and to ſecure the Prize,
Made the ſtoln Steer a Stag to repreſent;
Cocytus' Father's ſandy Monument;
And Fields that held the murder'd Sire's Remains,
Where howling *Mæra* frights the ſtartled Plains.
Euryphilus' high Town, with Tow'rs defac'd
By *Hercules*, and Matrons more diſgrac'd
With ſprouting Horns, in ſignal Puniſhment,
From *Juno*, or reſenting *Venus* ſent.
Then *Rhodes*, which *Phœbus* did ſo dearly prize,
And *Jove* no leſs ſeverely did chaſtize;
For he the Wizzard Native's pois'ning Sight,
That us'd the Farmer's hopeful Crops to blight,
In Rage o'erwhelm'd with everlaſting Night.
Cartheia's ancient Walls come next in view,
Where once the Sire almoſt a Statue grew

Should face p. 331.



To the R.t Hon.ble y.e Lady Viscountess Scudamor

SCUTO AMORIS DIVINI

With Wonder, which a ſtrange Event did move,
His Daughter turn'd into a Turtle-Dove.
Then *Hyrie*'s Lake, and *Tempe*'s Field o'er-ran,
Fam'd for the Boy who there became a Swan;
For there enamour'd *Phyllius*, like a Slave,
Perform'd what Tasks his Paramour would crave.
For Preſents he had Mountain-Vultures caught,
And from the Deſart a tame Lion brought;
Then a wild Bull commanded to ſubdue,
The conquer'd Savage by the Horns he drew;
But, mock'd ſo oft, the Treatment he diſdains,
And from the craving Boy this Prize detains.
Then thus in Choller the reſenting Lad;
Won't you deliver him?--- You'll wiſh you had;
Nor ſooner ſaid, but, in a peeviſh Mood,
Leapt from the Precipice on which he ſtood:
The Standers-by were ſtruck with freſh Surprize,
Inſtead of falling, to behold him riſe
A ſnowy Swan, and ſoaring to the Skies.
But dearly the raſh Prank his Mother coſt,
Who ignorantly gave her Son for loſt;
For his Misfortune wept, till ſhe became
A Lake, and ſtill renown'd with *Hyrie*'s Name.
Thence to *Latona*'s Iſle, where once were ſeen,
Transform'd to Birds, a Monarch, and his Queen.
Far off ſhe ſaw how old *Cephiſus* mourn'd
His Son, into a Seele by *Phœbus* turn'd;
And where, aſtoniſh'd at a ſtranger Sight,
Eumelus gaz'd on his wing'd Daughter's Flight.
Ætolian Pleuron ſhe did next ſurvey,
Where Sons a Mother's Murder did eſſay,
But ſudden Plumes the Matron bore away.

On her Right Hand, *Cyllenè*, a fair Soil,
Fair, till *Menephron* there the beauteous Hill
Attempted with fowl Inceſt to defile.
Her harneſs'd Dragons now direct ſhe drives
For *Corinth*, and at *Corinth* ſhe arrives;
Where, if what old Tradition tells, be true,
In former Ages Men from Muſhrooms grew.
But here *Medea* finds her Bed ſupply'd,
During her Abſence, by another Bride;
And hopeleſs to recover her loſt Game,
She ſets both Bride and Palace in a Flame.
Nor could a Rival's Death her Wrath aſſwage,
Nor ſtopt at *Creon*'s Family her Rage;
She murders her own Infants, in Deſpight
To faithleſs *Jaſon*, and in *Jaſon*'s Sight;
Yet e'er his Sword could reach her, up ſhe ſprings,
Securely mounted on her Dragons Wings.

The Story of ÆGEUS.

From hence to *Athens* ſhe directs her Flight,
Where *Phineus*, ſo renown'd for doing Right;
Where *Periphas*, and *Polyphemon*'s Neece,
Soaring with ſudden Plumes, amaz'd the Towns of *Greece*.
Here *Ægeus* ſo engaging ſhe addreſt,
That firſt he treats her like a Royal Gueſt;
Then takes the Sorc'reſs for his wedded Wife;
The only Blemiſh of his prudent Life.
Mean while his Son, from Actions of Renown,
Arrives at Court, but to his Sire unknown.
Medea, to diſpatch a dang'rous Heir,
(She knew him) did a pois'nous Draught prepare;

Drawn

Drawn from a Drug, was long reſerv'd in ſtore
For deſp'rate Uſes, from the *Scythian* Shore;
That from the *Echydnæan* Monſter's Jaws
Deriv'd it's Origin, and this the Cauſe.
  Thro' a dark Cave a craggy Paſſage lies,
To ours aſcending from the nether Skies;
Thro' which, by Strength of Hand, *Alcides* drew
Chain'd *Cerberus*, who lagg'd, and reſtive grew,
With his blear'd Eyes our brighter Day to view.
Thrice he repeated his enormous Yell,
With which he ſcares the Ghoſts, and ſtartles Hell;
At laſt outragious (tho' compell'd to yield)
He ſheds his Foam in Fury on the Field;
Which, with its own, and Rankneſs of the Ground,
Produc'd a Weed, by Sorcerers renown'd,
The ſtrongeſt Conſtitution to confound;
Call'd *Aconite*, becauſe it can unlock
All Bars, and force its Paſſage thro' a Rock.
  The pious Father, by her Wheedles won,
Preſents this deadly Potion to his Son;
Who, with the ſame Aſſurance takes the Cup,
And to the Monarch's Health had drank it up,
But in the very Inſtant he apply'd
The Goblet to his Lips, old *Ægeus* ſpy'd
The Iv'ry-hilted Sword that grac'd his Side.
That certain Signal of his Son he knew,
And ſnacht the Bowl away; the Sword he drew,
Reſolv'd, for ſuch a Son's endanger'd Life,
To ſacrifice the moſt perfidious Wife.
Revenge is ſwift, but her more active Charms
A Whirl-wind rais'd, that ſnatch'd her from his Arms.

While conjur'd Clouds their baffled Senſe ſurprize,
She vaniſhes from their deluded Eyes,
And thro' the Hurricane triumphant flies.
The gen'rous King, altho' o'er-joy'd to find
His Son was ſafe, yet bearing ſtill in mind
The Miſchief by his treach'rous Queen deſign'd;
The Horrour of the Deed, and then how near
The Danger drew, he ſtands congeal'd with Fear.
But ſoon that Fear into Devotion turns,
With grateful Incenſe ev'ry Altar burns;
Proud Victims! and unconſcious of their Fate,
Stalk to the Temple, there to die in ſtate.
In *Athens* never had a Day been found
For Mirth, like that grand Feſtival, renown'd.
Promiſcuouſly the Peers and People dine,
Promiſcuouſly their thankful Voices join,
In Songs of Wit, ſublim'd by ſpritely Wine.
To liſt'ning Spheres their joint Applauſe they raiſe,
And thus reſound their matchleſs *Theſeus'* Praiſe.
Great *Theſeus!* Thee the *Marathonian* Plain
Admires, and wears with Pride the noble Stain
Of the dire Monſter's Blood, by valiant *Theſeus* ſlain.
That now *Cromyon*'s Swains in Safety ſow,
And reap their fertile Field, to Thee they owe.
By Thee th' infeſted *Epidaurian* Coaſt
Was clear'd, and now can a free Commerce boaſt.
The Traveller his Journey can purſue,
With Pleaſure the late dreaded Valley view,
And cry, Here *Theſeus* the grand Robber ſlew.
Cephyſus' Flood cries to his reſcu'd Shore,
The mercileſs *Procruſtes* is no more.

In Peace, *Eleuſis*, *Ceres*' Rites renew,
Since *Theſeus*' Sword the fierce *Cercyon* ſlew.
By him the Tort'rer *Sinis* was deſtroy'd,
Of Strength (but Strength to barb'rous uſe employ'd)
That Tops of talleſt Pines to Earth could bend,
And thus in Pieces wretched Captives rend.
Inhuman *Scyron* now has breath'd his laſt,
And now *Alcathoe*'s Road's ſecurely paſt;
By *Theſeus* ſlain, and thrown into the Deep:
But Earth nor Sea his ſcatter'd Bones wou'd keep,
Which, after floating long, a Rock became,
Still infamous with *Scyron*'s hated Name.
When Fame to count thy Acts and Years proceeds,
Thy Years appear but Cyphers to thy Deeds.
For Thee, brave Youth, as for our Common-wealth,
We pray; and drink, in yours, the Publick Health.
Your Praiſe the Senate and Plebeians ſing,
With your lov'd Name the Court and Cottage ring.
You make our Shepherds and our Sailors glad,
And not a Houſe in this vaſt City's ſad.
  But mortal Bliſs will never come ſincere,
Pleaſure may lead, but Grief brings up the Rear;
While for his Son's Arrival, rev'ling Joy
Ægeus and all his Subjects does employ;
While they for only coſtly Feaſts prepare,
His neighb'ring Monarch, *Minos*, threatens War:
Weak in Land-Forces, nor by Sea more ſtrong,
But pow'rful in a deep reſented Wrong
For a Son's Murder, arm'd with pious Rage;
Yet prudently, before he would engage,
To raiſe Auxiliaries reſolv'd to fail,
And with the pow'rful Princes to prevail.

First *Anaphè*, then proud *Aſtypalæa* gains,
By Preſents that, and this by Threats obtains:
Low *Myconè*, *Cymolus*, chalky Soil,
Tall *Cythnos*, *Scyros*, flat *Seriphos'* Iſle;
Paros, with Marble Cliffs afar diſplay'd;
Impregnable *Sithonia*; yet betray'd
To a weak Foe by a Gold-admiring Maid.
Who, chang'd into a Daw of ſable Hue,
Still hoards up Gold, and hides it from the View.
But as theſe Iſlands chearfully combine,
Others refuſe t' embark in his Deſign.
Now Leftward with an eaſy Sail he bore,
And proſp'rous Paſſage to *OEnopia*'s Shore;
OEnopia once, but now *Ægina* call'd,
And with his Royal Mother's Name inſtall'd
By *Æacus*, under whoſe Reign did ſpring
The *Myrmidons*, and now their reigning King.
Down to the Port, amidſt the Rabble, run
The Princes of the Blood; with *Telamon*,
Peleus the next, and *Phocus* the third Son:
Then *Æacus*, altho' oppreſt with Years,
To ask the Cauſe of their Approach appears.
That Queſtion does the *Gnoſſian*'s Grief renew,
And Sighs from his afflicted Boſom drew;
Yet after a ſhort ſolemn Reſpite made,
The Ruler of the hundred Cities ſaid;
Aſſiſt our Arms, rais'd for a murder'd Son,
In this religious War no Riſque you'll run:
Revenge the Dead---for who refuſe to give
Reſt to their Urns, unworthy are to live.
What you requeſt, thus *Æacus* replies,
Not I, but Truth and common Faith denies;
Athens and we have long been ſworn Allies:

Our

Our Leagues are fix'd, confed'rate are our Pow'rs,
And who declare themſelves Their Foes, are Ours.
Minos rejoins, Your League ſhall dearly coſt;
(Yet, mindful how much ſafer 'twas to boaſt,
Than there to waſte his Forces and his Fame,
Before in Field with his grand Foe he came)
Parts without Blows --- Nor long had left the Shore,
E'er into Port another Navy bore,
With *Cephalus*, and all his jolly Crew;
Th' *Æacides* their old Acquaintance knew:
The Princes bid him welcome, and in State
Conduct the Heroe to their Palace Gate;
Who ent'ring, ſeem'd the charming Mein to wear,
As when in Youth he paid his Viſit there.
In his Right Hand an Olive-branch he holds,
And, Salutation paſt, the Chief unfolds
His Embaſſy from the *Athenian* State,
Their mutual Friendſhip, Leagues of ancient Date;
Their common Danger, ev'ry thing cou'd wake
Concern, and his Addreſs ſucceſsful make:
Strength'ning his Plea with all the Charms of Senſe,
And thoſe, with all the Charms of Eloquence.
Then thus the King: Like Suiters do you ſtand
For that Aſſiſtance which you may command?
Athenians, all our liſted Forces uſe,
(They're ſuch as no bold Service will refuſe;)
And when y'ave drawn them off, the Gods be prais'd,
Freſh Legions can within our Iſle be rais'd:
So ſtock'd with People, that we can prepare
Both for domeſtick, and for diſtant War,
Ours, or our Friends Inſulters to chaſtize.
Long may ye flouriſh thus, the Prince replies.

Strange Tranſport ſeiz'd me as I paſs'd along,
To meet ſo many Troops, and all ſo young,
As if your Army did of Twins conſiſt;
Yet amongſt them my late Acquaintance miſs'd:
Ev'n all that to your Palace did reſort,
When firſt you entertain'd me at your Court;
And cannot gueſs the Cauſe from whence cou'd ſpring
So vaſt a Change --- Then thus the ſighing King:
Illuſtrious Gueſt, to my ſtrange Tale attend,
Of ſad Beginning, but a joyful End:
The whole to a vaſt Hiſtory wou'd ſwell,
I ſhall but half, and that confus'dly, tell.
That Race whom ſo deſerv'dly you admir'd,
Are all into their ſilent Tombs retir'd:
They fell; and falling, how they ſhook my State,
Thought may conceive, but Words can ne'er relate.

The Story of Ants chang'd to Men.

By Mr. STONESTREET.

A dreadful Plague from angry *Juno* came,
To ſcourge the Land that bore her Rival's Name;
Before her fatal Anger was reveal'd,
And teeming Malice lay as yet conceal'd,
All Remedies we try, all Med'cines uſe,
Which Nature cou'd ſupply, or Art produce;
Th' unconquer'd Foe derides the vain Deſign,
And Art and Nature foil'd, declare the Cauſe Divine.
At firſt we only felt th' oppreſſive Weight
Of gloomy Clouds, then teeming with our Fate,
And lab'ring to diſcharge unactive Heat:

But e're four Moons alternate Changes knew,
With deadly Blaſts the fatal *South-wind* blew,
Infected all the Air, and poiſon'd as it flew.
Our Fountains too a dire Infection yield,
For Crowds of Vipers creep along the Field,
And with polluted Gore, and baneful Steams,
Taint all the Lakes, and venom all the Streams.
The young Diſeaſe with milder Force began,
And rag'd on Birds and Beaſts, excuſing Man.
The lab'ring Oxen fall before the Plow,
Th'unhappy Plow-men ſtare, and wonder how:
The tabid Sheep, with ſickly Bleatings, pines;
Its Wooll decreaſing, as its Strength declines:
The warlike Steed, by inward Foes compell'd,
Neglects his Honours, and deſerts the Field;
Unnerv'd and languid, ſeeks a baſe Retreat,
And at the Manger groans, but wiſh'd a nobler Fate:
The Stags forget their Speed, the Boars their Rage,
Nor can the Bears the ſtronger Herds engage:
A gen'ral Faintneſs does invade 'em all,
And in the Woods and Fields promiſcuouſly they fall.
The Air receives the Stench, and (ſtrange to ſay)
The rav'nous Birds and Beaſts avoid the Prey:
Th'offenſive Bodies rot upon the Ground,
And ſpread the dire Contagion all around.
But now the Plague, grown to a larger Size,
Riots on Man, and ſcorns a meaner Prize.
Inteſtine Heats begin the Civil War,
And Fluſhings firſt the latent Flame declare,
And Breath inſpir'd, which ſeem'd like fiery Air.
Their black dry Tongues are ſwell'd, and ſcarce can move,
And ſhort thick Sighs from panting Lungs are drove.

They gape for Air, with flatt'ring Hopes t'abate
Their raging Flames, but that augments their Heat.
No Bed, no Cov'ring can the Wretches bear,
But on the Ground, expos'd to open Air,
They lye, and hope to find a pleaſing Coolneſs there.
The ſuff'ring Earth, with that Oppreſſion curſt,
Returns the Heat which they imparted firſt.

In vain Phyſicians would beſtow their Aid,
Vain all their Art, and uſeleſs all their Trade;
And they, ev'n they, who fleeting Life recall,
Feel the ſame Pow'rs, and undiſtinguiſh'd fall.
If any proves ſo daring to attend
His ſick Companion, or his darling Friend,
Th' officious Wretch ſucks in contagious Breath,
And with his Friend does ſympathize in Death.

And now the Care and Hopes of Life are paſt,
They pleaſe their Fancies, and indulge their Taſte;
At Brooks and Streams, regardleſs of their Shame,
Each Sex, promiſcuous, ſtrives to quench their Flame;
Nor do they ſtrive in vain to quench it there,
For Thirſt and Life at once extinguiſh'd are.
Thus in the Brooks the dying Bodies ſink,
But heedleſs ſtill the raſh Survivors drink.

So much uneaſy Down the Wretches hate,
They fly their Beds to ſtruggle with their Fate;
But if decaying Strength forbids to riſe,
The Victim crawls and rouls, till on the Ground he lies.
Each ſhuns his Bed, as each wou'd ſhun his Tomb,
And thinks th' Infection only lodg'd at home.

Here one, with fainting ſteps, does ſlowly creep
O'er Heaps of Dead, and ſtraight augments a Heap;

Ano-

Another, while his Strength and Tongue prevail'd,
Bewails his Friend, and falls himſelf bewail'd:
This with imploring Looks ſurveys the Skies,
The laſt dear Office of his cloſing Eyes,
But finds the Heav'ns implacable, and dies.
What now, ah! what employ'd my troubled Mind?
But only Hopes my Subjects Fate to find.
What Place ſoe'er my weeping Eyes ſurvey,
There in lamented Heaps the Vulgar lay;
As Acorns ſcatter when the Winds prevail,
Or mellow Fruit from ſhaken Branches fall.
You ſee that Dome which rears its Front ſo high:
'Tis ſacred to the Monarch of the Sky:
How many there, with unregarded Tears,
And fruitleſs Vows, ſent up ſucceſsleſs Pray'rs?
There Fathers for expiring Sons implor'd,
And there the Wife bewail'd her gaſping Lord;
With pious Off'rings they'd appeaſe the Skies,
But they, e're yet th' attoning Vapours riſe,
Before the Altars fall, themſelves a Sacrifice:
They fall, while yet their Hands the Gums contain,
The Gums ſurviving, but their Off'rers ſlain.
The deſtin'd Ox, with holy Garlands crown'd,
Prevents the Blow, and feels an unexpected Wound:
When I my ſelf invok'd the Pow'rs Divine,
To drive the fatal Peſt from Me and Mine;
When now the Prieſt with Hands uplifted ſtood,
Prepar'd to ſtrike, and ſhed the ſacred Blood,
The Gods themſelves the mortal Stroke beſtow,
The Victim falls, but They impart the Blow:

Scarce was the Knife with the pale Purple ſtain'd,
And no Preſages cou'd be then obtain'd,
From putrid Entrails, where th' Infection reign'd.
Death ſtalk'd around with ſuch reſiſtleſs Sway,
The Temples of the Gods his Force obey,
And Suppliants feel his Stroke while yet they pray.
Go now, ſaid he, your Deities implore
For fruitleſs Aid, for I defie their Pow'r.
Then with a curſt malicious Joy ſurvey'd
The very Altars, ſtain'd with Trophies of the Dead.
The reſt grown mad, and frantick with Deſpair,
Urge their own Fate, and ſo prevent the Fear.
Strange Madneſs, that, when Death purſu'd ſo faſt,
T' anticipate the Blow with impious Haſte.
No decent Honour to their Urns are paid,
Nor cou'd the Graves receive the num'rous Dead;
For, or they lay unbury'd on the Ground,
Or unadorn'd a needy Fun'ral found:
All Rev'rence paſt, the fainting Wretches fight
For Fun'ral Piles which were another's Right.
Unmourn'd they fall, for who ſurviv'd to mourn?
And Sires and Mothers unlamented burn:
Parents and Sons ſuſtain an equal Fate,
And wand'ring Ghoſts their kindred Shadows meet.
The Dead a larger Space of Ground require,
Nor are the Trees ſufficient for the Fire.
Deſpairing under Grief's oppreſſive Weight,
And ſunk by theſe tempeſtuous Blaſts of Fate,
O *Jove*, ſaid I, if common Fame ſays true,
If e'er *Ægina* gave thoſe Joys to you,

If e'er you lay enclos'd in her Embrace,
Fond of her Charms, and eager to poſſeſs;
O Father, if you do not yet diſclaim
Paternal Care, nor yet diſown the Name;
Grant my Petitions, and with Speed reſtore
My Subjects num'rous as they were before,
Or make me Partner of the Fate they bore.
I ſpoke, and glorious Lightning ſhone around,
And ratling Thunder gave a proſp'rous Sound;
So let it be, and may theſe Omens prove
A Pledge, ſaid I, of your returning Love.
By chance a rev'rend Oak was near the Place,
Sacred to *Jove*, and of *Dodona*'s Race,
Where frugal Ants laid up their Winter Meat,
Whoſe little Bodies bear a mighty Weight:
We ſaw them march along, and hide their Store,
And much admir'd their Number, and their Pow'r;
Admir'd at firſt, but after envy'd more.
Full of Amazement, thus to *Jove* I pray'd,
O grant, ſince thus my Subjects are decay'd,
As many Subjects to ſupply the Dead.
I pray'd, and ſtrange Convulſions mov'd the Oak,
Which murmur'd, tho' by ambient Winds unſhook:
My trembling Hands, and ſtiff erected Hair,
Expreſt all Tokens of uncommon Fear;
Yet both the Earth and ſacred Oak I kiſt,
And ſcarce cou'd hope, yet ſtill I hop'd the beſt;
For Wretches, whatſoe'er the Fates divine,
Expound all Omens to their own Deſign.
But now 'twas Night, when ev'n Diſtraction wears
A pleaſing Look, and Dreams beguile our Cares.

Lo! the ſame Oak appears before my Eyes,
Nor alter'd in its Shape, nor former Size;
As many Ants the num'rous Branches bear,
The ſame their Labour, and their frugal Care;
The Branches too a like Commotion found,
And ſhook th' induſtrious Creatures on the Ground,
Who, by degrees (what's ſcarce to be believ'd)
A nobler Form, and larger Bulk receiv'd,
And on the Earth walk'd an unuſual Pace,
With manly Strides, and an erected Face;
Their num'rous Legs, and former Colour loſt,
The Inſects cou'd a Human Figure boaſt.
I wake, and waking find my Cares again,
And to the unperforming Gods complain,
And call their Promiſe and Pretences vain.
Yet in my Court I heard the murm'ring Voice
Of Strangers, and a mixt uncommon Noiſe:
But I ſuſpected all was ſtill a Dream,
'Till *Telamon* to my Apartment came,
Op'ning the Door with an impetuous Haſte,
O come, ſaid he, and ſee your Faith and Hopes ſurpaſt:
I follow, and, confus'd with Wonder, view
Thoſe Shapes which my preſaging Slumbers drew:
I ſaw, and own'd, and call'd them Subjects; they
Confeſt my Pow'r, ſubmiſſive to my Sway.
To *Jove*, Reſtorer of my Race decay'd,
My Vows were firſt with due Oblations paid.
I then divide with an impartial Hand
My empty City, and my ruin'd Land,
To give the New-born Youth an equal Share,
And call them *Myrmidons*, from what they were.

You ſaw their Perſons, and they ſtill retain
The Thrift of Ants, tho' now transform'd to Men.
A frugal People, and inur'd to Sweat,
Lab'ring to gain, and keeping what they get.
Theſe, equal both in Strength and Years, ſhall join
Their willing Aid, and follow your Deſign,
With the firſt Southern Gale that ſhall preſent
To fill your Sails, and favour your Intent.

Continu'd by Mr. Tate.

With ſuch Diſcourſe they entertain the Day;
The Ev'ning paſt in Banquets, Sport, and Play:
Then, having crown'd the Night with ſweet Repoſe,
Aurora (with the Wind at Eaſt) aroſe.
Now *Pallas'* Sons to *Cephalus* reſort,
And *Cephalus* with *Pallas'* Sons to Court,
To the King's Levee; him Sleep's ſilken Chain,
And pleaſing Dreams, beyond his Hour detain;
But then the Princes of the Blood, in State,
Expect and meet 'em at the Palace Gate.

The Story of Cephalus *and* Procris.

To th' inmoſt Courts the *Grecian* Youths were led,
And plac'd by *Phocus* on a *Tyrian* Bed;
Who, ſoon obſerving *Cephalus* to hold
A Dart of unknown Wood, but arm'd with Gold;
None better loves (ſaid he) the Huntſ-man's Sport,
Or does more often to the Woods reſort;
Yet I that Jav'lin's Stem with Wonder view,
Too brown for Box, too ſmooth a Grain for Yew.
I cannot gueſs the Tree; but never Art
Did form, or Eyes behold ſo fair a Dart!

The Gueſt then interrupts him---'Twou'd produce
Still greater Wonder, if you knew its Uſe.
It never fails to ſtrike the Game, and then
Comes bloody back into your Hand again.
Then *Pho*[illegible] each Particular deſires,
And th' Author of the wond'rous Gift enquires.
To which the Owner thus, with weeping Eyes,
And Sorrow for his Wife's ſad Fate, replies,
This Weapon here (O Prince!) can you believe
This Dart the Cauſe for which ſo much I grieve;
And ſhall continue to grieve on, 'till Fate
Afford ſuch wretched Life no longer Date.
Would I this fatal Gift had ne'er enjoy'd,
This fatal Gift my tender Wife deſtroy'd:
Procris her Name, ally'd in Charms and Blood
To fair *Orythia* courted by a God.
Her Father ſeal'd my Hopes with Rites Divine,
But firmer Love before had made her mine.
Men call'd me bleſt, and bleſt I was indeed.
The ſecond Month our Nuptials did ſucceed;
When (as upon *Hymettus'* dewy Head,
For Mountain Stags, my Net betimes I ſpread)
Aurora ſpy'd, and raviſh'd me away,
With Rev'rence to the Goddeſs, I muſt ſay,
Againſt my Will, for *Procris* had my Heart,
Nor wou'd her Image from my Thoughts depart.
At laſt, in Rage ſhe cry'd, Ingrateful Boy
Go to your *Procris*, take your fatal Joy;
And ſo diſmiſs'd me: Muſing, as I went,
What thoſe Expreſſions of the Goddeſs meant,
A thouſand jealous Fears poſſeſs me now,
Leſt *Procris* had prophan'd her Nuptial Vow:

Her Youth and Charms did to my Fancy paint
A lewd Adultreſs, but her Life a Saint.
Yet I was abſent long, the Goddeſs too
Taught me how far a Woman cou'd be true.
Aurora's Treatment much Suſpicion bred;
Beſides, who truly love, ev'n Shadows dread.
I ſtrait impatient for the Tryal grew,
What Courtſhip back'd with richeſt Gifts cou'd do.
Aurora's Envy aided my Deſign,
And lent me Features far unlike to mine.
In this Diſguiſe to my own Houſe I came,
But all was chaſte, no conſcious Sign of Blame:
With thouſand Arts I ſcarce Admittance found,
And then beheld her weeping on the Ground
For her loſt Husband; hardly I retain'd
My Purpoſe, ſcarce the wiſh'd Embrace refrain'd.
How charming was her Grief! Then, *Phocus*, gueſs
What killing Beauties waited on her Dreſs.
Her conſtant Anſwer, when my Suit I preſt,
Forbear, my Lord's dear Image guards this Breaſt;
Where-e'er he is, whatever Cauſe detains,
Who-e'er has his, my Heart unmov'd remains.
What greater Proofs of Truth than theſe cou'd be?
Yet I perſiſt, and urge my Deſtiny.
At length, ſhe found, when my own Form return'd,
Her jealous Lover there, whoſe Loſs ſhe mourn'd.
Enrag'd with my Suſpicion, ſwift as Wind,
She fled at once from me and all Mankind;
And ſo became, her Purpoſe to retain,
A Nymph, and Huntreſs in *Diana*'s Train:
Forſaken thus, I found my Flames encreaſe,
I own'd my Folly, and I ſu'd for Peace.

It was a Fault, but not of Guilt, to move
Such Puniſhment, a Fault of too much Love.
Thus I retriev'd her to my longing Arms,
And many happy Days poſſeſs'd her Charms.
But with herſelf ſhe kindly did confer,
What Gifts the Goddeſs had beſtow'd on her;
The fleeteſt Grey-hound, with this lovely Dart,
And I of both have Wonders to impart.
Near *Thebes* a Savage Beaſt, of Race unknown,
Laid waſte the Field, and bore the Vineyards down;
The Swains fled from him, and with one Conſent
Our *Grecian* Youth to chaſe the Monſter went;
More ſwift than Light'ning he the Toils ſurpaſt,
And in his Courſe Spears, Men, and Trees o'er-caſt.
We ſlipt our Dogs, and laſt my *Lelaps* too,
When none of all the mortal Race wou'd do:
He long before was ſtruggling from my Hands,
And, e're we cou'd unlooſe him, broke his Bands.
That Minute where he was we cou'd not find,
And only ſaw the Duſt he left behind.
I climb'd a neighb'ring Hill to view the Chaſe,
While in the Plain they held an equal Race;
The Savage now ſeems caught, and now by Force
To quit himſelf, nor holds the ſame ſtrait Courſe;
But running counter, from the Foe withdraws,
And with ſhort Turning cheats his gaping Jaws:
Which he retrieves, and ſtill ſo cloſely preſt,
You'd fear at ev'ry Stretch he were poſſeſs'd;
Yet for the Gripe his Fangs in vain prepare,
The Game ſhoots from him, and he chops the Air.
To caſt my Jav'lin then I took my Stand;
But as the Thongs were fitting to my Hand,

While to the Valley I o'er-look'd the Wood,
Before my Eyes two Marble Statues ſtood.
That, as purſu'd, appearing at full Stretch,
This barking after, and at point to catch.
Some God their Courſe did with this Wonder grace,
That neither might be conquer'd in the Chaſe;
A ſudden Silence here his Tongue ſuppreſt,
He here ſtops ſhort, and fain wou'd wave the reſt.
The eager Prince then urg'd him to impart,
The Fortune that attended on the Dart.
Firſt then (ſaid he) paſt Joys let me relate,
For Bliſs was the Foundation of my Fate.
No Language can thoſe happy Hours expreſs,
Did from our Nuptials me and *Procris* bleſs:
The kindeſt Pair! What more cou'd Heav'n confer?
For She was all to me, and I to her.
Had *Jove* made Love, great *Jove* had been deſpis'd;
And I my *Procris* more than *Venus* priz'd:
Thus while no other Joy we did aſpire,
We grew at laſt one Soul, and one Deſire.
Forth to the Woods I went at Break of Day,
(The conſtant Practice of my Youth) for Prey:
Nor yet for Servant, Horſe, or Dog did call,
I found this ſingle Dart to ſerve for all.
With Slaughter tir'd, I ſought the cooler Shade,
And Winds that from the Mountains pierc'd the Glade:
Come, gentle Air, (ſo was I wont to ſay)
Come, gentle Air, ſweet *Aura* come away.
This always was the Burden of my Song,
Come aſſwage my Flames, ſweet *Aura* come along.
Thou always art moſt welcome to my Breaſt;
I faint; approach, thou deareſt, kindeſt Gueſt!

Theſe Blandiſhments, and more than theſe, I ſaid,
(By Fate to unſuſpected Ruin led)
Thou art my Joy, for thy dear ſake I love
Each deſart Hill and ſolitary Grove;
When (faint with Labour) I Refreſhment need,
For Cordials on thy fragrant Breath I feed.
At laſt a wand'ring Swain in hearing came,
And cheated with the Sound of *Aura*'s Name,
He thought I had ſome Aſſignation made;
And to my *Procris*' Ear the News convey'd.
Great Love is ſooneſt with Suſpicion fir'd,
She ſwoon'd, and with the Tale almoſt expir'd.
Ah! wretched Heart, (ſhe cry'd) ah! faithleſs Man!
And then to curſe th' imagin'd Nymph began:
Yet oft ſhe doubts, oft hopes ſhe is deceiv'd,
And chides herſelf that ever ſhe believ'd
Her Lord to ſuch Injuſtice cou'd proceed,
Till ſhe herſelf were Witneſs of the Deed.
Next Morn I to the Woods again repair,
And, weary with the Chaſe, invoke the Air;
Approach, dear *Aura*, and my Boſom chear:
At which a mournful Sound did ſtrike my Ear;
Yet I proceeded, 'till the Thicket by,
With ruſtling Noiſe and Motion, drew my Eye;
I thought ſome Beaſt of Prey was ſhelter'd there,
And to the Covert threw my certain Spear;
From whence a tender Sigh my Soul did wound,
Ah me! it cry'd, and did like *Procris* ſound.
Procris was there, too well the Voice I knew,
And to the Place with headlong Horror flew;
Where I beheld her gaſping on the Ground,
In vain attempting from the deadly Wound

To draw the Dart, her Love's dear fatal Gift!
My guilty Arms had ſcarce the Strength to lift
The beauteous Load; my Silks and Hair I tore
(If poſſible) to ſtanch the preſſing Gore;
For Pity begg'd her keep her flitting Breath,
And not to leave me guilty of her Death.
While I intreat ſhe fainted faſt away,
And theſe few Words had only Strength to ſay;
By all the ſacred Bonds of plighted Love,
By all your Rev'rence to the Pow'rs above,
By all that made me charming once appear,
By all the Truth for which you held me dear,
And laſt by Love, the Cauſe through which I bleed,
Let *Aura* never to my Bed ſucceed.
I then perceiv'd the Error of our Fate,
And told it her, but found and told too late!
I felt her lower to my Boſom fall,
And while her Eyes had any Sight at all,
On mine ſhe fix'd them; in her Pangs ſtill preſt
My Hand, and ſigh'd her Soul into my Breaſt;
Yet, being undeceiv'd, reſign'd her Breath
Methought more chearfully, and ſmil'd in Death.
With ſuch Concern the weeping Heroe told
This Tale, that none who heard him cou'd with-hold
From melting into ſympathizing Tears,
Till *Æacus* with his two Sons appears;
Whom he commits, with their new-levy'd Bands,
To Fortune's, and ſo brave a Gen'ral's Hands.

The End of the Seventh Book.



Lud. Du Guernier

To Her Grace the Dutchess of Rutla

POUR PARVENIR

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK VIII.

Tranſlated by Mr. DRYDEN *and Others.*

The Story of NISUS *and* SCYLLA.

By Mr. CROXALL.

NOW ſhone the Morning Star in bright Array,
To vanquiſh Night, and uſher in the Day:
The Wind veers Southward, and moiſt Clouds ariſe,
That blot with Shades the Blue Meridian Skies.
Cephalus feels with Joy the kindly Gales,
His new Allies unfurl the ſwelling Sails;
Steady their Courſe, they cleave the yielding Main,
And, with a Wiſh, th' intended Harbour gain.
Mean while King *Minos*, on the *Attick* Strand,
Diſplays his martial Skill, and waſtes the Land.
His Army lies encampt upon the Plains,
Before *Alcathöe*'s Walls, where *Niſus* reigns;
On whoſe grey Head a Lock of Purple Hue,
The Strength and Fortune of his Kingdom, grew.

Six Moons were gone and paſt, when ſtill from far
Victoria hover'd o'er the doubtful War.
So long, to both inclin'd, th' impartial Maid
Between 'em both her equal Wings diſplay'd.
High on the Walls, by *Phœbus* vocal made,
A Turret of the Palace rais'd its Head;
And where the God his tuneful Harp reſign'd,
The Sound within the Stones ſtill lay enſhrin'd.
Hither the Daughter of the Purple King
Aſcended oft, to hear its Muſick ring;
And, ſtriking with a Pebble, wou'd releaſe
Th' enchanted Notes, in Times of happy Peace.
Now too, from thence, the curious Maid beheld
Rough Feats of Arms, and Combats of the Field:
And, ſince the Siege was long, had learnt the Name
Of ev'ry Chief, his Character, and Fame;
Their Arms, their Horſe, and Quiver ſhe deſcry'd,
Nor cou'd the Dreſs of War the Warrior hide.
Europa's Son ſhe knew above the Reſt,
And more, than well became a Virgin Breaſt:
In vain the creſted Morion veils his Face,
She thinks it adds a more peculiar Grace:
His ample Shield, emboſt with burniſh'd Gold,
Still makes the Bearer lovelier to behold:
When the tough Jav'lin, with a Whirl, he ſends,
His Strength and Skill the ſighing Maid commends;
Or, when he ſtrains to draw the circling Bow,
And his fine Limbs a manly Poſture ſhow,
Compar'd with *Phœbus*, he performs ſo well,
Let her be Judge, and *Minos* ſhall excell.
But when the Helm, put off, diſplay'd to Sight,
And ſet his Features in an open Light;

When, vaulting to his Seat, his Steed he preſt,
Capariſon'd in Gold, and richly dreſt;
Himſelf in Scarlet ſumptuouſly array'd,
New Paſſions riſe, and fire the frantick Maid.
O happy Spear! ſhe cries, that feels his Touch;
Nay, ev'n the Reins he holds are bleſt too much.
Oh! were it lawful, ſhe cou'd wing her Way
Thro' the ſtern hoſtile Troops without Diſmay;
Or throw her Body to the diſtant Ground,
And in the *Cretans* happy Camp be found.
Wou'd *Minos* but deſire it! ſhe'd expoſe
Her native Country to her Country's Foes;
Unbar the Gates, the Town with Flames infeſt,
Or any thing that *Minos* ſhou'd requeſt.
And, as ſhe ſate, and pleas'd her longing Sight,
Viewing the King's Pavilion veil'd with White,
Shou'd Joy, or Grief, ſhe ſaid, poſſeſs my Breaſt,
To ſee my Country by a War oppreſt?
I'm in Suſpenſe: For, tho' 'tis Grief to know
I love a Man that is declar'd my Foe;
Yet, in my own Deſpite, I muſt approve
That lucky War, which brought the Man I love.
Yet, were I tender'd as a Pledge of Peace,
The Cruelties of War might quickly ceaſe.
Oh! with what Joy I'd wear the Chains he gave!
A patient Hoſtage, and a willing Slave.
Thou lovely Object! if the Nymph that bare
Thy charming Perſon, were but half ſo fair;
Well might a God her Virgin Bloom deſire,
And with a Rape indulge his amorous Fire.
Oh! had I Wings to glide along the Air,
To his dear Tent I'd fly, and ſettle there:

There tell my Quality, confeſs my Flame,
And grant him any Dowry that he'd name.
All, all I'd give; only my native Land,
My deareſt Country, ſhou'd excepted ſtand.
For, periſh Love, and all expected Joys,
E're, with ſo baſe a Thought, my Soul complies.
Yet, oft the Vanquiſh'd ſome Advantage find,
When conquer'd by a noble, gen'rous Mind.
Brave *Minos* juſtly has the War begun,
Fir'd with Reſentment for his murder'd Son:
The righteous Gods a righteous Cauſe regard,
And will, with Victory, his Arms reward:
We muſt be conquer'd; and the Captive's Fate
Will ſurely ſeize us, tho' it ſeize us late.
Why then ſhou'd Love be idle, and neglect
What *Mars*, by Arms and Perils, will effect?
Oh! Prince, I dye, with anxious Fear oppreſt,
Leſt ſome raſh Hand ſhou'd wound my Charmer's Breaſt:
For, if they ſaw, no barb'rous Mind cou'd dare
Againſt that lovely Form to raiſe a Spear.
But I'm reſolv'd, and fix'd in this Decree,
My Father's Country ſhall my Dowry be.
Thus I prevent the Loſs of Life and Blood,
And, in Effect, the Action muſt be good.
Vain Reſolution! for, at ev'ry Gate
The truſty Centinels, ſucceſſive, wait:
The Keys my Father keeps; ah! there's my Grief;
'Tis he obſtructs all Hopes of my Relief.
Gods! that this hated Light I'd never ſeen!
Or, all my Life, without a Father been!
But Gods we all may be; for thoſe that dare,
Are Gods, and Fortune's chiefeſt Favours ſhare.

The

The ruling Pow'rs a lazy Pray'r deteſt,
The bold Adventurer ſucceeds the beſt.
What other Maid, inſpir'd with ſuch a Flame,
But wou'd take Courage, and abandon Shame?
But wou'd, tho' Ruin ſhou'd enſue, remove
Whate'er oppos'd, and clear the Way to Love?
This, ſhall another's feeble Paſſion dare?
While I ſit tame, and languiſh in Deſpair:
No; for tho' Fire and Sword before me lay,
Impatient Love thro' both ſhou'd force its Way:
Yet I have no ſuch Enemies to fear;
My ſole Obſtruction is my Father's Hair;
His Purple Lock my ſanguine Hope deſtroys,
And clouds the Proſpect of my riſing Joys.
Whilſt thus ſhe ſpoke, amid the thick'ning Air
Night ſupervenes, the greateſt Nurſe of Care:
And, as the Goddeſs ſpreads her ſable Wings,
The Virgin's Fears decay, and Courage ſprings.
The Hour was come, when Man's o'er-labour'd Breaſt
Surceas'd its Care, by downy Sleep poſſeſt:
All things now huſh'd, *Scylla* with ſilent Tread
Urg'd her Approach to *Niſus*' Royal Bed:
There, of the fatal Lock (accurſed Theft!)
She her unwitting Father's Head bereft.
In ſafe Poſſeſſion of her impious Prey,
Out at a Poſtern Gate ſhe takes her Way.
Embolden'd, by the Merit of the Deed,
She traverſes the adverſe Camp with Speed,
Till *Minos*' Tent ſhe reach'd: The righteous King
She thus beſpoke, who ſhiver'd at the thing.
Behold th' Effect of Love's reſiſtleſs Sway!
I, *Niſus*' Royal Seed, to thee betray.

My Country, and my Gods. For this ſtrange Task,
Minos, no other Boon but Thee I ask.
This Purple Lock, a Pledge of Love, receive;
No worthleſs Preſent, ſince in it I give
My Father's Head.---- Mov'd at a Crime ſo new,
And with Abhorrence fill'd, back *Minos* drew,
Nor touch'd th' unhallow'd Gift; but thus exclaim'd,
(With Mein indignant, and with Eyes inflam'd)
Perdition ſeize thee, thou, thy Kind's Diſgrace!
May thy devoted Carcaſs find no Place
In Earth, or Air, or Sea, by all out-caſt!
Shall *Minos*, with ſo foul a Monſter, blaſt
His *Cretan* World, where cradled *Jove* was nurſt?
Forbid it Heav'n!--- away, thou moſt accurſt.
And now *Alcathoë*, its Lord exchang'd,
Was under *Minos'* Domination rang'd.
While the moſt equal King his Care applies
To curb the Conquer'd, and new Laws deviſe,
The Fleet, by his Command, with hoiſted Sails,
And ready Oars, invites the murm'ring Gales.
At length the *Cretan* Hero Anchor weigh'd,
Repaying, with Neglect, th' abandon'd Maid.
Deaf to her Cries, he furrows up the Main:
In vain ſhe prays, ſollicits him in vain.
And now ſhe furious grows; in wild Deſpair
She wrings her Hands, and throws aloft her Hair.
Where run'ſt thou? (thus ſhe vents her deep Diſtreſs)
Why ſhun'ſt thou her that crown'd thee with Succeſs?
Her, whoſe fond Love to thee cou'd ſacrifice
Her Country, and her Parent, ſacred Ties!
Can nor my Love, nor proffer'd Preſents find
A Paſſage to thy Heart, and make thee kind?

Can nothing move thy Pity? O Ingrate,
Can'ſt thou behold my loſt, forlorn Eſtate,
And not be ſoften'd? Can'ſt thou throw off One
Who has no Refuge left but Thee alone?
Where ſhall I ſeek for Comfort? whither fly?
My native Country does in Aſhes lye:
Or were't not ſo, my Treaſon bars me there,
And bids me wander. Shall I next repair
To a wrong'd Father, by my Guilt undone?----
Me all Mankind deſervedly will ſhun.
I, out of all the World, my ſelf have thrown,
To purchaſe an Acceſs to *Crete* alone;
Which, ſince refus'd, ungen'rous Man, give o'er
To boaſt thy Race; *Europa* never bore
A thing ſo ſavage. Thee ſome Tygreſs bred,
On the bleak *Syrt*'s inhoſpitable Bed;
Or where *Charybdis* pours its rapid Tide
Tempeſtuous. Thou art not to *Jove* ally'd;
Nor did the King of Gods thy Mother meet
Beneath a Bull's forg'd Shape, and bear to *Crete*.
That Fable of thy glorious Birth is feign'd;
Some wild outrageous Bull thy Dam ſuſtain'd.
O Father *Niſus*, now my Death behold;
Exult, O City, by my Baſeneſs ſold:
Minos, obdurate, has aveng'd ye all;
But 'twere more juſt by thoſe I wrong'd to fall:
For why ſhou'dſt thou, who only didſt ſubdue
By my offending, my Offence purſue?
Well art thou matcht to one whoſe am'rous Flame
Too fiercely rag'd, for Human-kind to tame;
One who, within a wooden Heifer thruſt,
Courted a low'ring Bull's miſtaken Luſt;

And, from whoſe Monſter-teeming Womb, the Earth
Receiv'd, what much it mourn'd, a bi-form Birth.
But what avail my Plaints? the whiſtling Wind
Which bears him far away, leaves them behind.
Well weigh'd *Paſiphaë*, when ſhe prefer'd
A Bull to thee, more brutiſh than the Herd.
But ah! Time preſſes, and the labour'd Oars
To Diſtance drive the Fleet, and loſe the leſs'ning Shores.
Think not, ungrateful Man, the liquid Way
And threat'ning Billows ſhall inforce my Stay.
I'll follow thee in Spite: My Arms I'll throw
Around thy Oars, or graſp thy crooked Prow,
And drag thro' drenching Seas. Her eager Tongue
Had hardly clos'd the Speech, when forth ſhe ſprung
And prov'd the Deep. *Cupid* with added Force
Recruits each Nerve, and aids her wat'ry Courſe.
Soon ſhe the Ship attains, unwelcome Gueſt;
And, as with cloſe Embrace its Sides ſhe preſt,
A Hawk from upper Air came pouring down:
('Twas *Niſus* cleft the Sky with Wings new-grown.)
At *Scylla*'s Head his horny Bill he aims;
She, fearful of the Blow, the Ship diſclaims,
Quitting her Hold: And yet ſhe fell not far,
But wondring, finds herſelf ſuſtain'd in Air.
Chang'd to a Lark, ſhe mottled Pinions ſhook,
And, from the raviſh'd Lock, the Name of *Ciris* took.

The Labyrinth.

Now *Minos*, landed on the *Cretan* Shore,
Performs his Vows to *Jove*'s protecting Pow'r;
A hundred Bullocks, of the largeſt Breed,
With Flowrets crown'd, before his Altar bleed:

While

While Trophies of the Vanquiſh'd, brought from far,
Adorn the Palace with the Spoils of War.
Mean while the Monſter of a Human-Beaſt,
His Family's Reproach, and Stain, increas'd.
His double Kind the Rumour ſwiftly ſpread,
And evidenc'd the Mother's beaſtly Deed.
When *Minos*, willing to conceal the Shame
That ſprung from the Reports of tattling Fame,
Reſolves a dark Incloſure to provide,
And, far from Sight, the two-form'd Creature hide.
Great *Dædalus* of *Athens* was the Man
That made the Draught, and form'd the wondrous Plan;
Where Rooms within themſelves encircled lye,
With various Windings, to deceive the Eye.
As ſoft *Mæander*'s wanton Current plays,
When thro' the *Phrygian* Fields it looſely ſtrays;
Backward, and forward rouls the dimpl'd Tide,
Seeming, at once, two different Ways to glide:
While circling Streams their former Banks ſurvey,
And Waters paſt ſucceeding Waters ſee:
Now floating to the Sea with downward Courſe,
Now pointing upward to its ancient Source.
Such was the Work, ſo intricate the Place,
That ſcarce the Workman all its Turns cou'd trace;
And *Dædalus* was puzzled how to find
The ſecret Ways of what himſelf deſign'd.
Theſe private Walls the *Minotaure* include,
Who twice was glutted with *Athenian* Blood:
But the third Tribute more ſucceſsful prov'd,
Slew the foul Monſter, and the Plague remov'd.
When *Theſeus*, aided by the Virgin's Art,
Had trac'd the guiding Thread thro' ev'ry Part,

He took the gentle Maid that ſet him free,
And, bound for *Dias*, cut the briny Sea.
There, quickly cloy'd, ungrateful, and unkind,
Left his fair Conſort in the Iſle behind.
Whom *Bacchus* ſaw, and ſtraining in his Arms
Her rifl'd Bloom, and violated Charms,
Reſolves, for this, the dear engaging Dame
Shou'd ſhine for ever in the Rolls of Fame;
And bids her Crown among the Stars be plac'd,
With an eternal Conſtellation grac'd.
The golden Circlet mounts; and, as it flies,
Its Diamonds twinkle in the diſtant Skies;
There, in their priſtin Form, the gemmy Rays
Between *Alcides* and the Dragon blaze.

The Story of DÆDALUS *and* ICARUS.

In tedious Exile now too long detain'd,
Dædalus languiſh'd for his native Land:
The Sea foreclos'd his Flight; yet thus he ſaid;
Tho' Earth and Water in Subjection laid,
O cruel *Minos*, thy Dominion be,
We'll go thro' Air; for ſure the Air is free.
Then to new Arts his cunning Thought applies,
And to improve the Work of Nature tries.
A Row of Quills in gradual Order plac'd,
Riſe by Degrees in Length from firſt to laſt;
As on a Cliff th' aſcending Thicket grows,
Or, different Reeds the rural Pipe compoſe.
Along the Middle runs a Twine of Flax,
The Bottom Stems are joyn'd by pliant Wax.
Thus, well compact, a hollow Bending brings
The fine Compoſure into real Wings.

His Boy, young *Icarus*, that near him ſtood,
Unthinking of his Fate, with Smiles purſu'd
The floating Feathers, which the moving Air
Bore looſely from the Ground, and wafted here and there.
Or with the Wax impertinently play'd,
And with his childiſh Tricks the great Deſign delay'd.
The final Maſter-ſtroke at laſt impos'd,
And now, the neat Machine compleatly clos'd;
Fitting his Pinions, on a Flight he tries,
And hung ſelf-ballanc'd in the beaten Skies.
Then thus inſtructs his Child; My Boy, take Care
To wing your Courſe along the middle Air;
If low, the Surges wet your flagging Plumes,
If high, the Sun the melting Wax conſumes:
Steer between both: Nor to the Northern Skies,
Nor South *Orion* turn your giddy Eyes;
But follow me: Let me before you lay
Rules for the Flight, and mark the pathleſs Way.
Then teaching, with a fond Concern, his Son,
He took the untry'd Wings, and fix'd 'em on;
But fix'd with trembling Hands; and, as he ſpeaks,
The Tears roul gently down his aged Cheeks.
Then kiſs'd, and in his Arms embrac'd him faſt,
But knew not this Embrace muſt be the laſt.
And mounting upward, as he wings his Flight,
Back on his Charge he turns his aking Sight;
As Parent Birds, when firſt their callow Care
Leave the high Neſt to tempt the liquid Air.
Then chears him on, and oft, with fatal Art,
Reminds the Stripling to perform his Part.
Theſe, as the Angler at the ſilent Brook,
Or Mountain-Shepherd leaning on his Crook,

Or gaping Plowman from the Vale deſcries,
They ſtare, and view 'em with religious Eyes,
And ſtrait conclude 'em Gods; ſince none, but they,
Thro' their own azure Skies cou'd find a Way.
Now *Delos*, *Paros* on the Left are ſeen,
And *Samos*, favour'd by *Jove*'s haughty Queen;
Upon the Right, the Iſle *Lebynthos* nam'd,
And fair *Calymnè* for its Honey fam'd.
When now the Boy, whoſe childiſh Thoughts aſpire
To loftier Aims, and make him ramble higher,
Grown wild and wanton, more embolden'd flies
Far from his Guide, and ſoars among the Skies.
The ſoft'ning Wax, that felt a nearer Sun,
Diſſolv'd apace, and ſoon began to run.
The Youth in vain his melting Pinions ſhakes,
His Feathers gone, no longer Air he takes:
Oh! Father, Father, as he ſtrove to cry,
Down to the Sea he tumbled from on high,
And found his Fate; yet ſtill ſubſiſts by Fame,
Among thoſe Waters that retain his Name.
The Father, now no more a Father, cries,
Ho *Icarus!* where are you? as he flies;
Where ſhall I ſeek my Boy? he cries again,
And ſaw his Feathers ſcatter'd on the Main.
Then curs'd his Art; and fun'ral Rites confer'd,
Naming the Country from the Youth interr'd.
A Partridge, from a neighb'ring Stump, beheld
The Sire his monumental Marble build;
Who, with peculiar Call, and flutt'ring Wing,
Chirpt joyful, and malicious ſeem'd to ſing:

The only Bird of all its Kind, and late
Transform'd in Pity to a feather'd State:
From whence, O *Dædalus*, thy Guilt we date.

His Siſter's Son, when now twelve Years were paſt,
Was, with his Uncle, as a Scholar plac'd;
The unſuſpecting Mother ſaw his Parts,
And Genius fitted for the fineſt Arts.
This ſoon appear'd; for when the ſpiny Bone
In Fiſhes Backs was by the Stripling known,
A rare Invention thence he learnt to draw,
Fil'd Teeth in Iron, and made the grating Saw.
He was the firſt, that from a Knob of Braſs
Made two ſtrait Arms with widening Stretch to paſs;
That, while one ſtood upon the Center's Place,
The other round it drew a circling Space.
Dædalus envy'd this, and from the Top
Of fair *Minerva*'s Temple let him drop;
Feigning that, as he lean'd upon the Tow'r,
Careleſs he ſtoop'd too much, and tumbled o'er.

The Goddeſs, who th' Ingenious ſtill befriends,
On this Occaſion her Aſſiſtance lends;
His Arms with Feathers, as he fell, ſhe veils,
And in the Air a new-made Bird he ſails.
The Quickneſs of his Genius, once ſo fleet,
Still in his Wings remains, and in his Feet:
Still, tho' transform'd, his ancient Name he keeps,
And with low Flight the new-ſhorn Stubble ſweeps.
Declines the lofty Trees, and thinks it beſt
To brood in Hedge-rows o'er it's humble Neſt;
And, in Remembrance of the former Ill,
Avoids the Heights and Precipices ſtill.

At length, fatigu'd with long laborious Flights,
On fair *Sicilia*'s Plains the Artiſt lights;
Where *Cocalus* the King, that gave him Aid,
Was, for his Kindneſs, with Eſteem repaid.
Athens no more her doleful Tribute ſent,
That Hardſhip gallant *Theſeus* did prevent;
Their Temples hung with Garlands, they adore
Each friendly God, but moſt *Minerva*'s Pow'r:
To her, to *Jove*, to All, their Altars ſmoak,
They each with Victims and Perfumes invoke.
Now talking Fame, thro' every *Græcian* Town,
Had ſpread, immortal *Theſeus*, thy Renown.
From him, the neighb'ring Nations in Diſtreſs,
In ſuppliant Terms implore a kind Redreſs.

The Story of MELEAGER *and* ATALANTA.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

From him, the *Caledonians* ſought Relief;
Though valiant *Meleagrus* was their Chief.
The Cauſe, a Boar, who ravag'd far and near:
Of *Cynthia*'s Wrath, th'avenging Miniſter.
For *Oeneus* with Autumnal Plenty bleſs'd,
By Gifts to Heav'n his Gratitude expreſs'd:
Cull'd Sheafs, to *Ceres*; to *Lyæus*, Wine;
To *Pan*, and *Pales*, offer'd Sheep and Kine;
And Fat of Olives, to *Minerva*'s Shrine.
Beginning from the Rural Gods, his Hand
Was lib'ral to the Pow'rs of high Command:
Each Deity in ev'ry Kind was bleſs'd,
Till at *Diana*'s Fane th'invidious Honour ceas'd.
Wrath touches ev'n the Gods; the Queen of Night,
Fir'd with Diſdain, and jealous of her Right,

Unhonour'd though I am, at leaſt, ſaid ſhe,
Not unreveng'd that impious Act ſhall be.
Swift as the Word, ſhe ſped the Boar away,
With Charge on thoſe devoted Fields to prey.
No larger Bulls th' *Ægyptian* Paſtures feed,
And none ſo large *Sicilian* Meadows breed:
His Eye-balls glare with Fire ſuffus'd with Blood;
His Neck ſhoots up a thick-ſet thorny Wood;
His briſtled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
And ſtands erected, like a Field of Spears.
Froth fills his Chaps, he ſends a grunting Sound,
And part he churns, and part befoams the Ground.
For Tusks with *Indian* Elephants he ſtrove,
And *Jove*'s own Thunder from his Mouth he drove.
He burns the Leaves; the ſcorching Blaſt invades
The tender Corn, and ſhrivels up the Blades:
Or ſuff'ring not their yellow Beards to rear,
He tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts the Year.
In vain the Barns expect their promis'd Load,
Nor Barns at home, nor Reeks are heap'd abroad:
In vain the Hinds the Threſhing-Floor prepare,
And exerciſe their Flails in empty Air.
With Olives ever-green the Ground is ſtrow'd,
And Grapes ungather'd ſhed their gen'rous Blood.
Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep
Their Shepherds, nor the Grooms their Bulls can keep.
From Fields to Walls the frighted Rabble run,
Nor think themſelves ſecure within the Town:
Till *Meleagros*, and his choſen Crew,
Contemn the Danger, and the Praiſe purſue.
Fair *Leda*'s Twins (in time to Stars decreed)
One fought on Foot, one curb'd the fiery Steed;

Then iſſu'd forth fam'd *Jaſon* after theſe,
Who mann'd the foremoſt Ship that fail'd the Seas;
Then *Theſeus* join'd with bold *Perithous* came;
A ſingle Concord in a double Name:
The *Theſtian* Sons, *Idas* who ſwiftly ran,
And *Ceneus*, once a Woman, now a Man.
Lynceus, with Eagle's Eyes, and Lion's Heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring Dart;
Acaſtus, *Phileus*, *Phœnix*, *Telamon*,
Echion, *Lelex*, and *Eurytion*,
Achilles' Father, and great *Phocus'* Son;
Dryas the Fierce, and *Hippaſus* the Strong;
With twice old *Iolas*, and *Neſtor* then but young.
Laertes active, and *Ancæus* bold;
Mopſus the Sage, who future things foretold;
And t'other Seer, yet by his Wife * unſold.
A thouſand others of immortal Fame;
Among the reſt, fair *Atalanta* came,
Grace of the Woods: A Diamond Buckle bound
Her Veſt behind, that elſe had flow'd upon the Ground,
And ſhew'd her buskin'd Legs; her Head was bare,
But for her native Ornament of Hair;
Which in a ſimple Knot was ty'd above,
Sweet Negligence! unheeded Bait of Love!
Her ſounding Quiver, on her Shoulder ty'd,
One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow ſupply'd.
Such was her Face, as in a Nymph diſplay'd
A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd
The bluſhing Beauties of a modeſt Maid.
The *Caledonian* Chief at once the Dame
Beheld, at once his Heart receiv'd the Flame,

* *Amphiarus.*

With Heav'ns averſe. O happy Youth, he cry'd;
For whom thy Fates reſerve ſo fair a Bride!
He ſigh'd, and had no Leiſure more to ſay;
His Honour call'd his Eyes another way,
And forc'd him to purſue the now neglected Prey.

There ſtood a Foreſt on a Mountain's Brow,
Which over-look'd the ſhaded Plains below.
No ſounding Ax preſum'd thoſe Trees to bite;
Coeval with the World, a venerable Sight.
The Heroes there arriv'd, ſome ſpread around
The Toils; ſome ſearch the Footſteps on the Ground:
Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs unbound.
Of Action eager, and intent in Thought,
The Chiefs their honourable Danger ſought:
A Valley ſtood below; the common Drain
Of Waters from above, and falling Rain:
The Bottom was a moiſt and marſhy Ground,
Whoſe Edges were with bending Oziers crown'd:
The knotty Bulruſh next in order ſtood,
And all within of Reeds a trembling Wood.

From hence the Boar was rous'd, and ſprung amain,
Like Lightning ſudden, on the Warrior-Train;
Beats down the Trees before him, ſhakes the Ground,
The Foreſt echoes to the crackling Sound;
Shout the fierce Youth, and Clamours ring around.
All ſtood with their protended Spears prepar'd,
With broad Steel Heads the brandiſh'd Weapons glar'd.
The Beaſt impetuous with his Tusks aſide
Deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs divide:
All ſpend their Mouth aloof, but none abide.
Echion threw the firſt, but miſs'd his Mark,
And ſtuck his Boar-ſpear on a Maple's Bark.

Then *Jaſon*; and his Javelin ſeem'd to take,
But fail'd with Over-force, and whiz'd above his Back.
Mopſus was next; but e'er he threw, addreſs'd
To *Phœbus*, thus: O Patron, help thy Prieſt:
If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy Pow'r Divine, thy preſent Aid afford;
That I may reach the Beaſt. The God allow'd
His Pray'r, and ſmiling, gave him what he cou'd:
He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the Javelin as it flew.

This chaf'd the Boar, his Noſtrils Flames expire,
And his red Eye-balls roul with living Fire.
Whirl'd from a Sling, or from an Engine thrown,
Amid the Foes, ſo flies a mighty Stone,
As flew the Beaſt: The Left Wing put to Flight,
The Chiefs o'er-born, he ruſhes on the Right.
Empalamos and *Pelagon* he laid
In Duſt, and next to Death, but for their Fellows Aid.
Oneſimus far'd worſe, prepar'd to fly,
The fatal Fang drove deep within his Thigh,
And cut the Nerves: The Nerves no more ſuſtain
The Bulk; the Bulk unprop'd, falls headlong on the Plain.

Neſtor had fail'd the Fall of *Troy* to ſee,
But leaning on his Lance, he vaulted on a Tree;
Then gath'ring up his Feet, look'd down with Fear,
And thought his monſtrous Foe was ſtill too near.
Againſt a Stump his Tusk the Monſter grinds,
And in the ſharpen'd Edge new Vigour finds;
Then, truſting to his Arms, young *Othrys* found,
And ranch'd his Hips with one continu'd Wound.

Now *Leda*'s Twins, the future Stars, appear;
White were their Habits, white their Horſes were:

Conſpicuous both, and both in Act to throw,
Their trembling Lances brandiſh'd at the Foe:
Nor had they miſs'd; but he to Thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming Spears, not pervious to the Steed.
But *Telamon* ruſh'd in, and happ'd to meet
A riſing Root, that held his faſtned Feet;
So down he fell, whom, ſprawling on the Ground,
His Brother from the wooden Gyves unbound.
Mean time the Virgin-Huntreſs was not ſlow
T'expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow:
Beneath his Ear the faſtned Arrow ſtood,
And from the Wound appear'd the trickling Blood.
She bluſh'd for Joy: But *Meleagros* rais'd
His Voice with loud Applauſe, and the fair Archer prais'd.
He was the firſt to ſee, and firſt to ſhow
His Friends the Marks of the ſucceſsful Blow.
Nor ſhall thy Valour want the Praiſes due,
He ſaid; a virtuous Envy ſeiz'd the Crew.
They ſhout; the Shouting animates their Hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging Darts:
But out of Order thrown, in Air they joyn,
And Multitude makes fruſtrate the Deſign.
With both his Hands the proud *Ancæus* takes,
And flouriſhes his double-biting Ax:
Then, forward to his Fate, he took a Stride
Before the reſt, and to his Fellows cry'd,
Give place, and mark the Diff'rence, if you can,
Between a Woman Warrior, and a Man;
The Boar is doom'd; nor though *Diana* lend
Her Aid, *Diana* can her Beaſt defend.
Thus boaſted he; then ſtretch'd, on Tiptoe ſtood,
Secure to make his empty Promiſe good.

But the more wary Beaſt prevents the Blow,
And upward rips the Groin of his audacious Foe.
Ancæus falls; his Bowels from the Wound
Ruſh out, and clotter'd Blood diſtains the Ground.
Perithous, no ſmall Portion of the War,
Preſs'd on, and ſhook his Lance: To whom from far
Thus *Theſeus* cry'd; O ſtay, my better Part,
My more than Miſtreſs; of my Heart, the Heart.
The Strong may fight aloof; *Antæus* try'd
His Force too near, and by preſuming dy'd:
He ſaid, and while he ſpake his Javelin threw,
Hiſſing in Air th' unerring Weapon flew;
But on an Arm of Oak, that ſtood betwixt
The Marks-man and the Mark, his Lance he fixt.
Once more bold *Jaſon* threw, but fail'd to wound
The Boar, and ſlew an undeſerving Hound,
And through the Dog the Dart was nail'd to Ground.
Two Spears from *Meleager*'s Hand were ſent,
With equal Force, but various in th' Event:
The firſt was fix'd in Earth, the ſecond ſtood
On the Boar's briſtled Back, and deeply drank his Blood.
Now while the tortur'd Savage turns around,
And flings about his Foam, impatient of the Wound,
The Wound's great Author cloſe at Hand provokes
His Rage, and plies him with redoubled Strokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed Dart
Explores the neareſt Paſſage to his Heart.
Quick and more quick he ſpins in giddy Gires,
Then falls, and in much Foam his Soul expires.
This Act with Shouts Heav'n-high the friendly Band
Applaud, and ſtrain in theirs the Victor's Hand.

Then

Then all approach the Slain with vaſt Surprize,
Admire on what a Breadth of Earth he lies,
And ſcarce ſecure, reach out their Spears afar,
And blood their Points, to prove their Partnerſhip of War.
But he, the conqu'ring Chief, his Foot impreſs'd
On the ſtrong Neck of that deſtructive Beaſt;
And gazing on the Nymph with ardent Eyes,
Accept, ſaid he, fair *Nonacrine*, my Prize,
And, though inferior, ſuffer me to join
My Labours, and my Part of Praiſe, with thine:
At this preſents her with the Tusky Head
And Chine, with riſing Briſtles roughly ſpread.
Glad, ſhe receiv'd the Gift; and ſeem'd to take
With double Pleaſure, for the Giver's ſake.
The reſt were ſeiz'd with ſullen Diſcontent,
And a deaf Murmur through the Squadron went:
All envy'd; but the *Theſſyan* Brethren ſhow'd
The leaſt Reſpect, and thus they vent their Spleen aloud:
Lay down thoſe honour'd Spoils, nor think to ſhare,
Weak Woman as thou art, the Prize of War:
Ours is the Title, thine a foreign Claim,
Since *Meleagros* from our Lineage came.
Truſt not thy Beauty; but reſtore the Prize,
Which he, beſotted on that Face and Eyes,
Would rend from us: At this, enflam'd with Spite,
From her they ſnatch the Gift, from him the Giver's Right.
But ſoon th' impatient Prince his Fauchion drew,
And cry'd, Ye Robbers of another's Due,
Now learn the Diff'rence, at your proper Coſt,
Betwixt true Valour, and an empty Boaſt.
At this advanc'd, and ſudden as the Word,
In proud *Plexippus'* Boſom plung'd the Sword:

Toxeus amaz'd, and with Amazement ſlow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming Blow,
Stood doubting; and while doubting thus he ſtood,
Receiv'd the Steel bath'd in his Brother's Blood.
Pleas'd with the firſt, unknown the ſecond News;
Althæa to the Temples pays their Dues
For her Son's Conqueſt; when at length appear
Her griſly Brethren ſtretch'd upon the Bier:
Pale at the ſudden Sight, ſhe chang'd her Cheer,
And with her Cheer her Robes; but hearing tell
The Cauſe, the Manner, and by whom they fell,
'Twas Grief no more, or Grief and Rage were one
Within her Soul; at laſt 'twas Rage alone;
Which burning upwards in Succeſſion, dries
The Tears that ſtood conſid'ring in her Eyes.
There lay a Log unlighted on the Hearth,
When ſhe was lab'ring in the Throws of Birth
For th' unborn Chief; the fatal Siſters came,
And rais'd it up, and toſs'd it on the Flame:
Then on the Rock a ſcanty Meaſure place
Of vital Flax, and turn'd the Wheel apace;
And turning ſung, To this red Brand and thee,
O new-born Babe, we give an equal Deſtiny:
So vaniſh'd out of View. The frighted Dame
Sprung haſty from her Bed, and quench'd the Flame:
The Log, in ſecret lock'd, ſhe kept with Care,
And that, while thus preſerv'd, preſerv'd her Heir.
This Brand ſhe now produc'd; and firſt ſhe ſtrows
The Hearth with Heaps of Chips, and after blows;
Thrice heav'd her Hand, and heav'd, ſhe thrice repreſs'd:
The Siſter and the Mother long conteſt,
Two doubtful Titles, in one tender Breaſt:

And now her Eyes and Cheeks with Fury glow,
Now pale her Cheeks, her Eyes with Pity flow:
Now low'ring Looks preſage approaching Storms,
And now prevailing Love her Face reforms:
Reſolv'd, ſhe doubts again; the Tears ſhe dry'd
With burning Rage, are by new Tears ſupply'd;
And as a Ship, which Winds and Waves aſſail,
Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale,
Both oppoſite, and neither long prevail:
She feels a double Force, by Turns obeys
Th' imperious Tempeſt, and th' impetuous Seas:
So fares *Althæa*'s Mind, ſhe firſt relents
With Pity, of that Pity then repents:
Siſter and Mother long the Scales divide,
But the Beam nodded on the Siſter's Side.
Sometimes ſhe ſoftly ſigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But Sighs were ſtifled in the Cries of Blood.
The pious, impious Wretch at length decreed,
To pleaſe her Brothers Ghoſt, her Son ſhould bleed:
And when the fun'ral Flames began to riſe,
Receive, ſhe ſaid, a Siſter's Sacrifice;
A Mother's Bowels burn: High in her Hand,
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, ſhe held the fatal Brand;
Then thrice before the kindled Pile ſhe bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:
Come, come, revenging Siſters, come and view
A Siſter paying her dead Brothers Due:
A Crime I puniſh, and a Crime commit;
But Blood for Blood, and Death for Death is fit:
Great Crimes muſt be with greater Crimes repaid,
And ſecond Funerals on the former laid.

Let the whole Houſhold in one Ruin fall,
And may *Diana*'s Curſe o'ertake us all.
Shall Fate to happy *Oeneus* ſtill allow
One Son, while *Thęſtius* ſtands depriv'd of two?
Better Three loſt, than One unpuniſh'd go.
Take then, dear Ghoſts, (while yet admitted new
In Hell you wait my Duty) take your Due:
A coſtly Off'ring on your Tomb is laid,
When with my Blood the Price of yours is paid.
Ah! whither am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive,
Ye Shades, and let your Siſter's Iſſue live:
A Mother cannot give him Death; tho' he
Deſerves it, he deſerves it not from me.
Then ſhall th'unpuniſh'd Wretch inſult the Slain,
Triumphant live, nor only live, but reign?
While you, thin Shades, the Sport of Winds, are toſt
O'er dreary Plains, or tread the burning Coaſt.
I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis paſt, 'tis done;
Periſh this impious, this deteſted Son:
Periſh his Sire, and periſh I withall;
And let the Houſe's Heir, and the hop'd Kingdom fall.
Where is the Mother fled, her pious Love,
And where the Pains with which ten Months I ſtrove!
Ah! had'ſt thou dy'd, my Son, in Infant Years,
Thy little Herſe had been bedew'd with Tears.
Thou liv'ſt by me; to me thy Breath reſign;
Mine is the Merit, the Demerit thine.
Thy Life by double Title I require;
Once giv'n at Birth, and once preſerv'd from Fire:
One Murder pay, or add one Murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee reſtore.

I would, but cannot: My Son's Image ſtands
Before my Sight; and now their angry Hands
My Brothers hold, and Vengeance theſe exact,
This pleads Compaſſion, and repents the Fact.
He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his Doom:
My Brothers, though unjuſtly, ſhall o'ercome.
But having paid their injur'd Ghoſts their Due,
My Son requires my Death, and mine ſhall his purſue.
At this, for the laſt time, ſhe lifts her Hand,
Averts her Eyes, and, half unwilling, drops the Brand.
The Brand, amid the flaming Fewel thrown,
Or drew, or ſeem'd to draw, a dying Groan:
The Fires themſelves but faintly lick'd their Prey,
Then loath'd their impious Food, and would have ſhrunk away.
Juſt then the Heroe caſt a doleful Cry,
And in thoſe abſent Flames began to fry:
The blind Contagion rag'd within his Veins;
But he with manly Patience bore his Pains:
He fear'd not Fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honeſt Wound, and by a Death ſo dry.
Happy *Anceus*, thrice aloud he cry'd,
With what becoming Fate in Arms he dy'd!
Then call'd his Brothers, Siſters, Sire around,
And her to whom his Nuptial Vows were bound;
Perhaps his Mother; a long Sigh he drew,
And his Voice failing, took his laſt Adieu.
For as the Flames augment, and as they ſtay
At their full Height, then languiſh to decay,
They riſe and ſink by Fits; at laſt they ſoar
In one bright Blaze, and then deſcend no more:
Juſt ſo his inward Heats, at height, impair,
Till the laſt burning Breath ſhoots out the Soul in Air.

Now lofty *Calidon* in Ruins lies;
All Ages, all Degrees unſluice their Eyes;
And Heav'n and Earth reſound with Murmurs, Groans,
and Cries.
Matrons and Maidens beat their Breaſts, and tear
Their Habits, and root up their ſcatter'd Hair:
The wretched Father, Father now no more,
With Sorrow ſunk, lies proſtrate on the Floor,
Deforms his hoary Locks with Duſt obſcene,
And curſes Age, and loaths a Life prolong'd with Pain.
By Steel her ſtubborn Soul his Mother freed,
And puniſh'd on her ſelf her impious Deed.
Had I a hundred Tongues, a Wit ſo large
As could their hundred Offices diſcharge;
Had *Phœbus* all his *Helicon* beſtow'd
In all the Streams inſpiring all the God;
Thoſe Tongues, that Wit, thoſe Streams, that God in vain
Would offer to deſcribe his Siſter's Pain:
They beat their Breaſts with many a bruizing Blow,
Till they turn livid, and corrupt the Snow.
The Corps they cheriſh, while the Corps remains,
And exerciſe and rub with fruitleſs Pains;
And when to fun'ral Flames 'tis born away,
They kiſs the Bed on which the Body lay:
And when thoſe fun'ral Flames no longer burn,
(The Duſt compos'd within a pious Urn)
Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they confeſs,
And hug it in their Arms, and to their Boſoms preſs.
His Tomb is rais'd; then, ſtretch'd along the Ground,
Thoſe living Monuments his Tomb ſurround:
Ev'n to his Name, inſcrib'd, their Tears they pay,
Till Tears and Kiſſes wear his Name away.

But *Cynthia* now had all her Fury ſpent,
Not with leſs Ruin than a Race content:
Excepting *Gorgè*, periſh'd all the Seed,
And * her whom Heav'n for *Hercules* decreed. * *Dejanira.*
Satiate at laſt, no longer ſhe purſu'd
The weeping Siſters; but with Wings endu'd,
And horny Beaks, and ſent to flit in Air;
Who yearly round the Tomb in feather'd Flocks repair.

The Transformation of the NAIADS.
By Mr. VERNON.

Theſeus mean while acquitting well his Share
In the bold Chace confed'rate like a War,
To *Athens'* lofty Tow'rs his March ordain'd,
By *Pallas* lov'd, and where *Erectheus* reign'd.
But *Acheloüs* ſtop'd him on the Way,
By Rains a Deluge, and conſtrain'd his Stay.
O fam'd for glorious Deeds, and great by Blood,
Reſt here, ſays he, nor truſt the rapid Flood;
It ſolid Oaks has from its Margin tore,
And rocky Fragments down its Current bore,
The Murmur hoarſe, and terrible the Roar.
Oft have I ſeen Herds with their ſhelt'ring Fold
Forc'd from the Banks, and in the Torrent roul'd;
Nor Strength the bulky Steer from Ruin freed,
Nor matchleſs Swiftneſs ſav'd the racing Steed.
In Cataracts when the diſſolving Snow
Falls from the Hills, and floods the Plains below;
Toſs'd by the Eddies with a giddy Round,
Strong Youths are in the ſucking Whirlpools drown'd.
'Tis beſt with me in Safety to abide,
Till uſual Bounds reſtrain the ebbing Tide,
And the low Waters in their Channel glide.

Theſeus perſwaded, in Compliance bow'd;
So kind an Offer, and Advice ſo good,
O *Acheloüs*, cannot be refus'd;
I'll uſe them both, ſaid he; and both he us'd.
The Grot he enter'd, Pumice built the Hall,
And Tophi made the Ruſtick of the Wall;
The Floor, ſoft Moſs, an humid Carpet ſpread,
And various Shells the checquer'd Roof inlaid.
'Twas now the Hour when the declining Sun
Two Thirds had of his daily Journey run;
At the ſpread Table *Theſeus* took his Place,
Next his Companions in the daring Chace;
Perithous here, there elder *Lelex* lay,
His Locks betraying Age with ſprinkled Grey.
Acharnia's River-God diſpos'd the reſt,
Grac'd with the equal Honour of the Feaſt,
Elate with Joy, and proud of ſuch a Gueſt.
The Nymphs were Waiters, and with naked Feet
In order ſerv'd the Courſes of the Meat.
The Banquet done, delicious Wine they brought,
Of one tranſparent Gem the Cup was wrought.
Then the great Heroe of this gallant Train,
Surveying far the Proſpect of the Main;
What is that Land, ſays he, the Waves embrace?
(And with his Finger pointed at the Place;)
Is it one parted Iſle which ſtands alone?
How nam'd? and yet methinks it ſeems not one.
To whom the watry God made this Reply;
'Tis not one Iſle, but five; diſtinct they lye;
'Tis Diſtance which deceives the cheated Eye.
But that *Diana*'s Act may ſeem leſs ſtrange,
Theſe once proud *Naiads* were, before their Change.

'Twas

T was on a Day more ſolemn than the reſt,
Ten Bullocks ſlain, a Sacrificial Feaſt:
The rural Gods of all the Region near
They bid to dance, and taſte the hallow'd Cheer.
Me they forgot: Affronted with the Slight,
My Rage and Stream ſwell'd to the greateſt Height;
And with the Torrent of my flooding Store,
Large Woods from Woods, and Fields from Fields I tore.
The guilty Nymphs, Oh! then, remembring me,
I, with their Country, waſh'd into the Sea;
And joining Waters with the ſocial Main,
Rent the groſs Land, and ſplit the firm Champagne.
Since, the *Echinades*, remote from Shore,
Are view'd as many Iſles, as Nymphs before.

PERIMELE *turn'd into an Iſland.*

But yonder far, lo, yonder does appear
An Iſle, a Part to me for ever dear.
From that (it Sailors *Perimele* name)
I doating, forc'd by Rape a Virgin's Fame.
Hippodamas's Paſſion grew ſo ſtrong,
Gall'd with th' Abuſe, and fretted at the Wrong,
He caſt his pregnant Daughter from a Rock;
I ſpread my Waves beneath, and broke the Shock;
And as her ſwimming Weight my Stream convey'd,
I ſu'd for Help Divine, and thus I pray'd:
O pow'rful Thou, whoſe Trident does command
The Realm of Waters, which ſurround the Land;
We ſacred Rivers, whereſoe'er begun,
End in thy Lot, and to thy Empire run.
With Favour hear, and help with preſent Aid;
Her whom I bear 'twas guilty I betray'd.

Yet if her Father had been juſt, or mild,
He would have been leſs impious to his Child;
In her, have pity'd Force in the Abuſe;
In me, admitted Love for my Excuſe.
O let Relief for her hard Caſe be found,
Her whom Paternal Rage expell'd from Ground,
Her whom Paternal Rage relentleſs drown'd.
Grant her ſome Place, or change her to a Place,
Which I may ever claſp with my Embrace.
His nodding Head the Sea's great Ruler bent,
And all his Waters ſhook with his Aſſent.
The Nymph ſtill ſwam, tho' with the Fright diſtreſt,
I felt her Heart leap trembling in her Breaſt;
But hardning ſoon, whilſt I her Pulſe explore,
A cruſting Earth cas'd her ſtiff Body o'er;
And as Accretions of new cleaving Soil
Inlarg'd the Maſs, the Nymph became an Iſle.

The Story of BAUCIS *and* PHILEMON.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Thus *Acheloüs* ends: His Audience hear
With Admiration, and admiring, fear
The Pow'rs of Heav'n; except *Ixion*'s Son,
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none:
He ſhook his impious Head, and thus replies,
Theſe Legends are no more than pious Lies:
You attribute too much to Heav'nly Sway,
To think they give us Forms, and take away.
The reſt of better Minds, their Senſe declar'd
Againſt this Doctrine, and with Horror heard.
Then *Lelex* roſe, an old experienc'd Man,
And thus with ſober Gravity began;

Heav'n's Pow'r is infinite: Earth, Air, and Sea,
The Manufacture Maſs, the making Pow'r obey:
By Proof to clear your Doubt; In *Phrygian* Ground
Two neighb'ring Trees, with Walls encompaſs'd round,
Stand on a mod'rate Riſe, with Wonder ſhown,
One a hard Oak, a ſofter Linden one:
I ſaw the Place, and them, by *Pittheus* ſent
To *Phrygian* Realms, my Grandſire's Government.
Not far from thence is ſeen a Lake, the Haunt
Of Coots, and of the fiſhing Cormorant:
Here *Jove* with *Hermes* came; but in Diſguiſe
Of mortal Men conceal'd their Deities;
One laid aſide his Thunder, one his Rod;
And many toilſome Steps together trod:
For Harbour at a thouſand Doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thouſand but was lock'd.
At laſt an hoſpitable Houſe they found,
A homely Shed; the Roof, not far from Ground,
Was thatch'd with Reeds and Straw together bound.
There *Baucis* and *Philemon* liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long marry'd, and a happy Pair:
Now old in Love, though little was their Store,
Inur'd to Want, their Poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at Wealth, profeſſing to be poor.
For Maſter or for Servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only Two were All.
Command was none, where equal Love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.
From lofty Roofs the Gods repuls'd before,
Now ſtooping, enter'd through the little Door:
The Man (their hearty Welcome firſt expreſs'd)
A common Settle drew for either Gueſt,
Inviting each his weary Limbs to reſt.

But ere they ſate, officious *Baucis* lays
Two Cuſhions ſtuff'd with Straw, the Seat to raiſe;
Courſe, but the beſt ſhe had; then rakes the Load
Of Aſhes from the Hearth, and ſpreads abroad
The living Coals; and, leſt they ſhou'd expire,
With Leaves and Bark ſhe feeds her Infant Fire:
It ſmoaks; and then with trembling Breath ſhe blows,
Till in a chearful Blaze the Flames aroſe.
With Bruſh-wood, and with Chips ſhe ſtrengthens theſe,
And adds at laſt the Boughs of rotten Trees.
The Fire thus form'd, ſhe ſets the Kettle on,
(Like burniſh'd Gold the little Seether ſhone)
Next took the Coleworts which her Husband got
From his own Ground, (a ſmall well-water'd Spot;)
She ſtripp'd the Stalks of all their Leaves; the beſt
She cull'd, and them with handy Care ſhe dreſs'd.
High o'er the Hearth a Chine of Bacon hung;
Good old *Philemon* ſeiz'd it with a Prong,
And from the ſooty Rafter drew it down,
Then cut a Slice, but ſcarce enough for one;
Yet a large Portion of a little Store,
Which for their ſakes alone he wiſh'd were more.
This in the Pot he plung'd without Delay,
To tame the Fleſh, and drain the Salt away.
The Time between, before the Fire they ſat,
And ſhorten'd the Delay by pleaſing Chat.

A Beam there was, on which a Beechen Pail
Hung by the Handle, on a driven Nail:
This fill'd with Water, gently warm'd, they ſet
Before their Gueſts; in this they bath'd their Feet,
And after with clean Towels dry'd their Sweat.

This

This done, the Hoſt produc'd the genial Bed,
Sallow the Feet, the Borders, and the Sted,
Which with no coſtly Coverlet they ſpread,
But courſe old Garments; yet ſuch Robes as theſe
They laid alone, at Feaſts, on Holydays.
The good old Houſwife, tucking up her Gown,
The Table ſets; th' invited Gods lie down.
The Trivet-Table of a Foot was lame,
A Blot which prudent *Baucis* overcame,
Who thruſts beneath the limping Leg a Sherd,
So was the mended Board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd Mint,
A wholeſom Herb, that breath'd a grateful Scent.
Pallas began the Feaſt, where firſt was ſeen
The party-colour'd Olive, Black, and Green:
Autumnal Cornels next in order ſerv'd,
In Lees of Wine well pickled, and preſerv'd.
A Garden-Sallad was the third Supply,
Of Endive, Radiſhes, and Succory:
Then Curds and Cream, the Flow'r of Country Fare,
And new-laid Eggs, which *Baucis'* buſie Care
Turn'd by a gentle Fire, and roaſted rare.
All theſe in Earthen Ware were ſerv'd to Board;
And next in place, an Earthen Pitcher ſtor'd,
With Liquor of the beſt the Cottage cou'd afford.
This was the Table's Ornament, and Pride,
With Figures wrought: Like Pages at his Side
Stood Beechen Bowls; and theſe were ſhining clean,
Varniſh'd with Wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling Kettle had prepar'd,
And to the Table ſent, the ſmoaking Lard;

On which with eager Appetite they dine,
A ſav'ry Bit, that ſerv'd to relliſh Wine:
The Wine itſelf was ſuiting to the reſt,
Still working in the Muſt, and lately preſs'd.
The ſecond Courſe ſucceeds like that before,
Plums, Apples, Nuts; and of their wintry Store
Dry Figs, and Grapes, and wrinkled Dates were ſet
In Caniſters, t'enlarge the little Treat:
All theſe a Milk-white Honey-comb ſurround,
Which in the Midſt the Country-Banquet crown'd:
But the kind Hoſts their Entertainment grace
With hearty Welcome, and an open Face:
In all they did, you might diſcern with Eaſe
A willing Mind, and a Deſire to pleaſe.

Mean time the Beechen Bowls went round, and ſtill,
Though often empty'd, were obſerv'd to fill;
Fill'd without Hands, and of their own Accord
Ran without Feet, and danc'd about the Board.
Devotion ſeiz'd the Pair, to ſee the Feaſt
With Wine, and of no common Grape, increas'd;
And up they held their Hands, and fell to Pray'r,
Excuſing, as they cou'd, their Country Fare.

One Gooſe they had, ('twas all they cou'd allow)
A wakeful Centry, and on Duty now,
Whom to the Gods for Sacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious Zeal, the Couple view'd;
She ran for Life, and limping they purſu'd:
Full well the Fowl perceiv'd their bad Intent,
And wou'd not make her Maſter's Compliment;
But perſecuted, to the Pow'rs ſhe flies,
And cloſe between the Legs of *Jove* ſhe lies:

He with a gracious Ear the Suppliant heard,
And ſav'd her Life; then what he was declar'd,
And own'd the God. The Neighbourhood, ſaid he,
Shall juſtly periſh for Impiety:
You ſtand alone exempted; but obey
With Speed, and follow where we lead the Way:
Leave theſe accurs'd; and to the Mountain's Height
Aſcend; nor once look backward in your Flight.
They haſte, and what their tardy Feet deny'd,
The truſty Staff (their better Leg) ſupply'd.
An Arrow's Flight they wanted to the Top,
And there ſecure, but ſpent with Travel, ſtop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden Eyes;
Loſt in a Lake the floated Level lies:
A watry Deſart covers all the Plains,
Their Cot alone, as in an Iſle, remains.
Wondring with weeping Eyes, while they deplore
Their Neighbours Fate, and Country now no more,
Their little Shed, ſcarce large enough for Two,
Seems, from the Ground increas'd, in Height and Bulk to grow.
A ſtately Temple ſhoots within the Skies,
The Crotches of their Cot in Columns riſe:
The Pavement poliſh'd Marble they behold,
The Gates with Sculpture grac'd, the Spires and Tiles of Gold.
Then thus the Sire of Gods, with Looks ſerene,
Speak thy Deſire, thou only Juſt of Men;
And thou, O Woman, only worthy found
To be with ſuch a Man in Marriage bound.
Awhile they whiſper; then, to *Jove* addreſs'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint Requeſt:
We crave to ſerve before your ſacred Shrine,
And offer at your Altars Rites Divine:

And ſince not any Action of our Life
Has been polluted with Domeſtick Strife;
We beg one Hour of Death; that neither ſhe
With Widow's Tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd Arms may bear
My breathleſs *Baucis* to the Sepulcher.

The Godheads ſign their Suit. They run their Race
In the ſame Tenour all th'appointed Space:
Then, when their Hour was come, while they relate
Theſe paſt Adventures at the Temple Gate,
Old *Baucis* is by old *Philemon* ſeen
Sprouting with ſudden Leaves of ſpritely Green:
Old *Baucis* look'd where old *Philemon* ſtood,
And ſaw his lengthen'd Arms a ſprouting Wood:
New Roots their faſten'd Feet begin to bind,
Their Bodies ſtiffen in a riſing Rind:
Then, ere the Bark above their Shoulders grew,
They give, and take at once their laſt Adieu.
At once, Farewel, O faithful Spouſe, they ſaid;
At once th' incroaching Rinds their cloſing Lips invade.
Ev'n yet, an ancient *Tyanæan* ſhows
A ſpreading Oak, that near a Linden grows;
The Neighbourhood confirm the Prodigy,
Grave Men, not vain of Tongue, or like to lie.
I ſaw my ſelf the Garlands on their Boughs,
And Tablets hung for Gifts of granted Vows;
And off'ring freſher up, with pious Pray'r,
The Good, ſaid I, are God's peculiar Care,
And ſuch as honour Heav'n, ſhall heav'nly Honour ſhare.

The

Continu'd by Mr. VERNON.

The Changes of PROTEUS.

He ceas'd in his Relation to proceed,
Whilſt all admir'd the Author, and the Deed;
But *Theſeus* moſt, inquiſitive to know
From Gods what wondrous Alterations grow.
Whom thus the *Calydonian* Stream addreſs'd,
Rais'd high to ſpeak, the Couch his Elbow preſs'd.
Some, when transform'd, fix in the laſting Change;
Some, with more Right, thro' various Figures range.
Proteus, thus large thy Privilege was found,
Thou Inmate of the Seas, which Earth ſurround.
Sometimes a blooming Youth you grac'd the Shore;
Oft a fierce Lion, or a furious Boar:
With gliſt'ring Spires now ſeem'd an hiſſing Snake,
The Bold would tremble in his Hands to take:
With Horns aſſum'd a Bull; ſometimes you prov'd
A Tree by Roots, a Stone by Weight unmov'd;
Sometimes two wav'ring Contraries became,
Flow'd down in Water, or aſpir'd in Flame.

The Story of ERISICHTHON.

In various Shapes thus to deceive the Eyes,
Without a ſettled Stint of her Diſguiſe,
Raſh *Eriſichthon*'s Daughter had the Pow'r,
And brought it to *Autolicus* in Dow'r.
Her Atheiſt Sire the ſlighted Gods defy'd,
And ritual Honours to their Shrines deny'd.
As Fame reports, his Hand an Ax ſuſtain'd,
Which *Ceres*' conſecrated Grove prophan'd;

Which durſt the venerable Gloom invade,
And violate with Light the awful Shade.
An ancient Oak in the dark Center ſtood,
The Covert's Glory, and itſelf a Wood;
Garlands embrac'd its Shaft, and from the Boughs
Hung Tablets, Monuments of proſp'rous Vows.
In the cool Dusk its unpierc'd Verdure ſpread,
The *Dryads* oft their hallow'd Dances led;
And oft, when round their gaging Arms they caſt,
Full fifteen Ells it meaſur'd in the Waſte:
Its Height all under Standards did ſurpaſs,
As they aſpir'd above the humbler Graſs.
  Theſe Motives, which would gentler Minds reſtrain,
Could not make *Triope*'s bold Son abſtain;
He ſternly charg'd his Slaves with ſtrict Decree,
To fell with gaſhing Steel the ſacred Tree.
But whilſt they, lingring, his Commands delay'd,
He ſnatch'd an Ax, and thus blaſpheming ſaid:
Was this no Oak, nor *Ceres*' fav'rite Care,
But *Ceres*' ſelf, this Arm, unaw'd, ſhou'd dare
Its leafy Honours in the Duſt to ſpread,
And level with the Earth its airy Head.
He ſpoke, and as he poiz'd a ſlanting Stroak,
Sighs heav'd, and Tremblings ſhook the frighted Oak;
Its Leaves look'd ſickly, pale its Acorns grew,
And its long Branches ſweat a chilly Dew.
But when his impious Hand a Wound beſtow'd,
Blood from the mangled Bark in Currents flow'd.
When a devoted Bull of mighty Size,
A ſinning Nation's grand Atonement, dies;
With ſuch a Plenty from the ſpouting Veins,
A crimſon Stream the turfy Altar ſtains.

The Wonder all amaz'd; yet one more bold,
The Fact diſſwading, ſtrove his Ax to hold.
But the *Theſſalian*, obſtinately bent,
Too proud to change, too harden'd to repent,
On his kind Monitor his Eyes, which burn'd
With Rage, and with his Eyes his Weapon turn'd;
Take the Reward, ſays he, of pious Dread:
Then with a Blow lop'd off his parted Head.
No longer check'd, the Wretch his Crime purſu'd,
Doubled his Strokes, and Sacrilege renew'd;
When from the groaning Trunk a Voice was heard,
A *Dryad* I, by *Ceres'* Love prefer'd,
Within the Circle of this claſping Rind
Coeval grew, and now in Ruin joyn'd;
But inſtant Vengeance ſhall thy Sin purſue,
And Death is chear'd with this prophetick View.
At laſt the Oak with Cords enforc'd to bow,
Strain'd from the Top, and ſap'd with Wounds below,
The humbler Wood, Partaker of its Fate,
Cruſh'd with its Fall, and ſhiver'd with its Weight.
The Grove deſtroy'd, the Sifter *Dryads* moan,
Griev'd at its Loſs, and frighted at their own.
Strait, Suppliants for Revenge, to *Ceres* go,
In ſable Weeds, expreſſive of their Woe.
The beauteous Goddeſs with a graceful Air
Bow'd in Conſent, and nodded to their Pray'r.
The awful Motion ſhook the fruitful Ground,
And wav'd the Fields with golden Harveſts crown'd.
Soon ſhe contriv'd in her projecting Mind
A Plague ſevere, and piteous in its Kind,
(If Plagues for Crimes of ſuch preſumptuous Height
Could Pity in the ſofteſt Breaſt create.)

With pinching Want, and Hunger's keeneſt Smart,
To tear his Vitals, and corrode his Heart.
But ſince her near Approach by Fate's deny'd
To Famine, and broad Climes their Pow'rs divide,
A Nymph, the Mountain's Ranger, ſhe addreſs'd,
And thus reſolv'd, her high Commands expreſs'd.

The Deſcription of FAMINE.

Where frozen *Scythia*'s utmoſt Bound is plac'd,
A Deſart lies, a melancholy Waſte:
In yellow Crops there Nature never ſmil'd,
No fruitful Tree to ſhade the barren Wild.
There ſluggiſh Cold its icy Station makes,
There Paleneſs, Frights, and aguiſh Trembling ſhakes.
Of pining Famine this the fated Seat,
To whom my Orders in theſe Words repeat:
Bid her this Miſcreant with her ſharpeſt Pains
Chaſtiſe, and ſheath herſelf into his Veins;
Be unſubdu'd by Plenty's baffled Store,
Reject my Empire, and defeat my Pow'r.
And leſt the Diſtance, and the tedious Way,
Should with the Toil, and long Fatigue diſmay,
Aſcend my Chariot, and convey'd on high,
Guide the rein'd Dragons thro' the parting Sky.
The Nymph, accepting of the granted Carr,
Sprung to the Seat, and poſted thro' the Air;
Nor ſtop'd till ſhe to a bleak Mountain came
Of wondrous Height, and *Caucaſus* its Name.
There in a ſtony Field the Fiend ſhe found,
Herbs gnawing, and Roots ſcratching from the Ground.

Her

Her Elfelock Hair in matted Treſſes grew,
Sunk were her Eyes, and pale her ghaſtly Hue,
Wan were her Lips, and foul with clammy Glew.
Her Throat was furr'd, her Guts appear'd within
With ſnaky Crawlings thro' her Parchment Skin.
Her jutting Hips ſeem'd ſtarting from their Place,
And for a Belly was a Belly's Space.
Her Dugs hung dangling from her craggy Spine,
Looſe to her Breaſt, and faſten'd to her Chine.
Her Joints protuberant by Leanneſs grown,
Conſumption ſunk the Fleſh, and rais'd the Bone.
Her Knees large Orbits bunch'd to monſtrous Size,
And Ancles to undue Proportion riſe.

This Plague the Nymph, not daring to draw near,
At Diſtance hail'd, and greeted from afar.
And tho' ſhe told her Charge without Delay,
Tho' her Arrival late, and ſhort her Stay,
She felt keen Famine, or ſhe ſeem'd to feel,
Invade her Blood, and on her Vitals ſteal.
She turn'd from the Infection to remove,
And back to *Theſſaly* the Serpents drove.

The Fiend obey'd the Goddeſs's Command,
(Tho' their Effects in Oppoſition ſtand)
She cut her Way, ſupported by the Wind,
And reach'd the Manſion by the Nymph aſſign'd.

'Twas Night, when entring *Eriſichthon*'s Room,
Diſſolv'd in Sleep, and thoughtleſs of his Doom,
She claſp'd his Limbs, by impious Labour tir'd,
With battiſh Wings, but her whole ſelf inſpir'd;
Breath'd on his Throat and Cheſt a tainting Blaſt,
And in his Veins infus'd an endleſs Faſt.

The Task diſpatch'd, away the Fury flies
From plenteous Regions, and from rip'ning Skies;

To her old barren North ſhe wings her Speed,
And Cottages diſtreſs'd with pinching Need.
Still Slumbers *Eriſichthon*'s Senſes drown,
And ſooth his Fancy with their ſofteſt Down.
He dreams of Viands delicate to eat,
And revels on imaginary Meat.
Chaws with his working Mouth, but chaws in vain,
And tires his grinding Teeth with fruitleſs Pain;
Deludes his Throat with viſionary Fare,
Feaſts on the Wind, and banquets on the Air.
The Morning came, the Night and Slumbers paſt,
But ſtill the furious Pangs of Hunger laſt;
The cank'rous Rage ſtill gnaws with griping Pains,
Stings in his Throat, and in his Bowels reigns.
Strait he requires, impatient in Demand,
Proviſions from the Air, the Seas, the Land.
But tho' the Land, Air, Seas Proviſions grant,
Starves at full Tables, and complains of Want.
What to a People might in Dole be paid,
Or victual Cities for a long Blockade,
Could not one Wolfiſh Appetite aſſwage,
For glutting Nouriſhment increas'd its Rage.
As Rivers pour'd from ev'ry diſtant Shore,
The Sea inſatiate drinks, and thirſts for more;
Or as the Fire, which all Materials burns,
And waſted Foreſts into Aſhes turns,
Grows more voracious, as the more it preys,
Recruits dilate the Flame, and ſpread the Blaze;
So impious *Eriſichthon*'s Hunger raves,
Receives Refreſhments, and Refreſhments craves.
Food raiſes a Deſire for Food, and Meat
Is but a new Provocative to eat.
He grows more empty, as the more ſupply'd,
And endleſs Cramming but extends the Void.

The Transformations of ERISICHTHON's *Daughter.*

Now Riches hoarded by Paternal Care
Were ſunk, the Glutton ſwallowing up the Heir.
Yet the devouring Flame no Stores abate,
Nor leſs his Hunger grew with his Eſtate.
One Daughter left, as left his keen Deſire,
A Daughter worthy of a better Sire:
Her too he ſold, ſpent Nature to ſuſtain;
She ſcorn'd a Lord with generous Diſdain,
And flying, ſpread her Hands upon the Main.
Then pray'd; Grant, Thou, I Bondage may eſcape,
And with my Liberty reward thy Rape;
Repay my Virgin Treaſure with thy Aid,
('Twas *Neptune* who deflowr'd the beauteous Maid.)
The God was mov'd, at what the Fair had ſu'd,
When ſhe ſo lately by her Maſter view'd
In her known Figure, on a ſudden took
A Fiſher's Habit, and a manly Look.
To whom her Owner haſted to enquire;
O thou, ſaid he, whoſe Baits hide treach'rous Wire;
Whoſe Art can manage, and experienc'd Skill
The taper Angle, and the bobbing Quill,
So may the Sea be ruffled with no Storm,
But ſmooth with Calms, as you the Truth inform;
So your Deceit may no ſhy Fiſhes feel,
Till ſtruck, and faſten'd on the bearded Steel.
Did not you ſtanding view upon the Strand
A wandring Maid? I'm ſure I ſaw her ſtand;
Her Hair diſorder'd, and her homely Dreſs
Betray'd her Want, and witneſs'd her Diſtreſs.
Me heedleſs, ſhe reply'd, whoe'er you are,
Excuſe, attentive to another Care.

I ſettled on the Deep my ſteady Eye,
Fix'd on my Float, and bent on my Employ.
And that you may not doubt what I impart,
So may the Ocean's God aſſiſt my Art,
If on the Beach ſince I my Sport purſu'd,
Or Man, or Woman but my ſelf I view'd.
Back o'er the Sands, deluded, he withdrew,
Whilſt ſhe for her old Form put off her new.
Her Sire her ſhifting Pow'r to change perceiv'd,
And various Chapmen by her Sale deceiv'd.
A Fowl with ſpangled Plumes, a brinded Steer,
Sometimes a creſted Mare, or antler'd Deer:
Sold for a Price ſhe parted, to maintain
Her ſtarving Parent with diſhoneſt Gain.
At laſt all Means, as all Proviſions, fail'd;
For the Diſeaſe by Remedies prevail'd.
His Muſcles with a furious Bite he tore,
Gorg'd his own tatter'd Fleſh, and gulph'd his Gore.
Wounds were his Feaſt, his Life to Life a Prey,
Supporting Nature by its own Decay.
But foreign Stories why ſhou'd I relate?
I too my ſelf can to new Forms tranſlate,
Tho' the Variety's not unconfin'd,
But fix'd in Number, and reſtrain'd in Kind:
For often I this preſent Shape retain,
Oft curl a Snake the Volumes of my Train.
Sometimes my Strength into my Horns transfer'd,
A Bull I march, the Captain of the Herd.
But whilſt I once thoſe goring Weapons wore,
Vaſt wreſting Force one from my Forehead tore.
Lo, my maim'd Brows the Injury ſtill own;
He ceas'd; his Words concluding with a Groan.

The End of the Eighth Book.



E.Kirkall

To the Rt. Honbl the Countess of Lincol

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IX.

Tranſlated by Mr. DRYDEN *and Others.*

The Story of ACHELOÜS *and* HERCULES.

By Mr. GAY.

Heſeus requeſts the God to tell his Woes,
Whence his maim'd Brow, and whence his Groans aroſe:
When thus the *Calydonian* Stream reply'd,
With twining Reeds his careleſs Treſſes ty'd.
Ungrateful is the Tale; for who can bear,
When conquer'd, to rehearſe the ſhameful War?
Yet I'll the melancholy Story trace;
So great a Conqu'ror ſoftens the Diſgrace:
Nor was it ſtill ſo mean the Prize to yield,
As great and glorious to diſpute the Field.
Perhaps you've heard of *Dëianira*'s Name,
For all the Country ſpoke her Beauty's Fame.
Long was the Nymph by num'rous Suiters woo'd,
Each with Addreſs his envy'd Hopes purſu'd:

I joyn'd the loving Band; to gain the Fair,
Reveal'd my Paſſion to her Father's Ear.
Their vain Pretenſions all the reſt reſign,
Alcides only ſtrove to equal mine;
He boaſts his Birth from *Jove*, recounts his Spoils,
His Step-dame's Hate ſubdu'd, and finiſh'd Toils.
Can Mortals then (ſaid I) with Gods compare?
Behold a God; mine is the watry Care:
Through your wide Realms I take my mazy Way,
Branch into Streams, and o'er the Region ſtray:
No foreign Gueſt your Daughter's Charms adores,
But one who riſes in your native Shores.
Let not his Puniſhment your Pity move;
Is *Juno*'s Hate an Argument for Love?
Though you your Life from fair *Alcmena* drew,
Jove's a feign'd Father, or by Fraud a true.
Chuſe then; confeſs thy Mother's Honour loſt,
Or thy Deſcent from *Jove* no longer boaſt.
While thus I ſpoke, he look'd with ſtern Diſdain,
Nor could the Sallies of his Wrath reſtrain,
Which thus break forth. This Arm decides our Right;
Vanquiſh in Words, be mine the Prize in Fight.
Bold he ruſh'd on. My Honour to maintain,
I fling my verdant Garments on the Plain,
My Arms ſtretch forth, my pliant Limbs prepare,
And with bent Hands expect the furious War.
O'er my ſleek Skin now gather'd Duſt he throws,
And yellow Sand his mighty Muſcles ſtrows.
Oft he my Neck and nimble Legs aſſails,
He ſeems to graſp me, but as often fails.
Each Part he now invades with eager Hand;
Safe in my Bulk, immoveable I ſtand.

So when loud Storms break high, and foam and roar
Againſt ſome Mole, that ſtretches from the Shore;
The firm Foundation laſting Tempeſts braves,
Defies the warring Winds, and driving Waves.
Awhile we breathe, then forward ruſh amain,
Renew the Combat, and our Ground maintain;
Foot ſtrove with Foot, I prone extend my Breaſt,
Hands war with Hands, and Forehead Forehead preſt.
Thus have I ſeen two furious Bulls engage,
Inflam'd with equal Love, and equal Rage;
Each claims the faireſt Heifer of the Grove,
And Conqueſt only can decide their Love:
The trembling Herds ſurvey the Fight from far,
Till Victory decides th' important War.
Three times in vain he ſtrove my Joints to wreſt,
To force my Hold, and throw me from his Breaſt;
The fourth he broke my Gripe, that claſp'd him round,
Then with new Force he ſtretch'd me on the Ground;
Cloſe to my Back the mighty Burthen clung,
As if a Mountain o'er my Limbs were flung.
Believe my Tale; nor do I, boaſtful, aim
By feign'd Narration to extol my Fame.
No ſooner from his Graſp I Freedom get,
Unlock my Arms, that flow'd with trickling Sweat,
But quick he ſeiz'd me, and renew'd the Strife,
As my exhauſted Boſom pants for Life:
My Neck he gripes, my Knee to Earth he ſtrains;
I fall, and bite the Sand with Shame and Pains.
O'er-match'd in Strength, to Wiles and Arts I take,
And ſlip his Hold, in Form of ſpeckled Snake;
Who, when I wreath'd in Spires my Body round,
Or ſhow'd my forky Tongue with hiſſing Sound,

Smiles at my Threats; Such Foes my Cradle knew,
He cries, dire Snakes my Infant Hand o'erthrew;
A Dragon's Form might other Conqueſts gain,
To war with me you take that Shape in vain.
Art thou proportion'd to the *Hydra*'s Length,
Who by his Wounds receiv'd augmented Strength?
He rais'd a hundred hiſſing Heads in Air,
When one I lopt, up-ſprung a dreadful Pair.
By his Wounds fertile, and with Slaughter ſtrong,
Singly I quell'd him, and ſtretch'd dead along.
What canſt thou do, a Form precarious, prone,
To rouſe my Rage with Terrors not thy own?
He ſaid; and round my Neck his Hands he caſt,
And with his ſtraining Fingers wrung me faſt;
My Throat he tortur'd, cloſe as Pincers claſp,
In vain I ſtrove to looſe the forceful Graſp.
Thus vanquiſh'd too, a third Form ſtill remains,
Chang'd to a Bull, my Lowing fills the Plains.
Strait on the Left his nervous Arms were thrown
Upon my brindled Neck, and tugg'd it down;
Then deep he ſtruck my Horn into the Sand,
And fell'd my Bulk along the duſty Land.
Nor yet his Fury cool'd; 'twixt Rage and Scorn,
From my maim'd Front he tore the ſtubborn Horn:
This, heap'd with Flow'rs and Fruits, the *Naiads* bear,
Sacred to Plenty, and the bounteous Year.
He ſpoke; when lo, a beauteous Nymph appears,
Girt like *Diana*'s Train, with flowing Hairs;
The Horn ſhe brings in which all Autumn's ſtor'd,
And ruddy Apples for the ſecond Board.
Now Morn begins to dawn, the Sun's bright Fire
Gilds the high Mountains, and the Youths retire;

Nor

Nor ſtay'd they, till the troubled Stream ſubſides,
And in its Bounds with peaceful Current glides.
But *Acheloüs* in his oozy Bed
Deep hides his Brow deform'd, and ruſtick Head:
No real Wound the Victor's Triumph ſhow'd,
But his loſt Honours griev'd the watry God;
Yet ev'n that Loſs the Willow's Leaves o'erſpread,
And verdant Reeds, in Garlands, bind his Head.

The Death of NESSUS *the Centaur.*

This Virgin too, thy Love, O *Neſſus*, found,
To her alone you owe the fatal Wound.
As the ſtrong Son of *Jove* his Bride conveys,
Where his Paternal Lands their Bulwarks raiſe;
Where from her ſlopy Urn, *Evenus* pours
Her rapid Current, ſwell'd by wintry Show'rs,
He came. The frequent Eddies whirl'd the Tide,
And the deep rolling Waves all Paſs deny'd.
As, for himſelf, he ſtood unmov'd by Fears,
For now his Bridal Charge employ'd his Cares,
The ſtrong-limb'd *Neſſus* thus officious cry'd,
(For he the Shallows of the Stream had try'd)
Swim thou, *Alcides*, all thy Strength prepare,
On yonder Bank I'll lodge thy Nuptial Care.
Th' *Aonian* Chief to *Neſſus* truſts his Wife,
All pale and trembling for her Heroe's Life:
Cloath'd as he ſtood in the fierce Lion's Hide,
The laden Quiver o'er his Shoulder ty'd,
(For croſs the Stream his Bow and Club were caſt)
Swift he plung'd in; Theſe Billows ſhall be paſt,
He ſaid, nor ſought where ſmoother Waters glide,
But ſtem'd the rapid Dangers of the Tide.

The Bank he reach'd; again the Bow he bears;
When, hark! his Bride's known Voice alarms his Ears.
Neſſus, to thee I call (aloud he cries)
Vain is thy Truſt in Flight, be timely wiſe:
Thou Monſter double-ſhap'd, my Right ſet free;
If thou no Rev'rence owe my Fame and me,
Yet Kindred ſhou'd thy lawleſs Luſt deny;
Think not, perfidious Wretch, from me to fly,
Tho' wing'd with Horſe's Speed; Wounds ſhall purſue;
Swift as his Words the fatal Arrow flew:
The Centaur's Back admits the feather'd Wood,
And thro' his Breaſt the barbed Weapon ſtood;
Which, when in Anguiſh, thro' the Fleſh he tore,
From both the Wounds guſh'd forth the ſpumy Gore
Mix'd with *Lernæan* Venom; this he took,
Nor dire Revenge his dying Breaſt forſook.
His Garment, in the reeking Purple dy'd,
To rouſe Love's Paſſion, he preſents the Bride.

The Death of HERCULES.

Now a long Interval of Time ſucceeds,
When the great Son of *Jove*'s immortal Deeds,
And Stepdame's Hate, had fill'd Earth's utmoſt Round;
He from *OEchalia*, with new Lawrels crown'd,
In Triumph was return'd. He Rites prepares,
And to the King of Gods directs his Pray'rs;
When Fame (who Falſhood cloaths in Truth's Diſguiſe,
And ſwells her little Bulk with growing Lies)
Thy tender Ear, O *Deianira*, mov'd,
That *Hercules* the fair *Iole* lov'd.
Her Love believes the Tale; the Truth ſhe fears
Of his new Paſſion, and gives way to Tears.

The flowing Tears diffus'd her wretched Grief.
Why ſeek I thus, from ſtreaming Eyes, Relief?
She cries; indulge not thus theſe fruitleſs Cares,
The Harlot will but triumph in thy Tears:
Let ſomething be reſolv'd, while yet there's Time;
My Bed not conſcious of a Rival's Crime.
In Silence ſhall I mourn, or loud complain?
Shall I ſeek *Calydon*, or here remain?
What tho', ally'd to *Meleager*'s Fame,
I boaſt the Honours of a Siſter's Name?
My Wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to purſue
Some deſp'rate Deed, by which the World ſhall view
How far Revenge and Woman's Rage can riſe,
When weltring in her Blood the Harlot dies.
Thus various Paſſions rul'd by turns her Breaſt.
She now reſolves to ſend the fatal Veſt,
Dy'd with *Lernæan* Gore, whoſe Pow'r might move
His Soul anew, and rouſe declining Love.
Nor knew ſhe what her ſudden Rage beſtows,
When ſhe to *Lychas* truſts her future Woes;
With ſoft Endearments ſhe the Boy commands,
To bear the Garment to her Husband's Hands.
Th'unwitting Heroe takes the Gift in haſte,
And o'er his Shoulders *Lerna*'s Poyſon caſt,
As firſt the Fire with Frankincenſe he ſtrows,
And utters to the Gods his holy Vows;
And on the Marble Altar's poliſh'd Frame
Pours forth the grapy Stream; the riſing Flame
Sudden diſſolves the ſubtle pois'nous Juice,
Which taints his Blood, and all his Nerves bedews.
With wonted Fortitude he bore the Smart,
And not a Groan confeſs'd his burning Heart.

At length his Patience was ſubdu'd by Pain,
He rends the ſacred Altar from the Plain;
OEte's wide Foreſts eccho with his Cries:
Now to rip off the deathful Robe he tries,
Where-e'er he plucks the Veſt, the Skin he tears,
The mangled Muſcles and huge Bones he bares,
(A ghaſtful Sight!) or raging with his Pain,
To rend the ſticking Plague he tugs in vain.
As the red Iron hiſſes in the Flood,
So boils the Venom in his curdling Blood.
Now with the greedy Flame his Entrails glow,
And livid Sweats down all his Body flow;
The cracking Nerves burnt up are burſt in twain,
The lurking Venom melts his ſwimming Brain.
Then, lifting both his Hands aloft, he cries,
Glut thy Revenge, dread Empreſs of the Skies;
Sate with my Death the Rancour of thy Heart,
Look down with Pleaſure, and enjoy my Smart.
Or, if e'er Pity mov'd an hoſtile Breaſt,
(For here I ſtand thy Enemy profeſt)
Take hence this hateful Life with Tortures torn,
Inur'd to Trouble, and to Labours born.
Death is the Gift moſt welcome to my Woe,
And ſuch a Gift a Stepdame may beſtow.
Was it for this *Buſiris* was ſubdu'd,
Whoſe barb'rous Temples reek'd with Stranger's Blood?
Preſs'd in theſe Arms his Fate *Antæus* found,
Nor gain'd recruited Vigour from the Ground.
Did I not triple-form'd *Geryon* fell?
Or did I fear the triple Dog of Hell?
Did not theſe Hands the Bull's arm'd Forehead hold?
Are not our mighty Toils in *Elis* told?

Do

Do not *Stymphalian* Lakes proclaim thy Fame?
And fair *Parthenian* Woods reſound thy Name?
Who ſeiz'd the golden Belt of *Thermodon*?
And who the Dragon-guarded Apples won?
Could the fierce Centaur's Strength my Force withſtand,
Or the fell Boar that ſpoil'd th' *Arcadian* Land?
Did not theſe Arms the *Hydra*'s Rage ſubdue,
Who from his Wounds to double Fury grew?
What if the *Thracian* Horſes, fat with Gore,
Who human Bodies in their Mangers tore,
I ſaw, and with their barb'rous Lord o'erthrew?
What if theſe Hands *Nemæa*'s Lion ſlew?
Did not this Neck the heav'nly Globe ſuſtain?
The female Partner of the Thund'rer's Reign
Fatigu'd, at length ſuſpends her harſh Commands,
Yet no Fatigue hath ſlack'd theſe valiant Hands.
But now new Plagues purſue me; neither Force,
Nor Arms, nor Darts can ſtop their raging Courſe.
Devouring Flame thro' my rack'd Entrails ſtrays,
And on my Lungs and ſhrivell'd Muſcles preys.
Yet ſtill *Euryſtheus* breathes the vital Air.
What Mortal now ſhall ſeek the Gods with Pray'r?

The Transformation of LYCHAS *into a Rock.*

The Hero ſaid; and with the Torture ſtung,
Furious o'er *OEte*'s lofty Hills he ſprung.
Stuck with the Shaft, thus ſcours the Tyger round,
And ſeeks the flying Author of his Wound.
Now might you ſee him trembling, now he vents
His anguiſh'd Soul in Groans and loud Laments;
He ſtrives to tear the clinging Veſt in vain,
And with up-rooted Foreſts ſtrows the Plain;

Now kindling into Rage, his Hands he rears,
And to his kindred Gods directs his Pray'rs.
When *Lychas*, lo, he ſpies; who trembling flew,
And in a hollow Rock conceal'd from View,
Had ſhun'd his Wrath. Now Grief renew'd his Pain,
His Madneſs chaff'd, and thus he raves again.
Lychas, to thee alone my Fate I owe,
Who bore the Gift, the Cauſe of all my Woe.
The Youth all pale, with ſhiv'ring Fear was ſtung,
And vain Excuſes faulter'd on his Tongue.
Alcides ſnatch'd him, as with ſuppliant Face
He ſtrove to claſp his Knees, and beg for Grace:
He toſs'd him o'er his Head with airy Courſe,
And hurl'd with more than with an Engine's Force;
Far o'er th' *Eubœan* Main aloof he flies,
And hardens by Degrees amid the Skies.
So ſhow'ry Drops, when chilly Tempeſts blow,
Thicken at firſt, then whiten into Snow,
In Balls congeal'd the rolling Fleeces bound
In ſolid Hail reſult upon the Ground.
Thus, whirl'd with nervous Force thro' diſtant Air,
The Purple Tide forſook his Veins, with Fear;
All Moiſture left his Limbs. Transform'd to Stone,
In ancient Days the craggy Flint was known;
Still in th' *Eubœan* Waves his Front he rears,
Still the ſmall Rock in human Form appears,
And ſtill the Name of hapleſs *Lychas* bears.

The Apotheoſis of HERCULES.

But now the Hero of immortal Birth
Fells *OEte*'s Foreſts on the groaning Earth;

A Pile he builds; to *Philoctetes*' Care
He leaves his deathful Inſtruments of War;
To him commits thoſe Arrows, which again
Shall ſee the Bulwarks of the *Trojan* Reign.
The Son of *Pæan* lights the lofty Pyre,
High round the Structure climbs the greedy Fire;
Plac'd on the Top, thy nervous Shoulders ſpread
With the *Nemæan* Spoils, thy careleſs Head
Rais'd on the knotty Club, with Look Divine,
Here thou, dread Hero, of Celeſtial Line,
Wert ſtretch'd at Eaſe; as when a chearful Gueſt,
Wine crown'd thy Bowls, and Flow'rs thy Temples dreſt.
Now on all Sides the potent Flames aſpire,
And crackle round thoſe Limbs that mock the Fire:
A ſudden Terror ſeiz'd th' immortal Hoſt,
Who thought the World's profeſs'd Defender loſt.
This when the Thund'rer ſaw, with Smiles he cries,
'Tis from your Fears, ye Gods, my Pleaſures riſe;
Joy ſwells my Breaſt, that my all-ruling Hand
O'er ſuch a grateful People boaſts Command,
That you my ſuff'ring Progeny wou'd aid;
Tho' to his Deeds this juſt Reſpect be paid,
Me you've oblig'd. Be all your Fears forborn,
Th' *OEtean* Fires do thou, great Hero, ſcorn.
Who vanquiſh'd all things, ſhall ſubdue the Flame.
That Part alone of groſs maternal Frame
Fire ſhall devour; while what from me he drew
Shall live immortal, and its Force ſubdue;
That, when he's dead, I'll raiſe to Realms above;
May all the Pow'rs the righteous Act approve.
If any God diſſent, and judge too great
The ſacred Honours of the heav'nly Seat,

Ev'n he ſhall own his Deeds deſerve the Sky,
Ev'n he reluctant, ſhall at length comply.
Th'aſſembled Pow'rs aſſent. No Frown till now
Had mark'd with Paſſion vengeful *Juno*'s Brow.
Mean while whate'er was in the Pow'r of Flame
Was all conſum'd; his Body's nervous Frame
No more was known, of human Form bereft,
Th'eternal Part of *Jove* alone was left.
As an old Serpent caſts his ſcaly Veſt,
Wreathes in the Sun, in youthful Glory dreſt;
So when *Alcides* mortal Mold reſign'd,
His better Part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd;
Auguſt his Viſage ſhone; Almighty *Jove*
In his ſwift Carr his honour'd Offspring drove;
High o'er the hollow Clouds the Courſers fly,
And lodge the Hero in the ſtarry Sky.

The Transformation of GALANTHIS.

Atlas perceiv'd the Load of Heav'n's new Gueſt.
Revenge ſtill rancour'd in *Euryſtheus'* Breaſt
Againſt *Alcides'* Race. *Alcmena* goes
To *Iole*, to vent maternal Woes;
Here ſhe pours forth her Grief, recounts the Spoils
Her Son had bravely reap'd in glorious Toils.
This *Iole*, by *Hercules'* Commands,
Hyllus had lov'd, and joyn'd in nuptial Bands.
Her ſwelling Womb the teeming Birth confeſs'd,
To whom *Alcmena* thus her Speech addreſs'd.

O, may the Gods protect thee, in that Hour,
When, midſt thy Throws, thou call'ſt th' *Ilithyian* Pow'r!
May no Delays prolong thy racking Pain,
As when I ſu'd for *Juno*'s Aid in vain.

When

When now *Alcides*' mighty Birth drew nigh,
And the tenth Sign roll'd forward on the Sky,
My Womb extends with ſuch a mighty Load,
As *Jove* the Parent of the Burthen ſhow'd.
I could no more th'encreaſing Smart ſuſtain,
My Horror kindles to recount the Pain;
Cold chills my Limbs while I the Tale purſue,
And now methinks I feel my Pangs anew.
Seven Days and Nights amidſt inceſſant Throws,
Fatigu'd with Ills I lay, nor knew Repoſe;
When lifting high my Hands, in Shrieks I pray'd,
Implor'd the Gods, and call'd *Lucina*'s Aid.
She came, but prejudic'd, to give my Fate
A Sacrifice to vengeful *Juno*'s Hate.
She hears the groaning Anguiſh of my Fits,
And on the Altar at my Door ſhe ſits.
O'er her left Knee her croſſing Leg ſhe caſt,
Then knits her Fingers cloſe, and wrings them faſt:
This ſtay'd the Birth; in mutt'ring Verſe ſhe pray'd,
The mutt'ring Verſe th'unfiniſh'd Birth delay'd.
Now with fierce Struggles, raging with my Pain,
At *Jove*'s Ingratitude I rave in vain.
How did I wiſh for Death! ſuch Groans I ſent,
As might have made the flinty Heart relent.
Now the *Cadmeian* Matrons round me preſs,
Offer their Vows, and ſeek to bring Redreſs;
Among the *Theban* Dames *Galanthis* ſtands,
Strong limb'd, red hair'd, and juſt to my Commands:
She firſt perceiv'd that all theſe racking Woes
From the perſiſting Hate of *Juno* roſe.
As here and there ſhe paſs'd, by chance ſhe ſees
The ſeated Goddeſs; on her cloſe-preſs'd Knees

Her faſt-knit Hands ſhe leans; with chearful Voice
Galanthis cries, Whoe'er thou art, rejoice,
Congratulate the Dame, ſhe lies at Reſt,
At length the Gods *Alcmena*'s Womb have bleſt.
Swift from her Seat the ſtartled Goddeſs ſprings,
No more conceal'd, her Hands abroad ſhe flings;
The Charm unloos'd, the Birth my Pangs reliev'd;
Galanthis' Laughter vex'd the Pow'r deceiv'd.
Fame ſays, the Goddeſs dragg'd the laughing Maid
Faſt by the Hair; in vain her Force eſſay'd
Her grov'ling Body from the Ground to rear;
Chang'd to Fore-feet her ſhrinking Arms appear:
Her hairy Back her former Hue retains,
The Form alone is loſt; her Strength remains;
Who, ſince the Lye did from her Mouth proceed,
Shall from her pregnant Mouth bring forth her Breed;
Nor ſhall ſhe quit her long frequented Home,
But haunt thoſe Houſes where ſhe lov'd to roam.

The Fable of DRYOPE.

By Mr. POPE.

She ſaid, and for her loſt *Galanthis* ſighs;
When the fair Conſort of her Son replies;
Since you a Servant's raviſh'd Form bemoan,
And kindly ſigh for Sorrows not your own,
Let me (if Tears and Grief permit) relate
A nearer Woe, a Siſter's ſtranger Fate.
No Nymph of all *Oechalia* could compare
For beauteous Form with *Dryopè* the Fair;
Her tender Mother's only Hope and Pride,
(My ſelf the Offspring of a ſecond Bride.)

This Nymph, compreſs'd by him who rules the Day,
Whom *Delphi* and the *Delian* Iſle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and bleſt in all thoſe Charms
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her Arms.
A Lake there was, with ſhelving Banks around,
Whoſe verdant Summit fragrant Myrtles crown'd.
Thoſe Shades, unknowing of the Fates, ſhe ſought,
And to the *Naiads* flow'ry Garlands brought;
Her ſmiling Babe (a pleaſing Charge) ſhe preſt
Between her Arms, and nouriſh'd at her Breaſt.
Not diſtant far a watry Lotos grows;
The Spring was new, and all the verdant Boughs,
Adorn'd with Bloſſoms, promis'd Fruits that vye
In glowing Colours with the *Tyrian* Dye.
Of theſe ſhe cropt, to pleaſe her Infant Son,
And I my ſelf the ſame raſh Act had done,
But, lo! I ſaw (as near her Side I ſtood)
The violated Bloſſoms drop with Blood;
Upon the Tree I caſt a frightful Look,
The trembling Tree with ſudden Horror ſhook.
Lotis the Nymph (if rural Tales be true)
As from *Priapus'* lawleſs Luſt ſhe flew,
Forſook her Form; and fixing here, became
A flow'ry Plant, which ſtill preſerves her Name.
This Change unknown, aſtoniſh'd at the Sight,
My trembling Siſter ſtrove to urge her Flight;
Yet firſt the Pardon of the *Nymphs* implor'd,
And thoſe offended *Sylvan* Pow'rs ador'd:
But when ſhe backward would have fled, ſhe found
Her ſtiff'ning Feet were rooted to the Ground:
In vain to free her faſten'd Feet ſhe ſtrove,
And as ſhe ſtruggles, only moves above;

She feels th' incroaching Bark around her grow,
By ſlow Degrees, and cover all below:
Surpris'd at this, her trembling Hand ſhe heaves
To rend her Hair; her Hand is fill'd with Leaves;
Where late was Hair, the ſhooting Leaves are ſeen
To riſe, and ſhade her with a ſudden Green.
The Child *Amphiſus*, to her Boſom preſt,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder Breaſt,
And found the Springs, that ne'er 'till then deny'd
Their milky Moiſture, on a ſudden dry'd.
I ſaw, unhappy, what I now relate,
And ſtood the helpleſs Witneſs of thy Fate;
Embrac'd thy Boughs, the riſing Bark delay'd,
There wiſh'd to grow, and mingle Shade with Shade.
Behold *Andræmon* and th' unhappy Sire
Appear, and for their *Dryopè* enquire;
A ſpringing Tree for *Dryopè* they find,
And print warm Kiſſes on the panting Rind;
Proſtrate, with Tears their Kindred Plant bedew,
And cloſe embrac'd, as to the Roots they grew.
The Face was all that now remain'd of thee;
No more a Woman, nor yet quite a Tree:
Thy Branches hung with humid Pearls appear,
From ev'ry Leaf diſtills a trickling Tear;
And ſtrait a Voice, while yet a Voice remains,
Thus thro' the trembling Boughs in Sighs complains.
If to the Wretched any Faith be giv'n,
I ſwear by all th' unpitying Pow'rs of Heav'n,
No wilful Crime this heavy Vengeance bred,
In mutual Innocence our Lives we led.

If this be falſe, let theſe new Greens decay,
Let ſounding Axes lop my Limbs away,
And crackling Flames on all my Honours prey.
Now from my branching Arms this Infant bear,
Let ſome kind Nurſe ſupply a Mother's Care;
Yet to his Mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her Shades, and in her Shades be fed;
Teach him, when firſt his Infant Voice ſhall frame
Imperfect Words, and liſp his Mother's Name,
To hail this Tree, and ſay with weeping Eyes,
Within this Plant my hapleſs Parent lies;
And when in Youth he ſeeks the ſhady Woods,
Oh, let him fly the chryſtal Lakes and Floods,
Nor touch the fatal Flow'rs; but warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddeſs ſhrin'd in ev'ry Tree.
My Sire, my Siſter, and my Spouſe farewel!
If in your Breaſts or Love or Pity dwell,
Protect your Plant, nor let my Branches feel
The browzing Cattle, or the piercing Steel.
Farewel! and ſince I cannot bend to join
My Lips to yours, advance at leaſt to mine.
My Son, thy Mother's parting Kiſs receive,
While yet thy Mother has a Kiſs to give.
I can no more; the creeping Rind invades
My cloſing Lips, and hides my Head in Shades:
Remove your Hands; the Bark ſhall ſoon ſuffice,
Without their Aid, to ſeal theſe dying Eyes.
She ceas'd at once to ſpeak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the Nymph was loſt within the Tree:
Yet latent Life thro' her new Branches reign'd,
And long the Plant a human Heat retain'd.

Continu'd by Mr. GAY.

IOLAUS *reſtor'd to Youth.*

While *Iolè* the fatal Change declares,
Alcmena's pitying Hand oft wip'd her Tears.
Grief too ſtream'd down her Cheeks; ſoon Sorrow flies,
And riſing Joy the trickling Moiſture dries,
Lo *Iolaus* ſtands before their Eyes.
A Youth he ſtood; and the ſoft Down began
O'er his ſmooth Chin to ſpread, and promiſe Man.
Hebe ſubmitted to her Husband's Pray'rs,
Inſtill'd new Vigour, and reſtor'd his Years.

The Prophecy of THEMIS.

Now from her Lips a ſolemn Oath had paſt,
That *Iolaus* this Gift alone ſhou'd taſte,
Had not juſt *Themis* thus maturely ſaid,
(Which check'd her Vow, and aw'd the blooming Maid.)
Thebes is embroil'd in War. *Capaneus* ſtands
Invincible, but by the Thund'rer's Hands.
Ambition ſhall the guilty * Brothers fire,
Both ruſh to mutual Wounds, and both expire.
The reeling Earth ſhall ope her gloomy Womb,
Where the † yet breathing Bard ſhall find his Tomb.
The § Son ſhall bathe his Hands in Parent's Blood,
And in one Act be both unjuſt and good.
Of Home and Senſe depriv'd, where-e'er he flies,
The Furies and his Mother's Ghoſt he ſpies.
His Wife the fatal Bracelet ſhall implore,
And *Phegeus* ſtain his Sword in Kindred Gore.
Callirhöe ſhall then with ſuppliant Pray'r
Prevail on *Jupiter*'s relenting Ear.

* Eteocles *and* Polynices. † Amphiaraus. § Alcmæon.

Jove ſhall with Youth her Infant Sons inſpire,
And bid their Boſoms glow with manly Fire.

The Debate of the Gods.

When *Themis* thus with preſcient Voice had ſpoke,
Among the Gods a various Murmur broke;
Diſſention roſe in each immortal Breaſt,
That one ſhould grant what was deny'd the reſt.
Aurora for her aged Spouſe complains,
And *Ceres* grieves for *Jaſon*'s freezing Veins;
Vulcan would *Erichthonius*' Years renew,
Her future Race the Care of *Venus* drew,
She would *Anchiſes*' blooming Age reſtore;
A diff'rent Care employ'd each heav'nly Pow'r:
Thus various Int'reſts did their Jars encreaſe,
Till *Jove* aroſe; he ſpoke, their Tumults ceaſe.
Is any Rev'rence to our Preſence giv'n,
Then why this Diſcord 'mong the Pow'rs of Heav'n?
Who can the ſettled Will of Fate ſubdue?
'Twas by the Fates that *Iolaus* knew
A ſecond Youth. The Fate's determin'd Doom
Shall give *Callirhoe*'s Race a youthful Bloom.
Arms nor Ambition can this Pow'r obtain;
Quell your Deſires; ev'n me the Fates reſtrain.
Could I their Will controul, no rolling Years
Had *Æacus* bent down with Silver Hairs;
Then *Rhadamanthus* ſtill had Youth poſſeſs'd,
And *Minos* with eternal Bloom been bleſs'd.
Jove's Words the Synod mov'd; the Pow'rs give o'er,
And urge in vain unjuſt Complaint no more.
Since *Rhadamanthus*' Veins now ſlowly flow'd,
And *Æacus* and *Minos* bore the Load;

Minos, who in the Flow'r of Youth and Fame,
Made mighty Nations tremble at his Name,
Infirm with Age, the proud *Miletus* fears,
Vain of his Birth, and in the Strength of Years,
And now regarding all his Realms as loſt,
He durſt not force him from his native Coaſt.
But you by choice, *Miletus*, fled his Reign,
And thy ſwift Veſſel plow'd th' *Ægean* Main;
On *Aſiatick* Shores a Town you frame,
Which ſtill is honour'd with the Founder's Name.
Here you *Cyanëe* knew, the beauteous Maid,
As on her * Father's winding Banks ſhe ſtray'd:
Caunus and *Byblis* hence their Lineage trace,
The double Offspring of your warm Embrace.

The Paſſion of BYBLIS.

By STEPHEN HARVEY, *Eſq*;

Let the ſad Fate of wretched *Byblis* prove
A diſmal Warning to unlawful Love;
One Birth gave Being to the hapleſs Pair,
But more was *Caunus* than a Siſter's Care;
Unknown ſhe lov'd, for yet the gentle Fire
Roſe not in Flames, nor kindled to Deſire;
'Twas thought no Sin to wonder at his Charms,
Hang on his Neck, and languiſh in his Arms;
Thus wing'd with Joy, fled the ſoft Hours away,
And all the fatal Guilt on harmleſs Nature lay.
But Love (too ſoon from Piety declin'd)
Inſenſibly deprav'd her yielding Mind.
Dreſs'd ſhe appears, with niceſt Art adorn'd,
And ev'ry Youth, but her lov'd Brother, ſcorn'd;

* Mæander.

For

For him alone ſhe labour'd to be fair,
And curſt all Charms that might with hers compare.
'Twas ſhe, and only ſhe, muſt *Caunus* pleaſe,
Sick at her Heart, yet knew not her Diſeaſe:
She call'd him Lord, for Brother was a Name
Too cold, and dull for her aſpiring Flame;
And when he ſpoke, if Siſter, he reply'd,
For *Byblis* change that frozen Word, ſhe cry'd;
Yet waking ſtill ſhe watch'd her ſtrugling Breaſt,
And Love's Approaches were in vain addreſs'd,
Till gentle Sleep an eaſy Conqueſt made,
And in her ſoft Embrace the Conqueror was laid.
But oh too ſoon the pleaſing Viſion fled,
And left her bluſhing on the conſcious Bed:
Ah me! (ſhe cry'd) how monſtrous do I ſeem?
Why theſe wild Thoughts? and this inceſtuous Dream?
Envy herſelf ('tis true) muſt own his Charms,
But what is Beauty in a Siſter's Arms?
Oh were I not that deſpicable ſhe,
How bleſs'd, how pleas'd, how happy ſhou'd I be!
But unregarded now muſt bear my Pain,
And, but in Dreams, my Wiſhes can obtain.
O Sea-born Goddeſs! with thy wanton Boy!
Was ever ſuch a charming Scene of Joy?
Such perfect Bliſs! ſuch raviſhing Delight!
Ne'er hid before in the kind Shades of Night.
How pleas'd my Heart! in what ſweet Raptures toſt?
Ev'n Life itſelf in the ſoft Combat loſt,
While breathleſs he on my heav'd Boſom lay,
And ſnatch'd the Treaſures of my Soul away.
If the bare Fancy ſo affects my Mind,
How ſhou'd I rave if to the Subſtance join'd?

Oh, gentle *Caunus!* quit thy hated Line,
Or let thy Parents be no longer mine!
Oh that in common all things were enjoy'd,
But thoſe alone who have our Hopes deſtroy'd.
Were I a Princeſs, thou an humble Swain,
The proudeſt Kings ſhou'd rival thee in vain.
It cannot be, alas! the dreadful Ill
Is fix'd by Fate, and he's my Brother ſtill.
Hear me, ye Gods! I muſt have Friends in Heav'n,
For *Jove* himſelf was to a Siſter giv'n:
But what are their Prerogatives above,
To the ſhort Liberties of humane Love?
Fantaſtick Thoughts! down, down, forbidden Fires,
Or inſtant Death extinguiſh my Deſires,
Strict Virtue, then, with thy malicious Leave,
Without a Crime I may a Kiſs receive:
But ſay ſhou'd I in ſpight of Laws comply,
Yet cruel *Caunus* might himſelf deny,
No Pity take of an afflicted Maid,
(For Love's ſweet Game muſt be by Couples play'd.)
Yet why ſhou'd Youth and Charms like mine deſpair?
Such Fears ne'er ſtartled the *Æolian* Pair;
No Ties of Blood could their full Hopes deſtroy,
They broke thro' all for the prevailing Joy;
And who can tell but *Caunus* too may be
Rack'd and tormented in his Breaſt for me?
Like me, to the extreameſt Anguiſh drove,
Like me, juſt waking from a Dream of Love?
But ſtay! Oh whither wou'd my Fury run!
What Arguments I urge to be undone!
Away fond *Byblis*, quench theſe guilty Flames;
Caunus thy Love but as a Brother claims;

Yet had he firſt been touch'd with Love of me,
The charming Youth cou'd I deſpairing ſee?
Oppreſs'd with Grief, and dying by Diſdain?
Ah no! too ſure I ſhou'd have eas'd his Pain?
Since then, if *Caunus* ask'd me, it were done;
Asking my ſelf, what Dangers can I run?
But canſt thou ask? and ſee that Right betray'd,
From *Pyrrha* down to thy whole Sex convey'd?
That ſelf-denying Gift we all enjoy,
Of wiſhing to be won, yet ſeeming to be coy.
Well then, for once, let a fond Miſtreſs woe,
The Force of Love no Cuſtom can ſubdue;
This frantick Paſſion he by Words ſhall know,
Soft as the melting Heart from whence they flow.
The Pencil then in her fair Hand ſhe held,
By Fear diſcourag'd, but by Love compell'd;
She writes, then blots, writes on, and blots again,
Likes it as fit, then razes it as vain:
Shame and Aſſurance in her Face appear,
And a faint Hope juſt yielding to Deſpair;
Siſter was wrote, and blotted as a Word
Which ſhe, and *Caunus* too (ſhe hop'd) abhorr'd;
But now reſolv'd to be no more controul'd
By ſcrup'lous Virtue, thus her Grief ſhe told.
Thy Lover (gentle *Caunus*) wiſhes thee
That Health, which thou alone canſt give to me.
O charming Youth, the Gift I ask beſtow,
E're thou the Name of the fond Writer know;
To thee without a Name I would be known,
Since knowing that, my Frailty I muſt own.
Yet why ſhou'd I my wretched Name conceal?
When thouſand Inſtances my Flames reveal:

Wan Looks and weeping Eyes have ſpoke my Pain,
And Sighs diſcharg'd from my heav'd Heart in vain;
Had I not wiſh'd my Paſſion might be ſeen,
What cou'd ſuch Fondneſs and Embraces mean?
Such Kiſſes too! (Oh heedleſs lovely Boy)
Without a Crime no Siſter cou'd enjoy:
Yet (tho' extreameſt Rage has rack'd my Soul,
And raging Fires in my parch'd Boſom roul)
Be Witneſs, Gods! how piouſly I ſtrove,
To rid my Thoughts of this enchanting Love.
But who cou'd ſcape ſo fierce and ſure a Dart,
Aim'd at a tender and defenceleſs Heart?
Alas! what Maid cou'd ſuffer I have born,
E're the dire Secret from my Breaſt was torn;
To thee a helpleſs vanquiſh'd Wretch I come,
'Tis you alone can ſave, or give my Doom;
My Life or Death this Moment you may chuſe,
Yet think, Oh think, no hated Stranger ſues,
No Foe, but one, alas! too near ally'd,
And wiſhing ſtill much nearer to be ty'd.
The Forms of Decency let Age debate,
And Virtue's Rules by their cold Morals ſtate;
Their ebbing Joys give Leiſure to enquire,
And blame thoſe noble Flights our Youth inſpire:
Where Nature kindly ſummons let us go,
Our ſprightly Years no Bounds in Love ſhou'd know,
Shou'd feel no Check of Guilt, and fear no Ill;
Lovers and Gods act all things at their Will:
We gain one Bleſſing from our hated Kin,
Since our Paternal Freedom hides the Sin;
Uncenſur'd in each others Arms we lye,
Think then how eaſy to compleat our Joy.

Oh

Oh pardon, and oblige a bluſhing Maid,
Whoſe Rage the Pride of her vain Sex betray'd;
Nor let my Tomb thus mournfully complain,
Here *Byblis* lies, by her lov'd *Caunus* ſlain.
Forc'd here to end, ſhe with a falling Tear
Temper'd the pliant Wax, which did the Signet bear:
The curious Cypher was impreſs'd by Art,
But Love had ſtamp'd one deeper in her Heart;
Her Page, a Youth of Confidence and Skill,
(Secret as Night) ſtood waiting on her Will;
Sighing (ſhe cry'd) bear this, thou faithful Boy,
To my ſweet Part'ner in eternal Joy:
Here a long Pauſe her ſecret Guilt confeſs'd,
And when at length ſhe wou'd have ſpoke the reſt,
Half the dear Name lay bury'd in her Breaſt.
Thus as he liſtned to her vain Command,
Down fell the Letter from her trembling Hand.
The Omen ſhock'd her Soul: Yet go, ſhe cry'd;
Can a Requeſt from *Byblis* be deny'd?
To the *Mæandrian* Youth's this Meſſage born,
The half-read Lines by his fierce Rage were torn;
Hence, hence, he cry'd, thou Pandar to her Luſt,
Bear hence the Triumph of thy impious Truſt:
Thy inſtant Death will but divulge her Shame,
Or thy Life's Blood ſhou'd quench the guilty Flame.
Frighted, from threatning *Caunus* he withdrew,
And with the dreadful News to his loſt Miſtreſs flew
The ſad Repulſe ſo ſtruck the wounded Fair,
Her Senſe was buried in her wild Deſpair;
Pale was her Viſage, as the ghaſtly Dead,
And her ſcar'd Soul from the ſweet Manſion fled;

Yet with her Life renew'd, her Love returns,
And faintly thus her cruel Fate ſhe mourns:
'Tis juſt, ye Gods! was my falſe Reaſon blind?
To write a Secret of this tender kind?
With female Craft I ſhou'd at firſt have ſtrove,
By dubious Hints to ſound his diſtant Love;
And try'd thoſe uſeful, tho' diſſembled, Arts
Which Women practiſe on diſdainful Hearts:
I ſhou'd have watch'd whence the black Storm might riſe,
E're I had truſted the unfaithful Skies.
Now on the rouling Billows I am toſt,
And with extended Sails, on the blind Shelves am loſt.
Did not indulgent Heav'n my Doom foretell,
When from my Hand the fatal Letter fell?
What Madneſs ſeiz'd my Soul? and urg'd me on
To take the only Courſe to be undone?
I cou'd my ſelf have told the moving Tale
With ſuch alluring Grace as muſt prevail;
Then had his Eyes beheld my bluſhing Fears,
My riſing Sighs, and my deſcending Tears;
Round his dear Neck theſe Arms I then had ſpread,
And, if rejected, at his Feet been dead:
If ſingly theſe had not his Thoughts inclin'd,
Yet all united wou'd have ſhock'd his Mind.
Perhaps, my careleſs Page might be in fault,
And in a luckleſs Hour the fatal Meſſage brought;
Buſineſs, and worldly Thoughts might fill his Breaſt,
Sometimes ev'n Love itſelf may be an irkſome Gueſt:
He cou'd not elſe have treated me with Scorn,
For *Caunus* was not of a Tygreſs born;
Nor Steel nor Adamant has fenc'd his Heart,
Like mine 'tis naked to the burning Dart.

Away falſe Fears! he muſt, he ſhall be mine,
In Death alone I will my Claim reſign;
'Tis vain to wiſh my written Crime unknown,
And for my Guilt much vainer to attone.
Repuls'd, and baffled, fiercer ſtill ſhe burns,
And *Caunus* with Diſdain her impious Love returns.
He ſaw no End of her injurious Flame,
And fled his Country to avoid the Shame.
Forſaken *Byblis*, who had Hopes no more,
Burſt out in Rage, and her looſe Robes ſhe tore;
With her fair Hands ſhe ſmote her tender Breaſt,
And to the wondring World her Love confeſs'd;
O'er Hills and Dales, o'er Rocks and Streams ſhe flew,
But ſtill in vain did her wild Luſt purſue:
Wearied at length, on the cold Earth ſhe fell,
And now in Tears alone cou'd her ſad Story tell.
Relenting Gods, in Pity, fix'd her there,
And to a Fountain turn'd the weeping Fair.

The Fable of IPHIS *and* IANTHE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The Fame of this, perhaps, thro' *Crete* had flown:
But *Crete* had newer Wonders of her own,
In *Iphis* chang'd: For, near the *Gnoſſian* Bounds,
(As loud Report the Miracle reſounds)
At *Phæſtus* dwelt a Man of honeſt Blood,
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good;
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the Neighbourhood;
Who to his Wife, before the Time aſſign'd
For Child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his Mind.
If Heav'n, ſaid *Lygdus*, will vouchſafe to hear,
I have but two Petitions to prefer;
Short Pains for thee, for me a Son and Heir.

Girls coſt as many Throws in bringing forth;
Beſides, when born, the Titts are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain
Their Share of Labour, and their Bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a Creature ſhalt produce,
Of ſo great Charges, and ſo little Uſe,
(Bear witneſs, Heav'n, with what Reluctancy)
Her hapleſs Innocence I doom to dye.
He ſaid, and Tears the common Grief diſplay,
Of him who bad, and her who muſt obey.
Yet *Telethuſa* ſtill perſiſts, to find
Fit Arguments to move a Father's Mind;
T'extend his Wiſhes to a larger Scope,
And in one Veſſel not confine his Hope.
Lygdus continues hard: Her Time drew near,
And ſhe her heavy Load cou'd ſcarcely bear;
When, ſlumb'ring, in the latter Shades of Night,
Before th' Approaches of returning Light,
She ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, before her Bed,
A glorious Train, and *Iſis* at their Head:
Her moony Horns were on her Forehead plac'd,
And yellow Sheaves her ſhining Temples grac'd:
A Mitre, for a Crown, ſhe wore on high;
The Dog and dappl'd Bull were waiting by;
Oſyris, ſought along the Banks of *Nile*;
The ſilent God; the ſacred Crocodile:
And, laſt, a long Proceſſion moving on,
With Timbrels, that aſſiſt the lab'ring Moon.
Her Slumbers ſeem'd diſpell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a Voice, that thus diſtinctly ſpake.
My Votary, thy Babe from Death defend,
Nor fear to ſave whate'er the Gods will ſend.

Delude

Delude with Art thy Husband's dire Decree;
When Danger calls, repoſe thy Truſt on me:
And know thou haſt not ſerv'd a thankleſs Deity.
This Promiſe made, with Night the Goddeſs fled;
With Joy the Woman wakes, and leaves her Bed;
Devoutly lifts her ſpotleſs Hands on high,
And prays the Pow'rs their Gift to ratifie.

Now grinding Pains proceed to bearing Throws,
Till its own Weight the Burden did diſcloſe.
'Twas of the beauteous Kind, and brought to Light
With Secrecy, to ſhun the Father's Sight.
Th' indulgent Mother did her Care employ,
And paſs'd it on her Husband for a Boy.
The Nurſe was conſcious of the Fact alone;
The Father paid his Vows as for a Son;
And call'd him *Iphis*, by a common Name,
Which either Sex with equal Right may claim.
Iphis his Grandſire was; the Wife was pleas'd,
Of half the Fraud by Fortune's Favour eas'd:
The doubtful Name was us'd without Deceit,
And Truth was cover'd with a pious Cheat.
The Habit ſhew'd a Boy, the beauteous Face
With manly Fierceneſs mingl'd female Grace.

Now thirteen Years of Age were ſwiftly run,
When the fond Father thought the time drew on
Of ſettling in the World his only Son.
Ianthe was his Choice; ſo wondrous fair,
Her Form alone with *Iphis* cou'd compare;
A Neighbour's Daughter of his own Degree,
And not more bleſs'd with Fortune's Goods than he.

They ſoon eſpous'd; for they with Eaſe were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the Mind.

Their Age the ſame, their Inclinations too;
And bred together, in one School they grew.
Thus, fatally diſpos'd to mutual Fires,
They felt, before they knew, the ſame Deſires.
Equal their Flame, unequal was their Care;
One lov'd with Hope, one languiſh'd in Deſpair.
The Maid accus'd the ling'ring Days alone:
For whom ſhe thought a Man, ſhe thought her own.
But *Iphis* bends beneath a greater Grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no Relief.
Ev'n her Deſpair adds Fuel to her Fire;
A Maid with Madneſs does a Maid deſire.
And, ſcarce refraining Tears, Alas, ſaid ſhe,
What Iſſue of my Love remains for me!
How wild a Paſſion works within my Breaſt,
With what prodigious Flames am I poſſeſt!
Cou'd I the Care of Providence deſerve,
Heav'n muſt deſtroy me, if it wou'd preſerve.
And that's my Fate; or ſure it wou'd have ſent
Some uſual Evil for my Puniſhment:
Not this unkindly Curſe; to rage and burn,
Where Nature ſhews no Proſpect of Return.
Nor Cows for Cows conſume with fruitleſs Fire,
Nor Mares, when hot, their Fellow-Mares deſire:
The Father of the Fold ſupplies his Ewes;
The Stag through ſecret Woods his Hind purſues;
And Birds for Mates the Males of their own Species chuſe.
Her Females Nature guards from Female Flame,
And joins two Sexes to preſerve the Game:
Wou'd I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, fam'd for Monſters, wanted of her Store,
Till my new Love produc'd one Monſter more.

The Daughter of the Sun a Bull deſir'd,
And yet ev'n then a Male a Female fir'd:
Her Paſſion was extravagantly new,
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impoſſible ſhe was not bent,
But found the Means to compaſs her Intent.
To cheat his Eyes ſhe took a different Shape;
Yet ſtill ſhe gain'd a Lover and a Leap.
Shou'd all the Wit of all the World conſpire,
Shou'd *Dædalus* aſſiſt my wild Deſire,
What Art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change *Ianthe* to a Boy?
Extinguiſh then thy Paſſion, hopeleſs Maid,
And recollect thy Reaſon for thy Aid.
Know what thou art, and love as Maidens ought,
And drive theſe Golden Wiſhes from thy Thought.
Thou canſt not hope thy fond Deſires to gain;
Where Hope is wanting, Wiſhes are in vain.
  And yet no Guards againſt our Joys conſpire;
No jealous Husband hinders our Deſire:
My Parents are propitious to my Wiſh,
And ſhe herſelf conſenting to the Bliſs.
All things concur to proſper our Deſign;
All things to proſper any Love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the Fair;
'Tis paſt the Pow'r of Heav'n to grant my Pray'r.
Heav'n has been kind, as far as Heav'n can be;
Our Parents with our own Deſires agree;
But Nature, ſtronger than the Gods above,
Refuſes her Aſſiſtance to my Love;
She ſets the Bar that cauſes all my Pain;
One Gift refus'd, makes all their Bounty vain.

And now the happy Day is juſt at hand,
To bind our Hearts in *Hymen*'s holy Band:
Our Hearts, but not our Bodies: Thus accurs'd,
In midſt of Water I complain of Thirſt.
Why com'ſt thou, *Juno*, to theſe barren Rites,
To bleſs a Bed defrauded of Delights?
But why ſhou'd *Hymen* lift his Torch on high,
To ſee two Brides in cold Embraces lye?

Thus Love-ſick *Iphis* her vain Paſſion mourns;
With equal Ardour fair *Ianthe* burns,
Invoking *Hymen*'s Name and *Juno*'s Pow'r,
To ſpeed the Work, and haſte the happy Hour.

She hopes, while *Telethuſa* fears the Day,
And ſtrives to interpoſe ſome new Delay:
Now feigns a Sickneſs, now is in a Fright
For this bad Omen, or that boding Sight.
But having done whate'er ſhe cou'd deviſe,
And empty'd all her Magazine of Lies,
The Time approach'd; the next enſuing Day
The fatal Secret muſt to Light betray.
Then *Telethuſa* had recourſe to Pray'r,
She, and her Daughter with diſhevell'd Hair;
Trembling with Fear, great *Iſis* they ador'd,
Embrac'd her Altar, and her Aid implor'd.

Fair Queen, who doſt on fruitful *Egypt* ſmile,
Who ſway'ſt the Sceptre of the *Pharian* Iſle,
And ſev'n-fold Falls of diſemboguing *Nile*;
Relieve, in this our laſt Diſtreſs, ſhe ſaid,
A ſuppliant Mother, and a mournful Maid.
Thou, Goddeſs, thou wert preſent to my Sight;
Reveal'd I ſaw thee, by thy own fair Light:

I ſaw thee in my Dream, as now I ſee,
With all thy Marks of awful Majeſty:
The glorious Train that compaſs'd thee around;
And heard the hollow Timbrels holy Sound.
Thy Words I noted, which I ſtill retain;
Let not thy ſacred Oracles be vain.
That *Iphis* lives, that I my ſelf am free
From Shame and Puniſhment, I owe to thee.
On thy Protection all our Hopes depend:
Thy Counſel ſav'd us, let thy Pow'r defend.
Her Tears purſu'd her Words; and while ſhe ſpoke
The Goddeſs nodded, and her Altar ſhook:
The Temple Doors, as with a Blaſt of Wind,
Were heard to clap; the Lunar Horns that bind
The Brows of *Iſis*, caſt a Blaze around;
The trembling Timbrel made a murm'ring Sound.
Some Hopes theſe happy Omens did impart;
Forth went the Mother with a beating Heart:
Not much in Fear, nor fully ſatisfy'd;
But *Iphis* follow'd with a larger Stride:
The Whiteneſs of her Skin forſook her Face;
Her Looks embolden'd, with an awful Grace;
Her Features and her Strength together grew,
And her long Hair to curling Locks withdrew.
Her ſparkling Eyes with manly Vigour ſhone,
Big was her Voice, audacious was her Tone.
The latent Parts, at length reveal'd, began
To ſhoot, and ſpread, and burniſh into Man.
The Maid becomes a Youth; no more delay
Your Vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their Gifts the Parents to the Temple bear:
The Votive Tables this Inſcription wear;

Iphis the Man, has to the Goddeſs paid
The Vows that *Iphis* offer'd when a Maid.
Now when the Star of Day had ſhewn his Face,
Venus and *Juno* with their Preſence grace
The Nuptial Rites, and *Hymen* from above
Deſcending to compleat their happy Love:
The Gods of Marriage lend their mutual Aid;
And the warm Youth enjoys the lovely Maid.

The End of the Ninth Book.

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK X.

Tranſlated by Mr. DRYDEN, *Mr.* CONGREVE, *and Others.*

The Story of ORPHEUS *and* EURYDICE.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

THENCE, in his Saffron Robe, for diſtant *Thrace*,
Hymen departs, thro' Air's unmeaſur'd Space;
By *Orpheus* call'd, the Nuptial Pow'r attends,
But with ill-omen'd Augury deſcends;
Nor chearful look'd the God, nor proſp'rous ſpoke,
Nor blaz'd his Torch, but wept in hiſſing Smoke.
In vain they whirl it round, in vain they ſhake,
No rapid Motion can its Flames awake.

With Dread theſe inauſpicious Signs were view'd,
And ſoon a more diſaſtrous End enſu'd;
For as the Bride, amid the *Naïad* Train,
Ran joyful, ſporting o'er the flow'ry Plain,
A venom'd Viper bit her as ſhe paſs'd;
Inſtant ſhe fell, and ſuddain breath'd her laſt.

When long his Loſs the *Thracian* had deplor'd,
Not by ſuperior Pow'rs to be reſtor'd;
Inflam'd by Love, and urg'd by deep Deſpair,
He leaves the Realms of Light, and upper Air;
Daring to tread the dark *Tenarian* Road,
And tempt the Shades in their obſcure Abode;
Thro' gliding Spectres of th' Interr'd to go,
And Phantom People of the World below:
Perſephonè he ſeeks, and him who reigns
O'er Ghoſts, and Hell's uncomfortable Plains.
Arriv'd, he, tuning to his Voice his Strings,
Thus to the King and Queen of Shadows ſings.
Ye Pow'rs, who under Earth your Realms extend,
To whom all Mortals muſt one Day deſcend;
If here 'tis granted ſacred Truth to tell:
I come not curious to explore your Hell;
Nor come to boaſt (by vain Ambition fir'd)
How *Cerberus* at my Approach retir'd.
My Wife alone I ſeek; for her lov'd ſake
Theſe Terrors I ſupport, this Journey take.
She, luckleſs wandring, or by Fate miſ-led,
Chanc'd on a lurking Viper's Creſt to tread;
The vengeful Beaſt, enflam'd with Fury, ſtarts,
And thro' her Heel his deathful Venom darts.
Thus was ſhe ſnatch'd untimely to her Tomb;
Her growing Years cut ſhort, and ſpringing Bloom.
Long I my Loſs endeavour'd to ſuſtain,
And ſtrongly ſtrove, but ſtrove, alas, in vain:
At length I yielded, won by mighty Love;
Well known is that Omnipotence above!
But here, I doubt, his unfelt Influence fails;
And yet a Hope within my Heart prevails,

That

That here, ev'n here, he has been known of old;
At leaſt, if Truth be by Tradition told;
If Fame of former Rapes Belief may find,
You both by Love, and Love alone, were joyn'd.
Now, by the Horrors which theſe Realms ſurround;
By the vaſt Chaos of theſe Depths profound;
By the ſad Silence which eternal reigns
O'er all the Waſte of theſe wide-ſtretching Plains;
Let me again *Eurydice* receive,
Let Fate her quick-ſpun Thread of Life re-weave.
All our Poſſeſſions are but Loans from you,
And ſoon, or late, you muſt be paid your Due;
Hither we haſte to Human-kind's laſt Seat,
Your endleſs Empire, and our ſure Retreat.
She too, when ripen'd Years ſhe ſhall attain,
Muſt, of avoidleſs Right, be yours again:
I but the tranſient uſe of that require,
Which ſoon, too ſoon, I muſt reſign entire.
But if the Deſtinies refuſe my Vow,
And no Remiſſion of her Doom allow;
Know, I'm determin'd to return no more;
So both retain, or both to Life reſtore.
Thus, while the Bard melodiouſly complains,
And to his Lyre accords his vocal Strains,
The very bloodleſs Shades Attention keep,
And ſilent, ſeem compaſſionate to weep;
Ev'n *Tantalus* his Flood unthirſty views,
Nor flies the Stream, nor he the Stream purſues;
Ixïon's wondring Wheel its Whirl ſuſpends,
And the voracious Vultur, charm'd, attends;
No more the *Belides* their Toil bemoan,
And *Siſiphus* reclin'd, ſits liſt'ning on his Stone.

Then firſt ('tis ſaid) by ſacred Verſe ſubdu'd,
The Furies felt their Cheeks with Tears bedew'd:
Nor could the rigid King or Queen of Hell,
Th' Impulſe of Pity in their Hearts, repell.
Now, from a Troop of Shades that laſt arriv'd,
Eurydice was call'd, and ſtood reviv'd.
Slow ſhe advanc'd, and halting ſeem'd to feel
The fatal Wound, yet painful in her Heel.
Thus he obtains the Suit ſo much deſir'd,
On ſtrict Obſervance of the Terms requir'd:
For if, before he reach the Realms of Air,
He backward caſt his Eyes to view the Fair,
The forfeit Grant, that Inſtant, void is made,
And ſhe for ever left a lifeleſs Shade.
Now thro' the noiſeleſs Throng their Way they bend,
And both with Pain the rugged Road aſcend;
Dark was the Path, and difficult, and ſteep,
And thick with Vapours from the ſmoaky Deep.
They well-nigh now had paſs'd the Bounds of Night,
And juſt approach'd the Margin of the Light,
When, he miſtruſting, leſt her Steps might ſtray,
And gladſom of the Glimpſe of dawning Day,
His longing Eyes, impatient, backward caſt
To catch a Lover's Look, but look'd his laſt;
For, inſtant dying, ſhe again deſcends,
While he to empty Air his Arms extends.
Again ſhe dy'd, nor yet her Lord reprov'd;
What cou'd ſhe ſay, but that too well he lov'd?
One laſt Farewel ſhe ſpoke, which ſcarce he heard;
So ſoon ſhe drop'd, ſo ſuddain diſappear'd.
All ſtunn'd he ſtood, when thus his Wife he view'd
By ſecond Fate and double Death ſubdu'd:

Not more Amazement by that Wretch was ſhown,
Whom *Cerberus* beholding, turn'd to Stone;
Nor *Ollenus* cou'd more aſtoniſh'd look,
When on himſelf *Lethæa*'s Fault he took,
His beauteous Wife, who too ſecure had dar'd
Her Face to vye with Goddeſſes compar'd:
Once join'd by Love, they ſtand united ſtill,
Turn'd to contiguous Rocks, on *Ida*'s Hill.
Now to repaſs the *Styx* in vain he tries,
Charon averſe, his preſſing Suit denies.
Seven Days entire, along th' infernal Shores,
Diſconſolate, the Bard *Eurydice* deplores;
Defil'd with Filth his Robe, with Tears his Cheeks,
No Suſtenance but Grief and Cares he ſeeks:
Of rigid Fate inceſſant he complains,
And Hell's inexorable Gods arraigns.
This ended, to high *Rhodopé* he haſtes,
And *Hæmus'* Mountain, bleek with Northern Blaſts.
And now his yearly Race the circling Sun
Had thrice compleat thro' watry *Piſces* run,
Since *Orpheus* fled the Face of Womankind,
And all ſoft Union with the Sex declin'd.
Whether his ill Succeſs this Change had bred,
Or binding Vows made to his former Bed;
Whate'er the Cauſe, in vain the Nymphs conteſt,
With rival Eyes to warm his frozen Breaſt:
For ev'ry Nymph with Love his Lays inſpir'd,
But ev'ry Nymph repuls'd, with Grief retir'd.
A Hill there was, and on that Hill a Mead,
With Verdure thick, but deſtitute of Shade.
Where, now, the Muſe's Son no ſooner ſings,
No ſooner ſtrikes his ſweet reſounding Strings,

But diſtant Groves the flying Sounds receive,
And liſtning Trees their rooted Stations leave;
Themſelves tranſplanting, all around they grow,
And various Shades their various Kinds beſtow.
Here, tall *Chaönian* Oaks their Branches ſpread,
While weeping Poplars, there erect their Head.
The foodful *Eſculus*, here ſhoots his Leaves,
That Turf ſoft Lime-tree, this, fat Beach receives;
Here, brittle Hazels, Lawrels here advance,
And there tough Aſh to form the Heroe's Lance;
Here, Silver Firs with knotleſs Trunks aſcend,
There, Scarlet Oaks beneath their Acorns bend.
That Spot admits the hoſpitable Plane,
On this, the Maple grows with clouded Grain;
Here, watry Willows are with *Lotus* ſeen,
There, Tamarisk, and Box for ever green.
With double Hue here Mirtles grace the Ground,
And Laureſtines with purple Berries crown'd.
With pliant Feet, now, Ivies this way wind,
Vines yonder riſe, and Elms with Vines entwin'd.
Wild *Ornus* now, the Pitch-tree next takes root,
And *Arbutus* adorn'd with bluſhing Fruit.
Then, eaſy-bending Palms, the Victor's Prize,
And Pines erect with briſtly Tops ariſe.
To *Rhea* grateful ſtill the Pine remains,
For *Atys* ſtill ſome Favour ſhe retains,
He once in Human Shape her Breaſt had warm'd,
And now is cheriſh'd to a Tree transform'd.

The Fable of CYPARISSUS.

Amid the Throng of this promiſcuous Wood,
With pointed Top, the taper Cypreſs ſtood;

A Tree, which once a Youth, and heav'nly fair,
Was of that Deity the darling Care,
Whoſe Hand adapts, with equal Skill, the Strings
To Bows with which he kills, and Harps to which he ſings.
For, heretofore, a mighty Stag was bred,
Which on the fertile Fields of *Cæa* fed;
In Shape and Size he all his Kind excell'd,
And to *Carthæan* Nymphs was ſacred held.
His beamy Head, with Branches high diſplay'd,
Afforded to itſelf an ample Shade;
His Horns were gilt, and his ſmooth Neck was grac'd
With Silver Collars thick with Gems enchas'd:
A Silver Boſs upon his Forehead hung,
And brazen Pendants in his Ear-rings rung.
Frequenting Houſes, he familiar grew,
And learnt by Cuſtom, Nature to ſubdue;
Till by degrees, of Fear and Wildneſs, broke,
Ev'n Stranger Hands his proffer'd Neck might ſtroak.
Much was the Beaſt by *Cæa*'s Youth careſs'd,
But thou, ſweet *Cypariſſus*, lov'dſt him beſt:
By thee, to Paſtures freſh, he oft was led,
By thee, oft water'd at the Fountain's Head:
His Horns with Garlands, now, by thee were ty'd,
And, now, thou on his Back wou'dſt wanton ride;
Now here, now there wou'dſt bound along the Plains,
Ruling his tender Mouth with purple Reins.
'Twas when the Summer Sun at Noon of Day,
Thro' glowing *Cancer*, ſhot his burning Ray,
'Twas then, the fav'rite Stag in cool Retreat,
Had ſought a Shelter from the ſcorching Heat;
Along the Graſs his weary Limbs he laid,
Inhaling Freſhneſs from the breezy Shade:

When *Cyparissus* with his pointed Dart,
Unknowing, pierc'd him to the panting Heart.
But when the Youth, surpriz'd, his Error found,
And saw him dying of the cruel Wound,
Himself he would have slain thro' desp'rate Grief;
What said not *Phœbus*, that might yield Relief!
To cease his Mourning, he the Boy desir'd,
Or mourn no more than such a Loss requir'd.
But, he, incessant griev'd: At length address'd
To the superior Pow'rs a last Request;
Praying, in Expiation of his Crime,
Thenceforth to mourn to all succeeding Time.
And now, of Blood exhausted he appears,
Drain'd by a Torrent of continual Tears;
The fleshy Colour in his Body fades,
And a green Tincture all his Limbs invades;
From his fair Head, where curling Locks late hung,
A horrid Bush with bristled Branches sprung,
Which stiffning by Degrees, its Stem extends,
Till to the starry Skies the Spire ascends.
Apollo sad look'd on, and sighing, cry'd,
Then, be for ever, what thy Pray'r imply'd:
Bemoan'd by me, in others, Grief excite;
And still preside at ev'ry Fun'ral Rite.

Continu'd by Mr. CROXALL.

Thus the sweet Artist in a wond'rous Shade
Of verdant Trees, which Harmony had made,
Encircled sate, with his own Triumphs crown'd,
Of listning Birds, and Savages around.
Again the trembling Strings he dext'rous tries,
Again from Discord makes soft Musick rise.

Then tunes his Voice: O Muſe, from whom I ſprung,
Jove be my Theme, and Thou inſpire my Song.
To *Jove* my grateful Voice I oft have rais'd,
Oft his Almighty Pow'r with Pleaſure prais'd.
I ſung the Giants, in a ſolemn Strain,
Blaſted and Thunder-ſtruck on *Phlegra*'s Plain.
Now be my Lire in ſofter Accents mov'd,
To ſing of blooming Boys, by Gods belov'd;
And to relate what Virgins, void of Shame,
Have ſuffer'd Vengeance for a lawleſs Flame.
The King of Gods once felt the burning Joy,
And ſigh'd for lovely *Ganimede* of *Troy:*
Long was he puzzled to aſſume a Shape
Moſt fit and expeditious for the Rape;
A Bird's was proper, yet he ſcorns to wear
Any but That which might his Thunder bear.
Down with his maſquerading Wings he flies,
And bears the little *Trojan* to the Skies;
Where now, in Robes of heav'nly Purple dreſt,
He ſerves the Nectar at th' Almighty's Feaſt,
To ſlighted *Juno* an unwelcome Gueſt.

HYACINTHUS *transform'd into a Flower.*

By Mr. OZELL.

Phœbus for Thee too, *Hyacinth*, deſign'd
A Place among the Gods, had Fate been kind:
Yet this he gave; as oft as wintry Rains
Are paſt, and vernal Breezes ſooth the Plains,
From the green Turf a purple Flow'r you riſe,
And with your fragrant Breath perfume the Skies.
You when alive were *Phœbus*' darling Boy;
In you he plac'd his Heav'n, and fix'd his Joy:

Their God the *Delphic* Prieſts conſult in vain;
Eurotas now he loves, and *Sparta*'s Plain:
His Hands the uſe of Bow, and Harp forget,
And hold the Dogs, or bear the corded Net;
O'er hanging Cliffs ſwift he purſues the Game;
Each Hour his Pleaſure, each augments his Flame.
The mid-day Sun now ſhone with equal Light
Between the paſt, and the ſucceeding Night;
They ſtrip, then, ſmooth'd with ſuppling Oyl, eſſay
To pitch the rounded Quoit, their wonted Play:
A well-pois'd Disk firſt haſty *Phœbus* threw,
It cleft the Air, and whiſtled as it flew;
It reach'd the Mark, a moſt ſurprizing Length;
Which ſpoke an equal Share of Art, and Strength.
Scarce was it fall'n, when with too eager Hand
Young *Hyacinth* ran to ſnatch it from the Sand;
But the curſt Orb, which met a ſtony Soil,
Flew in his Face with violent Recoil.
Both faint, both pale, and breathleſs now appear,
The Boy with Pain, the am'rous God with Fear.
He ran, and rais'd him bleeding from the Ground,
Chafes his cold Limbs, and wipes the fatal Wound:
Then Herbs of nobleſt Juice in vain applies;
The Wound is mortal, and his Skill defies.
As in a water'd Garden's blooming Walk,
When ſome rude Hand has bruis'd its tender Stalk,
A fading Lilly droops its languid Head,
And bends to Earth, its Life and Beauty fled:
So *Hyacinth*, with Head reclin'd, decays,
And, ſick'ning, now no more his Charms diſplays.
O thou art gone, my Boy, *Apollo* cry'd,
Defrauded of thy Youth in all its Pride!

Thou,

Thou, once my Joy, art all my Sorrow now;
And to my guilty Hand my Grief I owe.
Yet from my ſelf I might the Fault remove,
Unleſs to ſport, and play a Fault ſhould prove,
Unleſs it too were call'd a Fault to love.
Oh cou'd I for thee, or but with thee, dye!
But cruel Fates to me that Pow'r deny.
Yet on my Tongue thou ſhalt for ever dwell;
Thy Name my Lyre ſhall ſound, my Verſe ſhall tell;
And to a Flow'r transform'd, unheard of yet,
Stamp'd on thy Leaves my Cries thou ſhalt repeat.
The time ſhall come, prophetick I foreknow,
When, joyn'd to thee, a mighty * Chief ſhall grow,
And with my Plaints his Name thy Leaf ſhall ſhow.
While *Phœbus* thus the Laws of Fate reveal'd,
Behold, the Blood which ſtain'd the verdant Field,
Is Blood no longer; but a Flow'r full blown
Far brighter than the *Tyrian* Scarlet ſhone.
A Lilly's Form it took; its purple Hue
Was all that made a Diff'rence to the View.
Nor ſtop'd he here; the God upon its Leaves
The ſad Expreſſion of his Sorrow weaves;
And to this Hour the mournful Purple wears
Ai, Ai, inſcrib'd in funeral Characters.
Nor are the *Spartans,* who ſo much are fam'd
For Virtue, of their *Hyacinth* aſham'd;
But ſtill with pompous Woe and ſolemn State,
The *Hyacinthian* Feaſts they yearly celebrate.

The Transformations of the CERASTÆ, *and* PROPÆTIDES.

Enquire of *Amathus,* whoſe wealthy Ground
With Veins of every Metal does abound,

* Ajax.

If ſhe to her *Propætides* wou'd ſhow
The Honour *Sparta* does to him allow?
No more, ſhe'd ſay, ſuch Wretches wou'd we grace,
Than thoſe whoſe crooked Horns deform'd their Face,
From thence *Ceraſtæ* call'd; an impious Race:
Before whoſe Gates a rev'rend Altar ſtood,
To *Jove* inſcrib'd, the hoſpitable God:
This had ſome Stranger ſeen with Gore beſmear'd,
The Blood of Lambs, and Bulls it had appear'd:
Their ſlaughter'd Gueſts it was; not Flock nor Herd.
Venus theſe barb'rous Sacrifices view'd
With juſt Abhorrence, and with Wrath purſu'd:
At firſt, to puniſh ſuch nefarious Crimes,
Their Towns ſhe meant to leave, her once-lov'd Climes.
But why, ſaid ſhe, for their Offence ſhou'd I
My dear delightful Plains, and Cities fly?
No, let the impious People, who have ſinn'd,
A Puniſhment in Death, or Exile find:
If Death, or Exile too ſevere be thought,
Let them in ſome vile Shape bemoan their Fault.
While next her Mind a proper Form employs,
Admoniſh'd by their Horns, ſhe fix'd her Choice.
Their former Creſt remains upon their Heads,
And their ſtrong Limbs an Ox's Shape invades.
The blaſphemous *Propætides* deny'd
Worſhip of *Venus*, and her Pow'r defy'd:
But ſoon that Pow'r they felt, the firſt that ſold
Their lewd Embraces to the World for Gold.
Unknowing how to bluſh, and ſhameleſs grown,
A ſmall Tranſition changes 'em to Stone.

The Story of PYGMALION, *and the* STATUE.
By Mr. DRYDEN.

Pygmalion loathing their laſcivious Life,
Abhorr'd all Womankind, but moſt a Wife:
So ſingle choſe to live, and ſhunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a Conſort of his Bed.
Yet fearing Idleneſs, the Nurſe of Ill,
In Sculpture exercis'd his happy Skill;
And carv'd in Iv'ry ſuch a Maid, ſo fair,
As Nature could not with his Art compare,
Were ſhe to work; but in her own Defence
Muſt take her Pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and laſt, the Thing ador'd, deſires.
A very Virgin in her Face was ſeen,
And had ſhe mov'd, a living Maid had been:
One wou'd have thought ſhe cou'd have ſtirr'd, but ſtrove
With Modeſty, and was aſham'd to move.
Art hid with Art, ſo well perform'd the Cheat,
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit:
He knows 'tis Madneſs, yet he muſt adore,
And ſtill the more he knows it, loves the more:
The Fleſh, or what ſo ſeems, he touches oft,
Which feels ſo ſmooth, that he believes it ſoft.
Fir'd with this Thought, at once he ſtrain'd the Breaſt,
And on the Lips a burning Kiſs impreſs'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd Breaſt reſiſts the Gripe,
And the cold Lips return a Kiſs unripe:
But when, retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it Iv'ry, was a Thought too mean:

So wou'd believe ſhe kiſs'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked Body o'er;
And ſtraining hard the Statue, was afraid
His Hands had made a Dint, and hurt his Maid:
Explor'd her Limb by Limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a Gripe had left a livid Mark behind:
With Flatt'ry now he ſeeks her Mind to move,
And now with Gifts, (the pow'rful Bribes of Love:)
He furniſhes her Cloſet firſt; and fills
The crowded Shelves with Rarities of Shells;
Adds Orient Pearls, which from the Conchs he drew,
And all the ſparkling Stones of various Hue:
And Parrots, imitating Human Tongue,
And Singing-birds in Silver Cages hung;
And ev'ry fragrant Flow'r, and od'rous Green
Were ſorted well, with Lumps of Amber laid between:
Rich faſhionable Robes her Perſon deck,
Pendants her Ears, and Pearls adorn her Neck:
Her taper'd Fingers too with Rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd Zone ſurrounds her ſlender Waſte.
Thus like a Queen array'd, ſo richly dreſs'd,
Beauteous ſhe ſhew'd, but naked ſhew'd the beſt.
Then, from the Floor, he rais'd a Royal Bed,
With Cov'rings of *Sydonian* Purple ſpread:
The ſolemn Rites perform'd, he calls her Bride,
With Blandiſhments invites her to his Side;
And as ſhe were with vital Senſe poſſeſs'd,
Her Head did on a plumy Pillow reſt.

The Feaſt of *Venus* came, a ſolemn Day,
To which the *Cypriots* due Devotion pay;
With gilded Horns the Milk-white Heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the ſacred Altars, bled:

Pygma-

Pygmalion off'ring, firſt, approach'd the Shrine,
And then with Pray'rs implor'd the Pow'rs Divine;
Almighty Gods, if all we Mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair Statue mine, he wou'd have ſaid,
But chang'd his Words for Shame; and only pray'd,
Give me the Likeneſs of my Iv'ry Maid.
The Golden Goddeſs, preſent at the Pray'r,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated Fair,
And gave the Sign of granting his Deſire;
For thrice in chearful Flames aſcends the Fire.
The Youth, returning to his Miſtreſs, hies,
And impudent in Hope, with ardent Eyes,
And beating Breaſt, by the dear Statue lies.
He kiſſes her white Lips, renews the Bliſs,
And looks, and thinks they redden at the Kiſs;
He thought them warm before: Nor longer ſtays,
But next his Hand on her hard Boſom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It ſeem'd, the Breaſt beneath his Fingers bent;
He felt again, his Fingers made a Print,
'Twas Fleſh, but Fleſh ſo firm, it roſe againſt the Dint:
The pleaſing Task he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more ſoft at ev'ry Touch it grew;
Like pliant Wax, when chafing Hands reduce
The former Maſs to Form, and frame for Uſe.
He would believe, but yet is ſtill in Pain,
And tries his Argument of Senſe again,
Preſſes the Pulſe, and feels the leaping Vein.
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his ſtudied Thanks, and Praiſe,
To her who made the Miracle he pays:

Then Lips to Lips he join'd; now freed from Fear,
He found the Savour of the Kiſs ſincere:
At this the waken'd Image op'd her Eyes,
And view'd at once the Light, and Lover with Surprize.
The Goddeſs preſent at the Match ſhe made,
So bleſs'd the Bed, ſuch Fruitfulneſs convey'd,
That e're ten Months had ſharpen'd either Horn,
To crown their Bliſs, a lovely Boy was born;
Paphos his Name, who grown to Manhood, wall'd
The City *Paphos*, from the Founder call'd.

The Story of CINYRAS, *and* MYRRHA.

Nor him alone produc'd the fruitful Queen;
But *Cinyras*, who like his Sire had been
A happy Prince, had he not been a Sire.
Daughters, and Fathers from my Song retire;
I ſing of Horror; and, could I prevail,
You ſhou'd not hear, or not believe my Tale.
Yet if the Pleaſure of my Song be ſuch,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive liſten to the laſt Event,
And with the Sin believe the Puniſhment:
Since Nature cou'd behold ſo dire a Crime,
I gratulate at leaſt my Native Clime,
That ſuch a Land, which ſuch a Monſter bore,
So far is diſtant from our *Thracian* Shore.
Let *Araby* extol her happy Coaſt,
Her Cinamon, and ſweet *Amomum* boaſt,
Her fragrant Flow'rs, her Trees with precious Tears,
Her ſecond Harveſts, and her double Years;
How can the Land be call'd ſo bleſs'd that *Myrrha* bears?

Nor all her od'rous Tears can cleanſe her Crime,
Her Plant alone deforms the happy Clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy Heart,
Diſowns thy Love, and vindicates his Dart:
Some Fury gave thee thoſe infernal Pains,
And ſhot her venom'd Vipers in thy Veins.
To hate thy Sire, had merited a Curſe;
But ſuch an impious Love deſerv'd a worſe.
The neighb'ring Monarchs, by thy Beauty led,
Contend in Crowds, ambitious of thy Bed:
The World is at thy Choice; except but one,
Except but him, thou canſt not chuſe, alone.
She knew it too, the miſerable Maid,
E're impious Love her better Thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her ſecret Soul ſhe ſaid:
Ah *Myrrha!* whither wou'd thy Wiſhes tend?
Ye Gods, ye ſacred Laws, my Soul defend
From ſuch a Crime as all Mankind deteſt,
And never lodg'd before in Human Breaſt!
But is it Sin? Or makes my Mind alone
Th' imagin'd Sin? For Nature makes it none.
What Tyrant then theſe envious Laws began,
Made not for any other Beaſt, but Man!
The Father-Bull his Daughter may beſtride,
The Horſe may make his Mother-Mare a Bride;
What Piety forbids the luſty Ram,
Or more ſalacious Goat, to rut their Dam?
The Hen is free to wed the Chick ſhe bore,
And make a Husband, whom ſhe hatch'd before.
All Creatures elſe are of a happier Kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd Laws from Pleaſure bind,
Nor Thoughts of Sin diſturb their Peace of Mind.

But Man a Slave of his own making lives;
The Fool denies himſelf what Nature gives:
Too buſie Senates, with an Over-care
To make us better than our Kind can bear,
Have daſh'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws,
And ſtraining up too high, have ſpoil'd the Cauſe.
Yet ſome wiſe Nations break their cruel Chains,
And own no Laws, but thoſe which Love ordains;
Where happy Daughters with their Sires are join'd,
And Piety is doubly paid in Kind.
O that I had been born in ſuch a Clime,
Not here, where 'tis the Country makes the Crime!
But whither wou'd my impious Fancy ſtray?
Hence Hopes, and ye forbidden Thoughts away!
His Worth deſerves to kindle my Deſires,
But with the Love, that Daughters bear to Sires.
Then had not *Cinyras* my Father been,
What hinder'd *Myrrha*'s Hopes to be his Queen?
But the Perverſeneſs of my Fate is ſuch,
That he's not mine, becauſe he's mine too much:
Our Kindred-Blood debars a better Tie;
He might be nearer, were he not ſo nigh.
Eyes, and their Objects never muſt unite,
Some Diſtance is requir'd to help the Sight:
Fain wou'd I travel to ſome foreign Shore,
Never to ſee my Native Country more,
So might I to my ſelf my ſelf reſtore;
So might my Mind theſe impious Thoughts remove,
And ceaſing to behold, might ceaſe to love.
But ſtay I muſt, to feed my famiſh'd Sight,
To talk, to kiſs, and more, if more I might:

More,

More, impious Maid! What more canſt thou deſign,
To make a monſtrous Mixture in thy Line,
And break all Statutes Human and Divine?
Can'ſt thou be call'd (to ſave thy wretched Life)
Thy Mother's Rival, and thy Father's Wife?
Confound ſo many ſacred Names in one,
Thy Brother's Mother! Siſter to thy Son!
And fear'ſt thou not to ſee th' Infernal Bands,
Their Heads with Snakes, with Torches arm'd their Hands;
Full at thy Face th' avenging Brands to bear,
And ſhake the Serpents from their hiſſing Hair?
But thou in time th' increaſing Ill controul,
Nor firſt debauch the Body by the Soul;
Secure the ſacred Quiet of thy Mind,
And keep the Sanctions Nature has deſign'd.
Suppoſe I ſhou'd attempt, th' Attempt were vain,
No Thoughts like mine, his ſinleſs Soul profane:
Obſervant of the Right; and O that he
Cou'd cure my Madneſs, or be mad like me!
Thus ſhe: But *Cinyras*, who daily ſees
A Crowd of noble Suitors at his Knees,
Among ſo many, knew not whom to chuſe,
Irreſolute to grant, or to refuſe.
But having told their Names, enquir'd of her
Who pleas'd her beſt, and whom ſhe would prefer.
The bluſhing Maid ſtood ſilent with Surprize,
And on her Father fix'd her ardent Eyes,
And looking ſigh'd, and as ſhe ſigh'd, began
Round Tears to ſhed, that ſcalded as they ran.
The tender Sire, who ſaw her bluſh, and cry,
Aſcrib'd it all to Maiden Modeſty,

And dry'd the falling Drops, and yet more kind,
He ſtroak'd her Cheeks, and holy Kiſſes join'd.
She felt a ſecret Venom fire her Blood,
And found more Pleaſure, than a Daughter ſhou'd;
And ask'd again what Lover of the Crew
She lik'd the beſt, ſhe anſwer'd, One like you.
Miſtaking what ſhe meant, her pious Will
He prais'd, and bad her ſo continue ſtill:
The Word of Pious heard, ſhe bluſh'd with Shame
Of ſecret Guilt, and cou'd not bear the Name.
'Twas now the Mid of Night, when Slumbers cloſe
Our Eyes, and ſooth our Cares with ſoft Repoſe;
But no Repoſe cou'd wretched *Myrrha* find,
Her Body rouling, as ſhe roul'd her Mind:
Mad with Deſire, ſhe ruminates her Sin,
And wiſhes all her Wiſhes o'er again:
Now ſhe deſpairs, and now reſolves to try;
Wou'd not, and wou'd again, ſhe knows not why;
Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the Vow;
Fain wou'd begin, but underſtands not how.
As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
And the laſt mortal Stroke alone remains,
Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and threatning all,
This way, and that ſhe nods, conſid'ring where to fall:
So *Myrrha*'s Mind, impell'd on either Side,
Takes ev'ry Bent, but cannot long abide;
Irreſolute on which ſhe ſhou'd relie,
At laſt, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die.
On that ſad Thought ſhe reſts, reſolv'd on Death,
She riſes, and prepares to choak her Breath:
Then while about the Beam her Zone ſhe ties,
Dear *Cinyras* farewell, ſhe ſoftly cries;

For thee I die, and only wiſh to be
Not hated, when thou know'ſt I die for thee:
Pardon the Crime, in Pity to the Cauſe:
This ſaid, about her Neck the Nooſe ſhe draws,
The Nurſe, who lay without, her faithful Guard,
Though not the Words, the Murmurs over-heard,
And Sighs, and hollow Sounds: Surpriz'd with Fright,
She ſtarts, and leaves her Bed, and ſprings a Light;
Unlocks the Door, and entring out of Breath,
The Dying ſaw, and Inſtruments of Death;
She ſhrieks, ſhe cuts the Zone with trembling Haſte,
And in her Arms her fainting Charge embrac'd:
Next, (for ſhe now had Leiſure for her Tears)
She weeping ask'd, in theſe her blooming Years,
What unforeſeen Misfortune caus'd her Care,
To loath her Life, and languiſh in Deſpair!
The Maid, with down-caſt Eyes, and mute with Grief
For Death unfiniſh'd, and ill-tim'd Relief,
Stood ſullen to her Suit: The Beldame preſs'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd Breaſt,
Adjur'd her by the kindly Food ſhe drew
From thoſe dry Founts, her ſecret Ill to ſhew.
Sad *Myrrha* ſigh'd, and turn'd her Eyes aſide;
The Nurſe ſtill urg'd, and wou'd not be deny'd:
Nor only promis'd Secreſie, but pray'd
She might have Leave to give her offer'd Aid.
Good-will, ſhe ſaid, my want of Strength ſupplies,
And Diligence ſhall give what Age denies:
If ſtrong Deſires thy Mind to Fury move,
With Charms, and Med'cines I can cure thy Love:
If envious Eyes their hurtful Rays have caſt,
More pow'rful Verſe ſhall free thee from the Blaſt:

If Heav'n offended ſends thee this Diſeaſe,
Offended Heav'n with Pray'rs we can appeaſe.
What then remains, that can theſe Cares procure?
Thy Houſe is flouriſhing, thy Fortune ſure:
Thy careful Mother yet in Health ſurvives,
And, to thy Comfort, thy kind Father lives.
The Virgin ſtarted at her Father's Name,
And ſigh'd profoundly, conſcious of the Shame:
Nor yet the Nurſe her impious Love divin'd,
But yet ſurmis'd that Love diſturb'd her Mind:
Thus thinking, ſhe purſu'd her Point, and laid,
And lull'd within her Lap the mourning Maid;
Then ſoftly ſooth'd her thus; I gueſs your Grief:
You love, my Child; your Love ſhall find Relief.
My long-experienc'd Age ſhall be your Guide;
Rely on that, and lay Diſtruſt aſide:
No Breath of Air ſhall on the Secret blow,
Nor ſhall (what moſt you fear) your Father know.
Struck once again, as with a Thunder-clap,
The guilty Virgin bounded from her Lap,
And threw her Body proſtrate on the Bed,
And, to conceal her Bluſhes, hid her Head;
There ſilent lay, and warn'd her with her Hand
To go: But ſhe receiv'd not the Command;
Remaining ſtill importunate to know:
Then *Myrrha* thus; Or ask no more, or go:
I prithee go, or ſtaying ſpare my Shame;
What thou would'ſt hear, is impious ev'n to name.
At this, on high the Beldame holds her Hands,
And trembling both with Age, and Terror ſtands;
Adjures, and falling at her Feet intreats,
Sooths her with Blandiſhments, and frights with Threats,

To

To tell the Crime intended, or diſcloſe
What Part of it ſhe knew, if ſhe no farther knows.
And laſt; if conſcious to her Counſel made,
Confirms anew the Promiſe of her Aid.
Now *Myrrha* rais'd her Head; but ſoon oppreſs'd
With Shame, reclin'd it on her Nurſe's Breaſt;
Bath'd it with Tears, and ſtrove to have confeſs'd:
Twice ſhe began, and ſtopp'd; again ſhe try'd;
The falt'ring Tongue its Office ſtill deny'd.
At laſt her Veil before her Face ſhe ſpread,
And drew a long preluding Sigh, and ſaid,
O happy Mother, in thy Marriage-bed!
Then groan'd, and ceas'd. The good old Woman ſhook,
Stiff were her Eyes, and ghaſtly was her Look:
Her hoary Hair upright with Horror ſtood,
Made (to her Grief) more knowing than ſhe wou'd.
Much ſhe reproach'd, and many things ſhe ſaid,
To cure the Madneſs of th' unhappy Maid,
In vain: For *Myrrha* ſtood convict of Ill;
Her Reaſon vanquiſh'd, but unchang'd her Will:
Perverſe of Mind, unable to reply;
She ſtood reſolv'd, or to poſſeſs or die.
At length the Fondneſs of a Nurſe prevail'd
Againſt her better Senſe, and Virtue fail'd:
Enjoy, my Child, ſince ſuch is thy Deſire,
Thy Love, ſhe ſaid; ſhe durſt not ſay, thy Sire:
Live, though unhappy, live on any Terms;
Then with a ſecond Oath her Faith confirms.
The ſolemn Feaſt of *Ceres* now was near,
When long white Linnen Stoles the Matrons wear;
Rank'd in Proceſſion walk the pious Train,
Off'ring Firſt-fruits, and Spikes of yellow Grain:

For nine long Nights the Nuptial-Bed they ſhun,
And ſanctifying Harveſt, lie alone.
Mix'd with the Crowd, the Queen forſook her Lord,
And *Ceres'* Pow'r with ſecret Rites ador'd:
The Royal Couch, now vacant for a Time,
The crafty Crone, officious in her Crime,
The firſt Occaſion took: The King ſhe found
Eaſie with Wine, and deep in Pleaſures drown'd,
Prepar'd for Love: The Beldame blew the Flame,
Confeſs'd the Paſſion, but conceal'd the Name.
Her Form ſhe prais'd; the Monarch ask'd her Years;
And ſhe reply'd, The ſame thy *Myrrha* bears.
Wine and commended Beauty fir'd his Thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her Charge perform'd, ſhe hies her home,
And gratulates the Nymph, the Task was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome News to hear;
But clogg'd with Guilt, the Joy was unſincere:
So various, ſo diſcordant is the Mind,
That in our Will a diff'rent Will we find.
Ill ſhe preſag'd, and yet purſu'd her Luſt;
For guilty Pleaſures give a double Guſt.
'Twas Depth of Night: *Arctophylax* had driv'n
His lazy Wain half round the Northern Heav'n,
When *Myrrha* haſten'd to the Crime deſir'd:
The Moon beheld her firſt, and firſt retir'd:
The Stars amaz'd, ran backward from the Sight,
And (ſhrunk within their Sockets) loſt their Light.
Icarius firſt withdraws his holy Flame:
The Virgin Sign, in Heav'n the ſecond Name,
Slides down the Belt, and from her Station flies,
And Night with ſable Clouds involves the Skies.

Bold *Myrrha* ſtill purſues her black Intent;
She ſtumbled thrice, (an Omen of th' Event;)
Thrice ſhriek'd the Fun'ral Owl, yet on ſhe went,
Secure of Shame, becauſe ſecure of Sight;
Ev'n baſhful Sins are impudent by Night.
Link'd Hand in Hand, th' Accomplice, and the Dame,
Their Way exploring, to the Chamber came:
The Door was ope, they blindly grope their Way,
Where dark in Bed th' expecting Monarch lay.
Thus far her Courage held, but here forſakes;
Her faint Knees knock at ev'ry Step ſhe makes.
The nearer to her Crime, the more within
She feels Remorſe, and Horror of her Sin;
Repents too late her criminal Deſire,
And wiſhes, that unknown ſhe cou'd retire.
Her, lingring thus, the Nurſe (who fear'd Delay
The fatal Secret might at length betray)
Pull'd forward, to compleat the Work begun,
And ſaid to *Cinyras*, Receive thy own.
Thus ſaying, ſhe deliver'd Kind to Kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted Bodies join'd.
The Sire, unknowing of the Crime, admits
His Bowels, and profanes the hallow'd Sheets;
He found ſhe trembled, but believ'd ſhe ſtrove
With Maiden Modeſty, againſt her Love,
And ſought with flatt'ring Words vain Fancies to remove.
Perhaps he ſaid, My Daughter, ceaſe thy Fears,
(Becauſe the Title ſuited with her Years;)
And Father, ſhe might whiſper him again,
That Names might not be wanting to the Sin.
Full of her Sire, ſhe left th' inceſtuous Bed,
And carry'd in her Womb the Crime ſhe bred.

Another, and another Night ſhe came;
For frequent Sin had left no Senſe of Shame:
Till *Cinyras* deſir'd to ſee her Face,
Whoſe Body he had held in cloſe Embrace,
And brought a Taper; the Revealer, Light,
Expos'd both Crime, and Criminal to Sight.
Grief, Rage, Amazement, cou'd no Speech afford,
But from the Sheath he drew th' avenging Sword:
The Guilty fled: The Benefit of Night,
That favour'd firſt the Sin, ſecur'd the Flight.
Long wandring thro' the ſpacious Fields, ſhe bent
Her Voyage to th' *Arabian* Continent;
Then paſs'd the Region which *Panchæa* join'd,
And flying, left the palmy Plains behind.
Nine times the Moon had mew'd her Horns; at length
With Travel weary, unſupply'd with Strength,
And with the Burden of her Womb oppreſs'd,
Sabæan Fields afford her needful Reſt:
There, loathing Life, and yet of Death afraid,
In Anguiſh of her Spirit, thus ſhe pray'd.
Ye Pow'rs, if any ſo propitious are
T'accept my Penitence, and hear my Pray'r;
Your Judgments, I confeſs, are juſtly ſent;
Great Sins deſerve as great a Puniſhment:
Yet ſince my Life the Living will profane,
And ſince my Death the happy Dead will ſtain,
A middle State your Mercy may beſtow,
Betwixt the Realms above, and thoſe below:
Some other Form to wretched *Myrrha* give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
The Pray'rs of Penitents are never vain;
At leaſt, ſhe did her laſt Requeſt obtain:

For

For while ſhe ſpoke, the Ground began to riſe,
And gather'd round her Feet, her Legs, and Thighs;
Her Toes in Roots deſcend, and ſpreading wide,
A firm Foundation for the Trunk provide:
Her ſolid Bones convert to ſolid Wood,
To Pith her Marrow, and to Sap her Blood:
Her Arms are Boughs, her Fingers change their Kind,
Her tender Skin is harden'd into Rind.
And now the riſing Tree her Womb inveſts,
Now, ſhooting upwards ſtill, invades her Breaſts,
And ſhades the Neck; when, weary with Delay,
She ſunk her Head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward Shape ſhe loſt her Senſe,
With bitter Tears ſhe wept her laſt Offence;
And ſtill ſhe weeps; nor ſheds her Tears in vain;
For ſtill the precious Drops her Name retain.
Mean time the miſ-begotten Infant grows,
And, ripe for Birth, diſtends with deadly Throws
The ſwelling Rind, with unavailing Strife,
To leave the wooden Womb, and puſhes into Life.
The Mother-Tree, as if oppreſs'd with Pain,
Writhes here, and there, to break the Bark, in vain;
And, like a lab'ring Woman, wou'd have pray'd,
But wants a Voice to call *Lucina*'s Aid:
The bending Bole ſends out a hollow Sound,
And trickling Tears fall thicker on the Ground.
The mild *Lucina* came uncall'd, and ſtood
Beſide the ſtrugling Boughs, and heard the groaning Wood:
Then reach'd her Midwife-Hand to ſpeed the Throws,
And ſpoke the pow'rful Spells that Babes to Birth diſcloſe.
The Bark divides, the living Load to free,
And ſafe delivers the Convulſive Tree.

The ready Nymphs receive the crying Child,
And waſh him in the Tears the Parent-Plant diſtill'd.
They ſwath'd him with their Scarfs; beneath him ſpread
The Ground with Herbs; with Roſes rais'd his Head.
The lovely Babe was born with ev'ry Grace,
Ev'n Envy muſt have prais'd ſo fair a Face:
Such was his Form, as Painters when they ſhow
Their utmoſt Art, on naked Loves beſtow:
And that their Arms no Diff'rence might betray,
Give him a Bow, or his from *Cupid* take away.
Time glides along with undiſcover'd Haſte,
The Future but a Length behind the Paſt;
So ſwift are Years. The Babe whom juſt before
His Grandſire got, and whom his Siſter bore;
The Drop, the Thing, which late the Tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning Bark to Life expos'd;
A Babe, a Boy, a beauteous Youth appears,
And lovelier than himſelf at riper Years.
Now to the Queen of Love he gave Deſires,
And, with her Pains, reveng'd his Mother's Fires.

The Story of VENUS, *and* ADONIS.

By Mr. EUSDEN.

For *Cytherëa*'s Lips while *Cupid* preſt,
He with a heedleſs Arrow raz'd her Breaſt.
The Goddeſs felt it, and with Fury ſtung,
The wanton Miſchief from her Boſom flung:
Yet thought at firſt the Danger ſlight, but found
The Dart too faithful, and too deep the Wound.
Fir'd with a mortal Beauty, ſhe diſdains
To haunt th' *Idalian* Mount, or *Phrygian* Plains.

She ſeeks not *Cnidos*, nor her *Paphian* Shrines,
Nor *Amathus*, that teems with brazen Mines:
Ev'n Heav'n it ſelf with all its Sweets unſought,
Adonis far a ſweeter Heav'n is thought.
On him ſhe hangs, and fonds with ev'ry Art,
And never, never knows from him to part.
She, whoſe ſoft Limbs had only been diſplay'd
On roſie Beds beneath the Myrtle Shade,
Whoſe pleaſing Care was to improve each Grace,
And add more Charms to an unrival'd Face,
Now buskin'd, like the Virgin Huntreſs, goes
Thro' Woods, and pathleſs Wilds, and Mountain-Snows.
With her own tuneful Voice ſhe joys to cheer
The panting Hounds, that chace the flying Deer.
She runs the Labyrinths of fearful Hares,
But fearleſs Beaſts, and dang'rous Prey forbears:
Hunts not the grinning Wolf, or foamy Boar,
And trembles at the Lion's hungry Roar.
Thee too, *Adonis*, with a Lover's Care
She warns, if warn'd thou would'ſt avoid the Snare.
To furious Animals advance not nigh,
Fly thoſe that follow, follow thoſe that fly;
'Tis Chance alone muſt the Survivers ſave,
Whene'er brave Spirits will attempt the Brave.
O! lovely Youth! in harmleſs Sports delight;
Provoke not Beaſts, which, arm'd by Nature, fight.
For me, if not thy ſelf, vouchſafe to fear;
Let not thy Thirſt of Glory coſt me dear.
Boars know not how to ſpare a blooming Age;
No ſparkling Eyes can ſooth the Lion's Rage.
Not all thy Charms a ſavage Breaſt can move,
Which have ſo deeply touch'd the Queen of Love.

When briſtled Boars from beaten Thickets ſpring,
In grinded Tusks a Thunderbolt they bring.
The daring Hunters Lions rouz'd devour,
Vaſt is their Fury, and as vaſt their Pow'r:
Curſt be their tawny Race! If thou would'ſt hear
What kindled thus my Hate; then lend an Ear:
The wond'rous Tale I will to thee unfold,
How the fell Monſters roſe from Crimes of old.
But by long Toils I faint: See! wide-diſplay'd,
A grateful Poplar courts us with a Shade.
The graſſy Turf, beneath, ſo verdant ſhows,
We may ſecure delightfully repoſe.
With her *Adonis* here be *Venus* bleſt,
And ſwift at once the Graſs, and him ſhe preſt.
Then ſweetly ſmiling, with a raptur'd Mind,
On his lov'd Boſom ſhe her Head reclin'd,
And thus began; but mindful ſtill of Bliſs,
Seal'd the ſoft Accents with a ſofter Kiſs.

Perhaps thou may'ſt have heard a Virgin's Name,
Who ſtill in Swiftneſs ſwifteſt Youths o'ercame.
Wond'rous! that female Weakneſs ſhould out-do
A manly Strength; the Wonder yet is true.
'Twas doubtful, if her Triumphs in the Field
Did to her Form's triumphant Glories yield;
Whether her Face could with more Eaſe decoy
A Crowd of Lovers, or her Feet deſtroy.
For once *Apollo* ſhe implor'd to ſhow
If courteous Fates a Conſort would allow:
A Conſort brings thy Ruin, he reply'd;
Oh! learn to want the Pleaſures of a Bride!
Nor ſhalt thou want them to thy wretched Coſt,
And *Atalanta* living ſhall be loſt.

With

With ſuch a rueful Fate th' affrighted Maid
Sought green Receſſes in the wood-land Glade.
Not ſighing Suiters her Reſolves could move,
She bad them ſhow their Speed to ſhow their Love.
He only, who could conquer in the Race,
Might hope the conquer'd Virgin to embrace;
While he, whoſe tardy Feet had lagg'd behind,
Was doom'd the ſad Reward of Death to find.
Tho' great the Prize, yet rigid the Decree,
But blind with Beauty, who can Rigour ſee?
Ev'n on theſe Laws the Fair they raſhly ſought,
And Danger in Exceſs of Love forgot.
There ſate *Hippomenes*, prepar'd to blame
In Lovers ſuch Extravagance of Flame.
And muſt, he ſaid, the Bleſſing of a Wife
Be dearly purchas'd by a Risk of Life?
But when he ſaw the Wonders of her Face,
And her Limbs naked, ſpringing to the Race,
Her Limbs, as exquiſitely turn'd, as mine,
Or if a Woman thou, might vie with thine,
With lifted Hands, he cry'd, forgive the Tongue
Which durſt, ye Youths, your well-tim'd Courage wrong.
I knew not, that the Nymph, for whom you ſtrove,
Deſerv'd th' unbounded Tranſports of your Love.
He ſaw, admir'd, and thus her ſpotleſs Frame
He prais'd, and praiſing, kindled his own Flame.
A Rival now to all the Youths, who run,
Envious he fears, they ſhould not be undone.
But why (reflects he) idly thus is ſhown
The Fate of others, yet untry'd my own?
The Coward muſt not on Love's Aid depend;
The God was ever to the Bold a Friend.

Mean time the Virgin flies, or ſeems to fly,
Swift as a *Scythian* Arrow cleaves the Sky:
Still more, and more the Youth her Charms admires,
The Race it ſelf t' exalt her Charms conſpires.
The golden Pinions, which her Feet adorn,
In wanton Flutt'rings by the Winds are born.
Down from her Head the long, fair Treſſes flow,
And ſport with lovely Negligence below.
The waving Ribbands, which her Buskins tie,
Her ſnowy Skin with waving Purple die;
As crimſon Veils, in Palaces diſplay'd,
To the white Marble lend a bluſhing Shade.
Nor long he gaz'd, yet while he gaz'd, ſhe gain'd
The Goal, and the victorious Wreath obtain'd.
The Vanquiſh'd ſigh, and as the Law decreed,
Pay the dire Forfeit, and prepare to bleed.
Then roſe *Hippomenes*, not yet afraid,
And fix'd his Eyes full on the beauteous Maid.
Where is (he cry'd) the mighty Conqueſt won,
To diſtance thoſe, who want the Nerves to run?
Here prove ſuperior Strength, nor ſhall it be
Thy Loſs of Glory, if excell'd by me.
High my Deſcent, near *Neptune* I aſpire,
For *Neptune* was Grand-Parent to my Sire.
From that great God the fourth my ſelf I trace,
Nor ſink my Virtues yet beneath my Race.
Thou from *Hippomenes*, o'er-come, may'ſt claim
An envy'd Triumph, and a deathleſs Fame.
While thus the Youth the Virgin's Pow'r defies,
Silent ſhe views him ſtill with ſofter Eyes.
Thoughts in her Breaſt a doubtful Strife begin,
If 'tis not happier now to loſe, than win.

What God, a Foe to Beauty, would deſtroy
The promis'd Ripeneſs of this blooming Boy?
With his Life's Danger does he ſeek my Bed?
Scarce am I half ſo greatly Worth, ſhe ſaid.
Nor has his Beauty mov'd my Breaſt to love,
And yet, I own, ſuch Beauty well might move:
'Tis not his Charms, 'tis Pity would engage
My Soul to ſpare the Greeneſs of his Age.
What, that heroick Courage fires his Breaſt,
And ſhines thro' brave Diſdain of Fate confeſt?
What, that his Patronage by cloſe Degrees
Springs from th' imperial Ruler of the Seas?
Then add the Love, which bids him undertake
The Race, and dare to periſh for my ſake.
Of bloody Nuptials, heedleſs Youth, beware!
Fly, timely fly from a too barb'rous Fair.
At Pleaſure chuſe; thy Love will be repaid
By a leſs fooliſh, and more beauteous Maid.
But why this Tenderneſs, before unkown?
Why beats, and pants my Breaſt for him alone?
His Eyes have ſeen his num'rous Rivals yield,
Let him too ſhare the Rigour of the Field,
Since by their Fates untaught, his own he courts,
And thus with Ruin inſolently ſports.
Yet for what Crime ſhall he his Death receive?
Is it a Crime with me to wiſh to live?
Shall his kind Paſſion his Deſtruction prove?
Is this the fatal Recompence of Love?
So fair a Youth, deſtroy'd, would Conqueſt ſhame,
And Nymphs eternally deteſt my Fame.
Still why ſhould Nymphs my guiltleſs Fame upbraid?
Did I the fond Adventurer perſwade?

Alas! I wiſh thou would'ſt the Courſe decline,
Or that my Swiftneſs was excell'd by thine.
See! what a Virgin's Bloom adorns the Boy!
Why wilt thou run? and why thy ſelf deſtroy?
Hippomenes! O that I ne'er had been
By thoſe bright Eyes unfortunately ſeen!
Ah! tempt not thus a ſwift, untimely Fate;
Thy Life is worthy of the longeſt Date.
Were I leſs wretched, did the galling Chain
Of rigid Gods not my free Choice reſtrain,
By thee alone I could with Joy be led
To taſte the Raptures of a Nuptial Bed.
Thus ſhe diſclos'd the Woman's ſecret Heart,
Young, innocent, and new to *Cupid*'s Dart.
Her Thoughts, her Words, her Actions wildly rove,
With Love ſhe burns, yet knows not that 'tis Love.
Her Royal Sire now with the murm'ring Crowd
Demands the Race impatiently aloud.
Hippomenes then with true Fervour pray'd,
My bold Attempt let *Venus* kindly aid.
By her ſweet Pow'r I felt this am'rous Fire,
Still may ſhe ſuccour, whom ſhe did inſpire.
A ſoft, unenvious Wind, with ſpeedy Care,
Wafted to Heav'n the Lover's tender Pray'r.
Pity, I own, ſoon gain'd the wiſh'd Conſent,
And all th' Aſſiſtance he implor'd I lent.
The *Cyprian* Lands, tho' rich, in Richneſs yield
To that, ſurnam'd the *Tamaſenian* Field.
That Field of old was added to my Shrine,
And its choice Products conſecrated mine.
A Tree there ſtands, full glorious to behold,
Gold are the Leafs, the crackling Branches Gold.

It chanc'd, three Apples in my Hands I bore,
Which newly from the Tree I ſportive tore;
Seen by the Youth alone, to him I brought
The Fruit, and when, and how to uſe it, taught.
The Signal ſounding by the King's Command,
Both ſtart at once, and ſweep th' unprinted Sand.
So ſwiftly move their Feet, they might with Eaſe,
Scarce moiſten'd, skim along the glaſſie Seas;
Or with a wond'rous Levity be born
O'er yellow Harveſts of unbending Corn.
Now fav'ring Peals reſound from ev'ry Part,
Spirit the Youth, and fire his fainting Heart.
Hippomenes! (they cry'd) thy Life preſerve,
Intenſely labour, and ſtretch ev'ry Nerve.
Baſe Fear alone can baffle thy Deſign,
Shoot boldly onward, and the Goal is thine.
'Tis doubtful whether Shouts, like theſe, convey'd
More Pleaſures to the Youth, or to the Maid.
When a long Diſtance oft ſhe could have gain'd,
She check'd her Swiftneſs, and her Feet reſtrain'd:
She ſigh'd, and dwelt, and languiſh'd on his Face,
Then with unwilling Speed purſu'd the Race.
O'er-ſpent with Heat, his Breath he faintly drew,
Parch'd was his Mouth, nor yet the Goal in view,
And the firſt Apple on the Plain he threw.
The Nymph ſtop'd ſudden at th' unuſual Sight,
Struck with the Fruit ſo beautifully bright.
Aſide ſhe ſtarts, the Wonder to behold,
And eager ſtoops to catch the rouling Gold.
Th' obſervant Youth paſt by, and ſcour'd along,
While Peals of Joy rung from th' applauding Throng.

Unkindly ſhe corrects the ſhort Delay,
And to redeem the Time fleets ſwift away,
Swift, as the Light'ning, or the Northern Wind,
And far ſhe leaves the panting Youth behind.
Again he ſtrives the flying Nymph to hold
With the Temptation of the ſecond Gold:
The bright Temptation fruitleſly was toſt,
So ſoon, alas! ſhe won the Diſtance loſt.
Now but a little Interval of Space
Remain'd for the Deciſion of the Race.
Fair Author of the precious Gift, he ſaid,
Be thou, O Goddeſs, Author of my Aid!
Then of the ſhining Fruit the laſt he drew,
And with his full-collected Vigour threw:
The Virgin ſtill the longer to detain,
Threw not directly, but a-croſs the Plain.
She ſeem'd a-while perplex'd in dubious Thought,
If the far-diſtant Apple ſhould be ſought:
I lur'd her backward Mind to ſeize the Bait,
And to the maſſie Gold gave double Weight.
My Favour to my Votary was ſhow'd,
Her Speed I leſſen'd, and encreas'd her Load.
But leaſt, tho' long, the rapid Race be run,
Before my longer, tedious Tale is done,
The Youth the Goal, and ſo the Virgin won.
Might I, *Adonis*, now not hope to ſee
His grateful Thanks pour'd out for Victory?
His pious Incenſe on my Altars laid?
But he nor grateful Thanks, nor Incenſe paid.
Enrag'd I vow'd, that with the Youth the Fair,
For his Contempt, ſhould my keen Vengeance ſhare;

That future Lovers might my Pow'r revere,
And from their ſad Examples learn to fear.
The ſilent Fanes, the ſanctify'd Abodes
Of *Cybelé*, great Mother of the Gods,
Rais'd by *Echion* in a lonely Wood,
And full of brown, religious Horror ſtood.
By a long painful Journey faint, they choſe
Their weary Limbs here ſecret to repoſe.
But ſoon my Pow'r inflam'd the luſtful Boy,
Careleſs of Reſt he ſought untimely Joy.
A hallow'd, gloomy Cave, with Moſs o'er-grown,
The Temple joyn'd, of native Pumice-ſtone,
Where antique Images by Prieſts were kept,
And wooden Deities ſecurely ſlept.
Thither the raſh *Hippomenes* retires,
And gives a Looſe to all his wild Deſires,
And the chaſte Cell pollutes with wanton Fires.
The ſacred Statues trembled with Surprize,
The tow'ry Goddeſs, bluſhing, veil'd her Eyes;
And the lewd Pair to *Stygian* Sounds had ſent,
But unrevengeful ſeem'd that Puniſhment.
A heavier Doom ſuch black Prophaneneſs draws,
Their taper Fingers turn to crooked Paws.
No more their Necks the Smoothneſs can retain,
Now cover'd ſudden with a yellow Mane.
Arms change to Legs: Each finds the hard'ning Breaſt
Of Rage unknown, and wond'rous Strength poſſeſt.
Their alter'd Looks with Fury grim appear,
And on the Ground their bruſhing Tails they hear.
They haunt the Woods: Their Voices, which before
Were muſically ſweet, now hoarſly roar.

Hence Lions, dreadful to the lab'ring Swains,
Are tam'd by *Cybelé*, and curb'd with Reins,
And humbly draw her Car along the Plains.
But thou, *Adonis*, my delightful Care,
Of theſe, and Beaſts, as fierce as theſe, beware!
The Savage, which not ſhuns thee, timely ſhun,
For by raſh Proweſs ſhould'ſt thou be undone,
A double Ruin is contain'd in one.

Thus cautious *Venus* ſchool'd her fav'rite Boy,
But youthful Heat all Cautions will deſtroy.
His ſprightly Soul beyond grave Counſels flies,
While with yok'd Swans the Goddeſs cuts the Skies.
His faithful Hounds, led by the tainted Wind,
Lodg'd in thick Coverts chanc'd a Boar to find.
The callow Hero ſhow'd a manly Heart,
And pierc'd the Savage with a ſide-long Dart.
The flying Savage, wounded, turn'd again,
Wrench'd out the gory Dart, and foam'd with Pain.
The trembling Boy by Flight his Safety ſought,
And now recall'd the Lore, which *Venus* taught:
But now too late to fly the Boar he ſtrove,
Who in the Groin his Tusks impetuous drove.
On the diſcolour'd Graſs *Adonis* lay,
The Monſter trampling o'er his beauteous Prey.

Fair *Cytherëa*, *Cyprus* ſcarce in view,
Hear'd from afar his Groans, and own'd them true,
And turn'd her ſnowy Swans, and backward flew.
But as ſhe ſaw him gaſp his lateſt Breath,
And quiv'ring agonize in Pangs of Death,
Down with ſwift Flight ſhe plung'd, nor Rage forbore,
At once her Garments, and her Hair ſhe tore.

With

With cruel Blows ſhe beat her guiltleſs Breaſt,
The Fates upbraided, and her Love confeſt.
Nor ſhall they yet (ſhe cry'd) the Whole devour
With uncontroul'd, inexorable Pow'r:
For thee, loſt Youth, my Tears and reſtleſs Pain
Shall in immortal Monuments remain.
With ſolemn Pomp in annual Rites return'd,
Be thou for ever, my *Adonis*, mourn'd.
Could *Pluto*'s Queen with jealous Fury ſtorm,
And *Menthé* to a fragrant Herb transform?
Yet dares not *Venus* with a Change ſurpriſe,
And in a Flow'r bid her fall'n Hero riſe?
Then on the Blood ſweet Nectar ſhe beſtows,
The ſcented Blood in little Bubbles roſe:
Little, as rainy Drops, which flutt'ring fly,
Born by the Winds, along a low'ring Sky.
Short time enſu'd, till where the Blood was ſhed,
A Flow'r began to rear its purple Head:
Such, as on *Punick* Apples is reveal'd,
Or in the filmy Rind but half conceal'd.
Still here the Fate of lovely Forms we ſee,
So ſudden fades the ſweet *Anemonè*.
The feeble Stems, to ſtormy Blaſts a Prey,
Their ſickly Beauties droop, and pine away.
The Winds forbid the Flow'rs to flouriſh long,
Which owe to Winds their Names in *Greecian* Song.

The End of the Tenth Book.

R Smith Sculp.

To the Rt Hon.ble ye Lady



Viscountess Tonnshen

OVID's *METAMORPHOSES.*

BOOK XI.

Tranſlated by Mr. DRYDEN *and Others.*

The Death of ORPHEUS.

By Mr. CROXALL.

HERE, while the *Thracian* Bard's enchanting Strain
Sooths Beaſts, and Woods, and all the liſt'ning Plain,
The Female *Bacchanals*, devoutly mad,
In ſhaggy Skins, like ſavage Creatures, clad,
Warbling in Air perceiv'd his lovely Lay,
And from a riſing Ground beheld him play.
When one, the wildeſt, with diſhevel'd Hair,
That looſely ſtream'd, and ruffled in the Air;
Soon as her frantick Eye the Lyriſt ſpy'd,
See, ſee! the Hater of our Sex, ſhe cry'd.
Then at his Face her miſſive Javelin ſent,
Which whiz'd along, and bruſht him as it went;
But the ſoft Wreaths of Ivy twiſted round,
Prevent a deep Impreſſion of the Wound.

Another, for a Weapon, hurls a Stone,
Which, by the Sound ſubdu'd as ſoon as thrown,
Falls at his Feet, and with a ſeeming Senſe
Implores his Pardon for its late Offence.
But now their frantick Rage unbounded grows,
Turns all to Madneſs, and no Meaſure knows:
Yet this the Charms of Muſick might ſubdue,
But that, with all its Charms, is conquer'd too;
In louder Strains their hideous Yellings riſe,
And ſqueaking Horn-pipes eccho thro' the Skies,
Which, in hoarſe Conſort with the Drum, confound
The moving Lyre and ev'ry gentle Sound:
Then 'twas the deafen'd Stones flew on with Speed,
And ſaw, unſooth'd, their tuneful Poet bleed.
The Birds, the Beaſts, and all the Savage Crew
Which the ſweet Lyriſt to Attention drew,
Now, by the Female Mob's more furious Rage,
Are driv'n, and forc'd to quit the ſhady Stage.
Next their fierce Hands the Bard himſelf aſſail,
Nor can his Song againſt their Wrath prevail:
They flock, like Birds; when, in a cluſtring Flight,
By Day they chaſe the boding Fowl of Night.
So, crowded Amphitheatres ſurvey
The Stag to greedy Dogs a future Prey.
Their ſteely Javelins, which ſoft Curls entwine
Of budding Tendrils from the leafy Vine,
For ſacred Rites of mild Religion made,
Are flung promiſcuous at the Poet's Head.
Thoſe Clods of Earth or Flints diſcharge, and Theſe
Hurl prickly Branches ſliver'd from the Trees.
And, leſt their Paſſion ſhou'd be unſupply'd,
The rabble Crew, by chance, at Diſtance ſpy'd

Where

Where Oxen, ſtraining at the heavy Yoke,
The fallow'd Field with ſlow Advances broke;
Nigh which the brawny Peaſants dug the Soil,
Procuring Food with long laborious Toil.
Theſe, when they ſaw the ranting Throng draw near,
Quitted their Tools, and fled poſſeſt with Fear.
Long Spades and Rakes of mighty Size were found,
Careleſly left upon the broken Ground.
With theſe the furious Lunaticks engage,
And firſt the lab'ring Oxen feel their Rage;
Then to the Poet they return with Speed,
Whoſe Fate was, paſt Prevention, now decreed:
In vain he lifts his ſuppliant Hands, in vain
He tries, before, his never-failing Strain.
And, from thoſe ſacred Lips, whoſe thrilling Sound
Fierce Tigers and inſenſate Rocks cou'd wound,
Ah Gods! how moving was the mournful Sight!
To ſee the fleeting Soul now take its Flight.
Thee the ſoft Warblers of the feather'd Kind
Bewail'd; for Thee thy ſavage Audience pin'd;
Thoſe Rocks and Woods that oft thy Strain had led,
Mourn for their Charmer, and lament him dead;
And drooping Trees their leafy Glories ſhed.
Näids and *Dryads* with diſhevel'd Hair
Promiſcuous weep, and Scarfs of Sable wear;
Nor cou'd the River-Gods conceal their Moan,
But with new Floods of Tears augment their own.
His mangled Limbs lay ſcatter'd all around,
His Head and Harp a better Fortune found;
In *Hebrus'* Streams they gently roul'd along,
And ſooth'd the Waters with a mournful Song.

Soft deadly Notes the lifeleſs Tongue inſpire,
A doleful Tune ſounds from the floating Lyre;
The hollow Banks in ſolemn Conſort mourn,
And the ſad Strain in ecchoing Groans return.
Now with the Current to the Sea they glide,
Born by the Billows of the briny Tide;
And driv'n where Waves round rocky *Lesbos* roar,
They ſtrand, and lodge upon *Methymna*'s Shore.
But here, when landed on the foreign Soil,
A venom'd Snake, the Product of the Iſle,
Attempts the Head, and ſacred Locks embru'd
With clotted Gore, and ſtill freſh-dropping Blood.
Phœbus, at laſt, his kind Protection gives,
And from the Fact the greedy Monſter drives:
Whoſe marbled Jaws his impious Crime atone,
Still grinning ghaſtly, tho' transform'd to Stone.
His Ghoſt flies downward to the *Stygian* Shore,
And knows the Places it had ſeen before:
Among the Shadows of the pious Train
He finds *Euridicè*, and loves again;
With Pleaſure views the beauteous Phantom's Charms,
And claſps her in his unſubſtantial Arms.
There Side by Side they unmoleſted walk,
Or paſs their bliſsful Hours in pleaſing Talk;
Aft or before the Bard ſecurely goes,
And, without Danger, can review his Spouſe.

The THRACIAN *Women transform'd to Trees.*

Bacchus, reſolving to revenge the Wrong,
Of *Orpheus* murder'd, on the madding Throng,
Decreed that each Accomplice Dame ſhould ſtand
Fix'd by the Roots along the conſcious Land.

Their wicked Feet, that late ſo nimbly ran
To wreak their Malice on the guiltleſs Man,
Sudden with twiſted Ligatures were bound,
Like Trees, deep planted in the turfy Ground.
And, as the Fowler with his ſubtle Gins,
His feather'd Captives by the Feet entwines,
That flutt'ring pant and ſtruggle to get looſe,
Yet only cloſer draw the fatal Nooſe;
So theſe were caught; and, as they ſtrove in vain
To quit the Place, they but increas'd their Pain.
They flounce and toil, yet find themſelves controul'd,
The Root, tho' pliant, toughly keeps its Hold.
In vain their Toes and Feet they look to find,
For ev'n their ſhapely Legs are cloath'd with Rind.
One ſmites her Thighs with a lamenting Stroke,
And finds the Fleſh transform'd to ſolid Oak;
Another, with Surprize and Grief diſtreſt,
Lays on above, but beats a wooden Breaſt.
A rugged Bark their ſofter Neck invades,
Their branching Arms ſhoot up delightful Shades;
At once they ſeem, and are a real Grove,
With moſſy Trunks below, and verdant Leaves above.

The Fable of MIDAS.

Nor this ſuffic'd; the God's Diſguſt remains,
And he reſolves to quit their hated Plains;
The Vineyards of *Tymole* ingroſs his Care,
And, with a better Choir, he fixes there;
Where the ſmooth Streams of clear *Pactolus* roll'd,
Then undiſtinguiſh'd for its Sands of Gold.
The Satyrs with the Nymphs, his uſual Throng,
Come to ſalute their God, and jovial danc'd along.

Silenus only miſs'd; for while he reel'd,
Feeble with Age and Wine, about the Field,
The hoary Drunkard had forgot his Way,
And to the *Phrygian* Clowns became a Prey;
Who to King *Midas* drag the Captive God,
While on his totty Pate the Wreaths of Ivy nod.
Midas from *Orpheus* had been taught his Lore,
And knew the Rites of *Bacchus* long before.
He, when he ſaw his venerable Gueſt,
In Honour of the God ordain'd a Feaſt.
Ten Days in Courſe, with each continu'd Night,
Were ſpent in genial Mirth and brisk Delight:
Then on th' Eleventh, when with brighter Ray
Phoſphor had chac'd the fading Stars away,
The King thro' *Lydia*'s Fields young *Bacchus* ſought,
And to the God his Foſter Father brought.
Pleas'd with the welcome Sight, he bids him ſoon
But name his Wiſh, and ſwears to grant the Boon.
A glorious Offer! yet but ill beſtow'd
On him whoſe Choice ſo little Judgment ſhow'd.
Give me, ſays he, (nor thought he ask'd too much)
That with my Body whatſoe'er I touch,
Chang'd from the Nature which it held of old,
May be converted into yellow Gold.
He had his Wiſh; but yet the God repin'd,
To think the Fool no better Wiſh could find.
But the brave King departed from the Place,
With Smiles of Gladneſs ſparkling in his Face;
Nor could contain, but, as he took his Way,
Impatient longs to make the firſt Eſſay.
Down from a lowly Branch a Twig he drew,
The Twig ſtrait glitter'd with a golden Hue:

He

He takes a Stone, the Stone was turn'd to Gold;
A Clod he touches, and the crumbling Mold
Acknowledg'd ſoon the great transforming Pow'r,
In Weight and Subſtance like a Maſs of Ore.
He pluck'd the Corn, and ſtrait his Graſp appears
Fill'd with a bending Tuft of Golden Ears.
An Apple next he takes, and ſeems to hold
The bright *Heſperian* vegetable Gold.
His Hand he careleſs on a Pillar lays;
With ſhining Gold the fluted Pillars blaze:
And while he waſhes, as the Servants pour,
His Touch converts the Stream to *Danae*'s Show'r.
To ſee theſe Miracles ſo finely wrought,
Fires with tranſporting Joy his giddy Thought.
The ready Slaves prepare a ſumptuous Board,
Spread with rich Dainties for their happy Lord;
Whoſe pow'rful Hands the Bread no ſooner hold,
But its whole Subſtance is transform'd to Gold:
Up to his Mouth he lifts the ſav'ry Meat,
Which turns to Gold as he attempts to eat:
His Patron's noble Juice of purple Hue,
Touch'd by his Lips, a gilded Cordial grew;
Unfit for Drink, and wondrous to behold,
It trickles from his Jaws a fluid Gold.
The rich poor Fool, confounded with Surprize,
Starving in all his various Plenty lies:
Sick of his Wiſh, he now deteſts the Pow'r,
For which he ask'd ſo earneſtly before;
Amidſt his Gold with pinching Famine curſt,
And juſtly tortur'd with an equal Thirſt.
At laſt his ſhining Arms to Heav'n he rears,
And in Diſtreſs, for Refuge, flies to Pray'rs.

O Father *Bacchus*, I have ſinn'd, he cry'd,
And fooliſhly thy gracious Gift apply'd;
Thy Pity now, repenting, I implore;
Oh! may I feel the golden Plague no more.
The hungry Wretch, his Folly thus confeſt,
Touch'd the kind Deity's good-natur'd Breaſt;
The gentle God annull'd his firſt Decree,
And from the cruel Compact ſet him free.
But then, to cleanſe him quite from further Harm,
And to dilute the Relicks of the Charm,
He bids him ſeek the Stream that cuts the Land
Nigh where the Tow'rs of *Lydian Sardis* ſtand;
Then trace the River to the Fountain Head,
And meet it riſing from its rocky Bed;
There, as the bubling Tide pours forth amain,
To plunge his Body in, and waſh away the Stain.
The King inſtructed to the Fount retires,
But with the golden Charm the Stream inſpires:
For while this Quality the Man forſakes,
An equal Pow'r the limpid Water takes;
Informs with Veins of Gold the neighb'ring Land,
And glides along a Bed of golden Sand.
Now loathing Wealth, th' Occaſion of his Woes,
Far in the Woods he ſought a calm Repoſe;
In Caves and Grottos, where the Nymphs reſort,
And keep with Mountain *Pan* their Silvan Court.
Ah! had he left his ſtupid Soul behind!
But his Condition alter'd not his Mind.
For where high *Tmolus* rears his ſhady Brow,
And from his Cliffs ſurveys the Seas below,
In his Deſcent, by *Sardis* bounded here,
By the ſmall Confines of *Hypæpæ* there,

Pan to the Nymphs his frolick Ditties play'd,
Tuning his Reeds beneath the chequer'd Shade.
The Nymphs are pleas'd, the boaſting Sylvan plays,
And ſpeaks with Slight of great *Apollo*'s Lays.
Tmolus was Arbiter; the Boaſter ſtill
Accepts the Tryal with unequal Skill.
The venerable Judge was ſeated high
On his own Hill, that ſeem'd to touch the Sky.
Above the whiſp'ring Trees his Head he rears,
From their encumbring Boughs to free his Ears;
A Wreath of Oak alone his Temples bound,
The pendant Acorns looſely dangled round.
In me your Judge, ſays he, there's no Delay:
Then bids the Goatherd God begin and play.
Pan tun'd the Pipe, and with his rural Song
Pleas'd the low Taſte of all the vulgar Throng;
Such Songs a vulgar Judgment moſtly pleaſe,
Midas was there, and *Midas* judg'd with theſe.

The Mountain Sire with grave Deportment now
To *Phœbus* turns his venerable Brow;
And, as he turns, with him the liſtning Wood
In the ſame Poſture of Attention ſtood.
The God his own *Parnaſſian* Laurel crown'd,
And in a Wreath his golden Treſſes bound,
Graceful his purple Mantle ſwept the Ground.
High on the Left his Iv'ry Lute he rais'd,
The Lute, emboſs'd with glitt'ring Jewels, blaz'd.
In his right Hand he nicely held the Quill,
His eaſy Poſture ſpoke a Maſter's Skill.
The Strings he touch'd with more than human Art,
Which pleas'd the Judge's Ear and ſooth'd his Heart;
Who ſoon judiciouſly the Palm decreed,
And to the Lute poſtpon'd the ſqueaking Reed.

All, with Applauſe, the rightful Sentence heard,
Midas alone diſſatisfy'd appear'd;
To him unjuſtly giv'n the Judgment ſeems,
For *Pan*'s barbarick Notes he moſt eſteems.
The Lyrick God, who thought his untun'd Ear
Deſerv'd but ill a human Form to wear,
Of that deprives him, and ſupplies the Place
With ſome more fit, and of an ampler Space:
Fix'd on his Noddle an unſeemly Pair,
Flagging, and large, and full of whitiſh Hair;
Without a total Change from what he was,
Still in the Man preſerve the ſimple Aſs.
He, to conceal the Scandal of the Deed,
A purple Turbant folds about his Head;
Veils the Reproach from publick View, and fears
The laughing World would ſpy his monſtrous Ears.
One truſty Barber-Slave, that us'd to dreſs
His Maſter's Hair, when lengthen'd to Exceſs,
The mighty Secret knew, but knew alone,
And, tho' impatient, durſt not make it known.
Reſtleſs, at laſt, a private Place he found,
Then dug a Hole and told it to the Ground;
In a low Whiſper he reveal'd the Caſe,
And cover'd in the Earth, and ſilent left the Place.
In Time, of trembling Reeds a plenteous Crop
From the confided Furrow ſprouted up;
Which, high advancing with the ripening Year,
Made known the Tiller, and his fruitleſs Care:
For then the ruſtling Blades and whiſp'ring Wind
To tell th'important Secret both combin'd.

The Building of TROY.

Phœbus, with full Revenge, from *Tmolus* flies,
Darts thro' the Air, and cleaves the liquid Skies;
Near *Helleſpont* he lights, and treads the Plains
Where great *Laomedon* ſole Monarch reigns;
Where, built between the two projecting Strands,
To *Panomphæan Jove* an Altar ſtands.
Here firſt aſpiring Thoughts the King employ,
To found the lofty Tow'rs of future *Troy*.
The Work, from Schemes magnificent begun,
At vaſt Expence was ſlowly carry'd on:
Which *Phœbus* ſeeing, with the Trident God
Who rules the ſwelling Surges with his Nod,
Aſſuming each a mortal Shape, combine
At a ſet Price to finiſh his Deſign.
The Work was built; the King their Price denies,
And his Injuſtice backs with Perjuries.
This *Neptune* cou'd not brook, but drove the Main,
A mighty Deluge, o'er the *Phrygian* Plain:
'Twas all a Sea; the Waters of the Deep
From ev'ry Vale the copious Harveſt ſweep;
The briny Billows overflow the Soil,
Ravage the Fields, and mock the Plowman's Toil.
Nor this appeas'd the God's revengeful Mind,
For ſtill a greater Plague remains behind;
A huge Sea-Monſter lodges on the Sands,
And the King's Daughter for his Prey demands.
To him that ſav'd the Damſel, was decreed
A Set of Horſes of the Sun's fine Breed:
But when *Alcides* from the Rock unty'd
The trembling Fair, the Ranſom was deny'd,

He, in Revenge, the new-built Walls attack'd,
And the twice-perjur'd City bravely ſack'd.
Telamon aided, and in Juſtice ſhar'd
Part of the Plunder as his due Reward:
The Princeſs, reſcu'd late, with all her Charms
Heſionè was yielded to his Arms;
For *Peleus*, with a Goddeſs Bride, was more
Proud of his Spouſe than of his Birth before:
Grandſons to *Jove* there might be more than One,
But he the Goddeſs had enjoy'd alone.

The Story of THETIS *and* PELEUS, &c.

For *Proteus* thus to Virgin *Thetis* ſaid,
Fair Goddeſs of the Waves, conſent to wed,
And take ſome ſpritely Lover to your Bed.
A Son you'll have, the Terror of the Field,
To whom in Fame and Pow'r his Sire ſhall yield.
Jove, who ador'd the Nymph with boundleſs Love,
Did from his Breaſt the dangerous Flame remove.
He knew the Fates, nor car'd to raiſe up One
Whoſe Fame and Greatneſs ſhould eclipſe his own.
On happy *Peleus* he beſtow'd her Charms,
And bleſs'd his Grandſon in the Goddeſs' Arms
A ſilent Creek *Theſſalia*'s Coaſt can ſhow;
Two Arms project, and ſhape it like a Bow;
'Twould make a Bay, but the tranſparent Tide
Does ſcarce the yellow-gravell'd Bottom hide;
For the quick Eye may thro' the liquid Wave
A firm unweedy level Beach perceive.
A Grove of fragrant Myrtle near it grows,
Whoſe Boughs, tho' thick, a beauteous Grot diſcloſe;
The well-wrought Fabrick to diſcerning Eyes
Rather by Art than Nature ſeems to riſe.

A bridled Dolphin oft fair *Thetis* bore
To this her lov'd Retreat, her fav'rite Shore.
Here *Peleus* ſeiz'd her, ſlumbring while ſhe lay,
And urg'd his Suit with all that Love could ſay:
But when he found her obſtinately coy,
Reſolv'd to force her, and command the Joy.
The Nymph, o'erpower'd, to Art for Succour flies,
And various Shapes the eager Youth ſurprize:
A Bird ſhe ſeems, but plies her Wings in vain,
His Hands the fleeting Subſtance ſtill detain:
A branchy Tree high in the Air ſhe grew;
About its Bark his nimble Arms he threw:
A Tyger next ſhe glares with flaming Eyes;
The frighten'd Lover quits his Hold and flies:
The Sea-Gods he with ſacred Rites adores,
Then a Libation on the Ocean pours;
While the fat Entrails crackle in the Fire,
And Sheets of Smoak in ſweet Perfume aſpire;
Till *Proteus* riſing from his oozy Bed,
Thus to the poor deſponding Lover ſaid:
No more in anxious Thoughts your Mind employ,
For yet you ſhall poſſeſs the dear expected Joy.
You muſt once more th' unwary Nymph ſurprize,
As in her cooly Grot ſhe ſlumbring lies;
Then bind her faſt with unrelenting Hands,
And ſtrain her tender Limbs with knotted Bands.
Still hold her under ev'ry different Shape,
Till tir'd ſhe tries no longer to eſcape.
Thus he: Then ſunk beneath the glaſſy Flood,
And broken Accents flutter'd where he ſtood.
Bright *Sol* had almoſt now his Journey done,
And down the ſteepy weſtern Convex run;

When the fair *Nereid* left the briny Wave,
And, as ſhe us'd, retreated to her Cave.
He ſcarce had bound her faſt, when ſhe aroſe,
And into various Shapes her Body throws:
She went to move her Arms, and found 'em ty'd;
Then with a Sigh, Some God aſſiſts ye, cry'd,
And in her proper Shape ſtood bluſhing by his Side.
About her Waiſte his longing Arms he flung,
From which Embrace the Great *Achilles* ſprung.

The Transformation of DÆDALION.

Peleus unmix'd Felicity enjoy'd;
(Bleſt in a valiant Son and virtuous Bride)
Till Fortune did in Blood his Hands imbrue,
And his own Brother by curſt Chance he ſlew:
Then driv'n from *Theſſaly*, his native Clime,
Trachinia firſt gave Shelter to his Crime;
Where peaceful *Ceyx* mildly fill'd the Throne,
And like his Sire the Morning Planet ſhone;
But now, unlike himſelf, bedew'd with Tears,
Mourning a Brother loſt, his Brow appears.
Firſt to the Town with Travel ſpent and Care,
Peleus and his ſmall Company repair:
His Herds and Flocks the while at Leiſure feed
On the rich Paſture of a neighb'ring Mead.
The Prince before the Royal Preſence brought,
Shew'd by the ſuppliant Olive what he ſought;
Then tells his Name, and Race, and Country right,
But hides th' unhappy Reaſon of his Flight.
He begs the King ſome little Town to give,
Where they may ſafe his faithful Vaſſals live.

Ceyx reply'd: To all my Bounty flows,
A hoſpitable Realm your Suit has choſe.
Your glorious Race, and far-reſounding Fame,
And Grandſire *Jove*, peculiar Favours claim.
All you can wiſh, I grant; Entreaties ſpare;
My Kingdom (would 'twere worth the ſharing) ſhare.
Tears ſtop'd his Speech: Aſtoniſh'd *Peleus* pleads
To know the Cauſe from whence his Grief proceeds.
The Prince reply'd: There's none of ye but deems
This Hawk was ever ſuch as now it ſeems:
Know 'twas a Heroe once, *Dædalion* nam'd,
For warlike Deeds and haughty Valour fam'd;
Like me to that bright Luminary born,
Who wakes *Aurora*, and brings on the Morn:
His Fierceneſs ſtill remains, and Love of Blood,
Now Dread of Birds, and Tyrant of the Wood.
My Make was ſofter, Peace my greateſt Care;
But this my Brother wholly bent on War;
Late Nations fear'd, and routed Armies fled
That Force, which now the tim'rous Pigeons dread.
A Daughter he poſſeſs'd, divinely fair,
And ſcarcely yet had ſeen her Fifteenth Year;
Young *Chionè*: A thouſand Rivals ſtrove
To win the Maid, and teach her how to love.
Phœbus and *Mercury* by chance one Day
From *Delphi* and *Cyllenè* paſt this Way;
Together they the Virgin ſaw: Deſire
At once warm'd both their Breaſts with am'rous Fire.
Phœbus reſolv'd to wait till Cloſe of Day;
But *Mercury*'s hot Love brook'd no Delay;
With his entrancing Rod the Maid he charms,
And unreſiſted revels in her Arms.

'Twas Night, and *Phœbus* in a Beldam's Dreſs,
To the late rifled Beauty got Acceſs.
Her time compleat nine circling Moons had run;
To either God ſhe bore a lovely Son:
To *Mercury Autolycus* ſhe brought,
Who turn'd to Thefts and Tricks his ſubtle Thought;
Poſſeſs'd he was of all his Father's Sleight,
At Will made White look black, and Black look white.
Philammon born to *Phœbus*, like his Sire,
The Muſes lov'd, and finely ſtruck the Lyre,
And made his Voice and Touch in Harmony conſpire.
In vain, fond Maid, you boaſt this double Birth,
The Love of Gods and Royal Father's Worth,
And *Jove* among your Anceſtors rehearſe!
Could Bleſſings ſuch as theſe e'er prove a Curſe?
To her they did, who with audacious Pride,
Vain of her own, *Diana*'s Charms decry'd.
Her Taunts the Goddeſs with Reſentment fill;
My Face you like not, you ſhall try my Skill.
She ſaid; and ſtrait her vengeful Bow ſhe ſtrung,
And ſent a Shaft that pierc'd her guilty Tongue:
The bleeding Tongue in vain its Accents tries;
In the red Stream her Soul reluctant flies.
With Sorrow wild I ran to her Relief,
And try'd to moderate my Brother's Grief.
He, deaf as Rocks by ſtormy Surges beat,
Loudly laments, and hears me not intreat.
When on the Fun'ral Pile he ſaw her laid,
Thrice he to ruſh into the Flames aſſay'd,
Thrice with officious Care by us was ſtay'd.
Now, mad with Grief, away he fled amain,
Like a ſtung Heifer that reſents the Pain,
And bellowing wildly bounds along the Plain.

O'er the moſt rugged Ways ſo faſt he ran,
He ſeem'd a Bird already, not a Man:
He left us breathleſs all behind; and now
In queſt of Death had gain'd *Parnaſſus'* Brow:
But when from thence headlong himſelf he threw,
He fell not, but with airy Pinions flew.
Phœbus in Pity chang'd him to a Fowl,
Whoſe crooked Beak and Claws the Birds controul,
Little of Bulk, but of a warlike Soul.
A Hawk become, the feather'd Race's Foe,
He tries to eaſe his own by other's Woe.

A Wolf turn'd into Marble.

While they aſtoniſh'd heard the King relate
Theſe Wonders of his hapleſs Brother's Fate;
The Prince's Herdſman at the Court arrives,
And freſh Surprize to all the Audience gives.
O *Peleus*, *Peleus*, dreadful News I bear,
He ſaid; and trembled as he ſpoke for Fear.
The worſt, affrighted *Peleus* bid him tell,
Whilſt *Ceyx* too grew pale with friendly Zeal.
Thus he began: When *Sol* Mid-heav'n had gain'd,
And half his Way was paſt, and half remain'd,
I to the level Shore my Cattle drove,
And let them freely in the Meadows rove;
Some ſtretch'd at length admire the watry Plain,
Some crop'd the Herb, ſome wanton ſwam the Main.
A Temple ſtands of antique Make hard by,
Where no gilt Domes nor Marble lure the Eye;
Unpoliſh'd Rafters bear its lowly Height,
Hid by a Grove, as ancient, from the Sight.

Here *Nereus* and the *Nereids* they adore;
I learnt it from the Man who thither bore
His Net, to dry it on the ſunny Shore.
Adjoyns a Lake, inclos'd with Willows round,
Where ſwelling Waves have over-flow'd the Mound,
And, muddy, ſtagnate on the lower Ground.
From thence a ruſsling Noiſe increaſing flies,
Strikes the ſtill Shore, and frights us with Surprize.
Strait a huge Wolf ruſh'd from the marſhy Wood,
His Jaws beſmear'd with mingled Foam and Blood.
Tho' equally by Hunger urg'd and Rage,
His Appetite he minds not to aſſwage;
Nought that he meets, his rabid Fury ſpares,
But the whole Herd with mad Diſorder tears.
Some of our Men who ſtrove to drive him thence,
Torn by his Teeth, have dy'd in their Defence.
The ecchoing Lakes, the Sea, and Fields, and Shore,
Impurpled bluſh with Streams of reeking Gore.
Delay is Loſs, nor have we time for Thought;
While yet ſome few remain alive, we ought
To ſeize our Arms, and with confed'rate Force
Try if we ſo can ſtop his bloody Courſe.
But *Peleus* car'd not for his ruin'd Herd;
His Crime he call'd to Mind, and thence inferr'd,
That *Pſammathe*'s Revenge this Havock made,
In Sacrifice to murder'd *Phocus*' Shade.
The King commands his Servants to their Arms,
Reſolv'd to go; but the loud Noiſe alarms
His lovely Queen, who from her Chamber flew,
And her half-plaited Hair behind her threw:
About his Neck ſhe hung with loving Fears,
And now with Words, and now with pleading Tears,

Intreated

Intreated that he'd ſend his Men alone,
And ſtay himſelf to ſave two Lives in one.
Then *Peleus:* Your juſt Fears, O Queen, forget;
Too much the Offer leaves me in your Debt.
No Arms againſt the Monſter I ſhall bear,
But the Sea-Nymphs appeaſe with humble Pray'r.
The Citadel's high Turrets pierce the Sky,
Which home-bound Veſſels, glad, from far deſcry;
This they aſcend, and thence with Sorrow ken
The mangled Heifers lye, and bleeding Men;
Th' inexorable Ravager they view,
With Blood diſcolour'd, ſtill the reſt purſue:
There *Peleus* pray'd ſubmiſſive tow'rds the Sea,
And deprecates the Ire of injur'd *Pſamathè*.
But deaf to all his Pray'rs the Nymph remain'd,
Till *Thetis* for her Spouſe the Boon obtain'd.
Pleas'd with the Luxury, the furious Beaſt,
Unſtop'd, continues ſtill his bloody Feaſt:
While yet upon a ſturdy Bull he flew,
Chang'd by the Nymph, a Marble Block he grew.
No longer dreadful now the Wolf appears,
Bury'd in Stone, and vaniſh'd like their Fears.
Yet ſtill the Fates unhappy *Peleus* vex'd;
To the *Magneſian* Shore he wanders next.
Acaſtus there, who rul'd the peaceful Clime,
Grants his Requeſt, and expiates his Crime.

The Story of CEYX *and* ALCYONE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Theſe Prodigies affect the pious Prince,
But more perplex'd with thoſe that happen'd ſince,

He purpoſes to ſeek the *Clarian* God,
Avoiding *Delphos*, his more fam'd Abode,
Since *Phlegyan* Robbers made unſafe the Road.
Yet could he not from her he lov'd ſo well,
The fatal Voyage, he reſolv'd, conceal;
But when ſhe ſaw her Lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly Cold ran ſhiv'ring to her Heart;
Her faded Cheeks are chang'd to boxen Hue,
And in her Eyes the Tears are ever new.
She thrice eſſay'd to ſpeak; her Accents hung,
And falt'ring dy'd unfiniſh'd on her Tongue,
Or vaniſh'd into Sighs: With long Delay
Her Voice return'd, and found the wonted way.
Tell me, my Lord, ſhe ſaid, what Fault unknown
Thy once belov'd *Alcyone* has done?
Whither, ah whither, is thy Kindneſs gone!
Can *Ceyx* then ſuſtain to leave his Wife,
And unconcern'd forſake the Sweets of Life?
What can thy Mind to this long Journey move?
Or need'ſt thou Abſence to renew thy Love?
Yet, if thou go'ſt by Land, tho' Grief poſſeſs
My Soul ev'n then, my Fears will be the leſs.
But ah! be warn'd to ſhun the watry Way,
The Face is frightful of the ſtormy Sea:
For late I ſaw a-drift diſjointed Planks,
And empty Tombs erected on the Banks.
Nor let falſe Hopes to Truſt betray thy Mind,
Becauſe my Sire in Caves conſtrains the Wind,
Can with a Breath their clam'rous Rage appeaſe,
They fear his Whiſtle, and forſake the Seas:
Not ſo; for once indulg'd, they ſweep the Main;
Deaf to the Call, or hearing hear in vain;

But bent on Miſchief bear the Waves before,
And not content with Seas, inſult the Shore,
When Ocean, Air, and Earth at once ingage,
And rooted Foreſts fly before their Rage:
At once the claſhing Clouds to Battle move,
And Lightnings run acroſs the Fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude Comport,
While yet a Child, within my Father's Court:
In times of Tempeſt they command alone,
And he but ſits precarious on the Throne:
The more I know, the more my Fears augment,
And Fears are oft prophetick of th' Event.
But if not Fears, or Reaſons will prevail,
If Fate has fix'd thee obſtinate to ſail,
Go not without thy Wife, but let me bear
My Part of Danger with an equal Share,
And preſent, what I ſuffer only fear:
Then o'er the bounding Billows ſhall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
  Theſe Reaſons mov'd her ſtarlike Husband's Heart,
But ſtill he held his Purpoſe to depart:
For as he lov'd her equal to his Life,
He would not to the Seas expoſe his Wife;
Nor could be wrought his Voyage to refrain,
But ſought by Arguments to ſooth her Pain:
Nor theſe avail'd; at length he lights on one,
With which ſo difficult a Cauſe he won:
My Love, ſo ſhort an Abſence ceaſe to fear,
For by my Father's holy Flame, I ſwear,
Before two Moons their Orb with Light adorn,
If Heav'n allow me Life, I will return.

This Promiſe of ſo ſhort a Stay prevails;
He ſoon equips the Ship, ſupplies the Sails,
And gives the Word to launch; ſhe trembling views
This Pomp of Death, and parting Tears renews:
Laſt with a Kiſs, ſhe took a long Farewel,
Sigh'd with a ſad Preſage, and ſwooning fell:
While *Ceyx* ſeeks Delays, the luſty Crew,
Rais'd on their Banks, their Oars in order drew
To their broad Breaſts, the Ship with Fury flew.

The Queen recover'd rears her humid Eyes,
And firſt her Husband on the Poop eſpies,
Shaking his Hand at Diſtance on the Main;
She took the Sign, and ſhook her Hand again.
Still as the Ground recedes, contracts her View
With ſharpen'd Sight, till ſhe no longer knew
The much-lov'd Face; that Comfort loſt ſupplies
With leſs, and with the Galley feeds her Eyes;
The Galley born from View by riſing Gales,
She follow'd with her Sight the flying Sails:
When ev'n the flying Sails were ſeen no more,
Forſaken of all Sight, ſhe left the Shoar.

Then on her Bridal-Bed her Body throws,
And ſought in Sleep her weary'd Eyes to cloſe:
Her Husband's Pillow, and the widow'd Part
Which once he preſs'd, renew'd the former Smart.

And now a Breeze from Shoar began to blow,
The Sailors ſhip their Oars, and ceaſe to row;
Then hoiſt their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails
Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the Gales:
By this the Veſſel half her Courſe had run,
And as much reſted till the riſing Sun;

Both Shoars were loſt to Sight, when at the Cloſe
Of Day a ſtiffer Gale at Eaſt aroſe:
The Sea grew white, the rowling Waves from far,
Like Heralds, firſt denounce the wat'ry War.
This ſeen, the Maſter ſoon began to cry,
Strike, ſtrike the Top-ſail; let the Main-ſheet fly,
And furl your Sails: The Winds repel the Sound,
And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own Accord, as Danger taught
Each in his Way, officiouſly they wrought;
Some ſtow their Oars, or ſtop the leaky Sides,
Another bolder yet the Yard beſtrides,
And folds the Sails; a fourth with Labour laves
Th'intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.
In this Confuſion while their Work they ply,
The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
And wage inteſtine Wars; the ſuff'ring Seas
Are toſs'd, and mingled as their Tyrants pleaſe.
The Maſter would command, but in deſpair
Of Safety, ſtands amaz'd with ſtupid Care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
Th'ungovern'd Tempeſt to ſuch Fury grows:
Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill;
With ſuch a Concourſe comes the Flood of Ill:
The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrowds;
Seas daſh on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds:
At once from Eaſt to Weſt, from Pole to Pole,
The forky Lightnings flaſh, the roaring Thunders roul.
Now Waves on Waves aſcending ſcale the Skies,
And in the Fires above the Water fries:
When yellow Sands are ſifted from below,
The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show:

And when the fouler Bottom ſpews the Black,
The *Stygian* Dye the tainted Waters take:
Then frothy White appear the flatted Seas,
And change their Colour, changing their Diſeaſe.
Like various Fits the *Trachin* Veſſel finds,
And now ſublime, ſhe rides upon the Winds;
As from a lofty Summit looks from high,
And from the Clouds beholds the neather Sky;
Now from the Depth of Hell they lift their Sight,
And at a Diſtance ſee ſuperior Light:
The laſhing Billows make a loud Report,
And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams a Fort:
Or as a Lyon bounding in his way,
With Force augmented, bears againſt his Prey,
Sidelong to ſeize; or unapal'd with Fear,
Springs on the Toils, and ruſhes on the Spear:
So Seas impell'd by Winds, with added Pow'r
Aſſault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.
The Planks (their pitchy Cov'ring waſh'd away)
Now yield; and now a yawning Breach diſplay:
The roaring Waters with a hoſtile Tide
Ruſh through the Ruins of her gaping Side.
Mean time in Sheets of Rain the Sky deſcends,
And Ocean ſwell'd with Waters upwards tends;
One riſing, falling one, the Heav'ns and Sea
Meet at their Confines, in the middle Way:
The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain,
Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.
No Star appears to lend his friendly Light;
Darkneſs and Tempeſt make a double Night;
But flaſhing Fires diſcloſe the Deep by turns,
And while the Light'nings blaze, the Water burns.

Now all the Waves their ſcatter'd Force unite,
And, as a Soldier, foremoſt in the Fight,
Makes way for others, and an Hoſt alone
Still preſſes on, and urging gains the Town;
So while th' invading Billows come a-breaſt,
The Hero Tenth advanc'd before the reſt,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,
And from the Walls deſcends upon the Prey;
Part following enter, Part remain without,
With Envy hear their Fellows conqu'ring Shout,
And mount on others Backs, in hope to ſhare
The City, thus become the Seat of War.
An univerſal Cry reſounds aloud,
The Sailors run in Heaps, a helpleſs Crowd;
Art fails, and Courage falls, no Succour near;
As many Waves, as many Deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet deſpairs of late Relief;
One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his Grief,
But ſtupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate:
One with loud Shrieks laments his loſt Eſtate,
And calls thoſe happy whom their Fun'rals wait.
This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods implores,
And ev'n the Skies he cannot ſee, adores.
That other on his Friends his Thoughts beſtows,
His careful Father, and his faithful Spouſe.
The covetous Wordling in his anxious Mind,
Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.
All *Ceyx* his *Alcyone* employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her Abſence joys:
His Wife he wiſhes, and would ſtill be near,
Not her with him, but wiſhes him with her:
Now with laſt Looks he ſeeks his native Shoar,
Which Fate has deſtin'd him to ſee no more;

He ſought, but in the dark tempeſtuous Night
He knew not whither to direct his Sight.
So whirl the Seas, ſuch Darkneſs blinds the Sky,
That the black Night receives a deeper Dye.
The giddy Ship ran round; the Tempeſt tore
Her Maſt, and over-board the Rudder bore.
One Billow mounts; and with a ſcornful Brow,
Proud of her Conqueſt gain'd, inſults the Waves below;
Nor lighter falls, than if ſome Giant tore
Pindus and *Athos*, with the Freight they bore,
And toſs'd on Seas; preſs'd with the pond'rous Blow,
Down ſinks the Ship within th' Abyſs below:
Down with the Veſſel ſink into the Main,
The many, never more to riſe again.
Some few on ſcatter'd Planks, with fruitleſs Care,
Lay hold and ſwim, but while they ſwim, deſpair.
Ev'n he who late a Scepter did command,
Now graſps a floating Fragment in his Hand;
And while he ſtruggles on the ſtormy Main,
Invokes his Father, and his Wife's, in vain.
But yet his Conſort is his greateſt Care;
Alcyone he names amidſt his Pray'r;
Names as a Charm againſt the Waves and Wind;
Moſt in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind.
Tir'd with his Toil, all Hopes of Safety paſt,
From Pray'rs to Wiſhes he deſcends at laſt;
That his dead Body, wafted to the Sands,
Might have its Burial from her friendly Hands.
As oft as he can catch a Gulp of Air,
And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair;
And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murm'ring *Alcyone* below the Waves:

At laſt a falling Billow ſtops his Breath,
Breaks o'er his Head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright *Lucifer* unlike himſelf appears
That Night, his heav'nly Form obſcur'd with Tears,
And ſince he was forbid to leave the Skies,
He muffled with a Cloud his mournful Eyes.
Mean time *Alcyonè* (his Fate unknown)
Computes how many Nights he had been gone,
Obſerves the waning Moon with hourly View,
Numbers her Age, and wiſhes for a new;
Againſt the promis'd Time provides with Care,
And haſtens in the Woof the Robes he was to wear:
And for her Self employs another Loom,
New-dreſs'd to meet her Lord returning home,
Flatt'ring her Heart with Joys that never were to come:
She fum'd the Temples with an od'rous Flame,
And oft before the ſacred Altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty Name.
All Pow'rs implor'd, but far above the reſt
To *Juno* ſhe her pious Vows addreſs'd,
Her much-lov'd Lord from Perils to protect,
And ſafe o'er Seas his Voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that ſhe might ſtill poſſeſs his Heart,
And no pretending Rival ſhare a Part;
This laſt Petition heard of all her Pray'r,
The reſt, diſpers'd by Winds, were loſt in Air.
But ſhe, the Goddeſs of the Nuptial Bed,
Tir'd with her vain Devotions for the Dead,
Reſolv'd the tainted Hand ſhould be repell'd,
Which Incenſe offer'd, and her Altar held:
Then *Iris* thus beſpoke; Thou faithful Maid,
By whom thy Queen's Commands are well convey'd,

Haſte to the Houſe of Sleep, and bid the God
Who rules the Night by Viſions with a Nod,
Prepare a Dream, in Figure and in Form
Reſembling him who periſh'd in the Storm;
This Form before *Alcyonè* preſent,
To make her certain of the ſad Event.
Indu'd with Robes of various Hue ſhe flies,
And flying draws an Arch, (a Segment of the Skies:)
Then leaves her bending Bow, and from the Steep
Deſcends, to ſearch the ſilent Houſe of Sleep.

The Houſe of SLEEP.

Near the *Cymmerians*, in his dark Abode,
Deep in a Cavern, dwells the drowzy God;
Whoſe gloomy Manſion nor the riſing Sun,
Nor ſetting, viſits, nor the lightſome Noon;
But lazy Vapours round the Region fly,
Perpetual Twilight, and a doubtful Sky:
No crowing Cock does there his Wings diſplay,
Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day;
Nor watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful Geeſe,
Diſturb with nightly Noiſe the ſacred Peace;
Nor Beaſt of Nature, nor the Tame are nigh,
Nor Trees with Tempeſts rock'd, nor human Cry;
But ſafe Repoſe without an Air of Breath
Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.
An Arm of *Lethè*, with a gentle Flow
Ariſing upwards from the Rock below,
The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles creeps,
And with ſoft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps.
Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,
And all cool Simples that ſweet Reſt beſtow;

Night from the Plants their ſleepy Virtue drains,
And paſſing, ſheds it on the ſilent Plains:
No Door there was th' unguarded Houſe to keep,
On creaking Hinges turn'd, to break his Sleep.
But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed,
Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon-ſted:
Black was the Cov'ring too, where lay the God,
And ſlept ſupine, his Limbs diſplay'd abroad:
About his Head fantaſtick Viſions fly,
Which various Images of things ſupply,
And mock their Forms; the Leaves on Trees not more,
Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore.
The Virgin ent'ring bright, indulg'd the Day
To the brown Cave, and bruſh'd the Dreams away:
The God diſturb'd with this new Glare of Light,
Caſt ſudden on his Face, unſeal'd his Sight,
And rais'd his tardy Head, which ſunk again,
And ſinking, on his Boſom knock'd his Chin;
At length ſhook off himſelf, and ask'd the Dame,
(And asking yawn'd) for what Intent ſhe came.
To whom the Goddeſs thus: O ſacred Reſt,
Sweet pleaſing Sleep, of all the Pow'rs the beſt!
O Peace of Mind, Repairer of Decay,
Whoſe Balms renew the Limbs to Labours of the Day,
Care ſhuns thy ſoft Approach, and ſullen flies away!
Adorn a Dream, expreſſing human Form,
The Shape of him who ſuffer'd in the Storm,
And ſend it flitting to the *Trachin* Court,
The Wreck of wretched *Ceyx* to report:
Before his Queen bid the pale Spectre ſtand,
Who begs a vain Relief at *Juno*'s Hand.
She ſaid, and ſcarce awake her Eyes could keep,
Unable to ſupport the Fumes of Sleep;

But fled, returning by the way ſhe went,
And ſwerv'd along her Bow with ſwift Aſcent.
  The God, uneaſy till he ſlept again,
Reſolv'd at once to rid himſelf of Pain;
And, tho' againſt his Cuſtom, call'd aloud,
Exciting *Morpheus* from the ſleepy Crowd:
Morpheus, of all his numerous Train, expreſs'd
The Shape of Man, and imitated beſt;
The Walk, the Words, the Geſture could ſupply,
The Habit mimick, and the Mein bely;
Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human Kind.
Another Birds, and Beaſts, and Dragons apes,
And dreadful Images, and Monſter Shapes:
This Demon, *Icelos*, in Heav'ns high Hall
The Gods have nam'd; but Men *Phobetor* call.
A third is *Phantaſus*, whoſe Actions roul
On meaner Thoughts, and Things devoid of Soul;
Earth, Fruits, and Flow'rs he repreſents in Dreams,
And ſolid Rocks unmov'd, and running Streams.
Theſe three to Kings and Chiefs their Scenes diſplay,
The reſt before th' ignoble Commons play.
Of theſe the choſen *Morpheus* is diſpatch'd;
Which done, the lazy Monarch, over-watch'd,
Down from his propping Elbow drops his Head,
Diſſolv'd in Sleep, and ſhrinks within his Bed.
  Darkling the Demon glides, for Flight prepar'd,
So ſoft, that ſcarce his fanning Wings are heard.
To *Trachin*, ſwift as Thought, the flitting Shade,
Through Air his momentary Journey made:
Then lays aſide the Steerage of his Wings,
Forſakes his proper Form, aſſumes the King's;

And

And pale as Death, deſpoil'd of his Array,
Into the Queen's Apartment takes his way,
And ſtands before the Bed at Dawn of Day:
Unmov'd his Eyes, and wet his Beard appears;
And ſhedding vain, but ſeeming real Tears;
The briny Water dropping from his Hairs.
Then ſtaring on her with a ghaſtly Look,
And hollow Voice, he thus the Queen beſpoke.
Know'ſt thou not me? Not yet, unhappy Wife?
Or are my Features periſh'd with my Life?
Look once again, and for thy Husband loſt,
Lo all that's left of him, thy Husband's Ghoſt!
Thy Vows for my Return were all in vain;
The ſtormy South o'ertook us in the Main,
And never ſhalt thou ſee thy living Lord again.
Bear witneſs, Heav'n, I call'd on thee in Death,
And while I call'd, a Billow ſtopp'd my Breath.
Think not that flying Fame reports my Fate;
I preſent, I appear, and my own Wreck relate.
Riſe, wretched Widow, riſe; nor undeplor'd
Permit my Soul to paſs the *Stygian* Ford;
But riſe, prepar'd in Black, to mourn thy periſh'd Lord.
Thus ſaid the Player-God; and adding Art
Of Voice and Geſture, ſo perform'd his Part,
She thought (ſo like her Love the Shade appears)
That *Ceyx* ſpake the Words, and *Ceyx* ſhed the Tears:
She groan'd, her inward Soul with Grief oppreſt,
She ſigh'd, ſhe wept, and ſleeping beat her Breaſt;
Then ſtretch'd her Arms t' embrace his Body bare;
Her claſping Arms incloſe but empty Air:
At this, not yet awake, ſhe cry'd, O ſtay;
One is our Fate, and common is our Way!
So dreadful was the Dream, ſo loud ſhe ſpoke,
That ſtarting ſudden up, the Slumber broke:

Then caſt her Eyes around, in hope to view
Her vaniſh'd Lord, and find the Viſion true:
For now the Maids, who waited her Commands,
Ran in with lighted Tapers in their Hands.
Tir'd with the Search, not finding what ſhe ſeeks,
With cruel Blows ſhe pounds her blubber'd Cheeks;
Then from her beaten Breaſt the Linnen tare,
And cut the golden Caul that bound her Hair.
Her Nurſe demands the Cauſe; with louder Cries,
She proſecutes her Griefs, and thus replies.
No more *Alcyonè*; ſhe ſuffer'd Death
With her lov'd Lord, when *Ceyx* loſt his Breath:
No Flatt'ry, no falſe Comfort, give me none,
My ſhipwreck'd *Ceyx* is for ever gone:
I ſaw, I ſaw him manifeſt in View,
His Voice, his Figure, and his Geſtures knew:
His Luſtre loſt, and ev'ry living Grace,
Yet I retain'd the Features of his Face;
Tho' with pale Cheeks, wet Beard, and dropping Hair,
None but my *Ceyx* could appear ſo fair:
I would have ſtrain'd him with a ſtrict Embrace,
But thro' my Arms he ſlipp'd, and vaniſh'd from the Place:
There, ev'n juſt there he ſtood; and as ſhe ſpoke,
Where laſt the Spectre was ſhe caſt her Look:
Fain wou'd ſhe hope, and gaz'd upon the Ground,
If any printed Footſteps might be found.
Then ſigh'd and ſaid; This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetick Fears preſag'd too true:
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding Heart
I took my Leave, and ſuffer'd thee to part;
Or I to go along, or Thou to ſtay,
Never, ah never to divide our Way!
Happier for me, that all our Hours aſſign'd
Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in Death disjoin'd!

So had my *Ceyx* ſtill been living here,
Or with my *Ceyx* I had periſh'd there:
Now I die abſent, in the vaſt Profound;
And Me, without my Self, the Seas have drown'd:
The Storms were not ſo cruel; ſhould I ſtrive
To lengthen Life, and ſuch a Grief ſurvive;
But neither will I ſtrive, nor wretched Thee
In Death forſake, but keep thee Company.
If not one common Sepulcher contains
Our Bodies, or one Urn our laſt Remains,
Yet *Ceyx* and *Alcyonè* ſhall join,
Their Names remember'd in one common Line.
No farther Voice her mighty Grief affords,
For Sighs come ruſhing in betwixt her Words,
And ſtopp'd her Tongue; but what her Tongue deny'd,
Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Complaints ſupply'd.
'Twas Morning; to the Port ſhe takes her way,
And ſtands upon the Margin of the Sea:
That Place, that very Spot of Ground ſhe ſought,
Or thither by her Deſtiny was brought,
Where laſt he ſtood: And while ſhe ſadly ſaid,
'Twas here he left me, lingring here delay'd
His parting Kiſs, and there his Anchors weigh'd.
Thus ſpeaking, while her Thoughts paſt Actions trace,
And call to mind, admoniſh'd by the Place,
Sharp at her utmoſt Ken ſhe caſt her Eyes,
And ſomewhat floating from afar deſcries:
It ſeem'd a Corps adrift, to diſtant Sight,
But at a Diſtance who could judge aright?
It wafted nearer yet, and then ſhe knew
That what before ſhe but ſurmis'd, was true:
A Corps it was, but whoſe it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, ſhe made the Caſe her own:
Took the bad Omen of a ſhipwreck'd Man,
As for a Stranger wept, and thus began.

Poor Wretch, on ſtormy Seas to loſe thy Life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd Wife!
At this ſhe paus'd; for now the flowing Tide
Had brought the Body nearer to the Side:
The more ſhe looks, the more her Fears increaſe,
At nearer Sight; and ſhe's her ſelf the leſs:
Now driv'n aſhore, and at her Feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom ſhe ſees:
Her Husband's Corps; at this ſhe loudly ſhrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he, ſhe cries, and tears her Cheeks,
Her Hair, and Veſt; and ſtooping to the Sands,
About his Neck ſhe caſt her trembling Hands.
And is it thus, O dearer than my Life,
Thus, thus return'ſt Thou to thy longing Wife!
She ſaid, and to the neighb'ring Mole ſhe ſtrode,
(Rais'd there to break th' Incurſions of the Flood;)
Headlong from hence to plunge her ſelf ſhe ſprings,
But ſhoots along ſupported on her Wings;
A Bird new-made, about the Banks ſhe plies,
Not far from Shore, and ſhort Excurſions tries;
Nor ſeeks in Air her humble Flight to raiſe,
Content to skim the Surface of the Seas:
Her Bill, tho' ſlender, ſends a creaking Noiſe,
And imitates a lamentable Voice.
Now lighting where the bloodleſs Body lies,
She with a Fun'ral Note renews her Cries:
At all her Stretch her little Wings ſhe ſpread,
And with her feather'd Arms embrac'd the Dead:
Then flick'ring to his palid Lips, ſhe ſtrove
To print a Kiſs, the laſt Eſſay of Love.
Whether the vital Touch reviv'd the Dead,
Or that the moving Waters rais'd his Head
To meet the Kiſs, the Vulgar doubt alone;
For ſure a preſent Miracle was ſhown.

The

The Gods their Shapes to Winter-Birds tranſlate:
But both obnoxious to their former Fate.
Their conjugal Affection ſtill is ty'd,
And ſtill the mournful Race is multiply'd:
They bill, they tread; *Alcyonè* compreſs'd,
Sev'n Days ſits brooding on her floating Neſt:
A wintry Queen: Her Sire at length is kind,
Calms ev'ry Storm, and huſhes ev'ry Wind;
Prepares his Empire for his Daughter's Eaſe,
And for his hatching Nephews ſmooths the Seas.

ÆSACUS *transform'd into a Cormorant.*

Theſe ſome old Man ſees wanton in the Air,
And praiſes the unhappy conſtant Pair.
Then to his Friend the long-neck'd Corm'rant ſhows,
The former Tale reviving others Woes:
That ſable Bird, he cries, which cuts the Flood
With ſlender Legs, was once of Royal Blood;
His Anceſtors from mighty *Tros* proceed,
The brave *Laomedon* and *Ganymede*,
(Whoſe Beauty tempted *Jove* to ſteal the Boy)
And *Priam*, hapleſs Prince! who fell with *Troy*.
Himſelf was *Hector*'s Brother, and (had Fate
But giv'n his hopeful Youth a longer Date)
Perhaps had rival'd warlike *Hector*'s Worth,
Tho' on the Mother's Side of meaner Birth;
Fair *Alyxothoe*, a Country Maid,
Bare *Æſacus* by ſtealth in *Ida*'s Shade.
He fled the noiſy Town and pompous Court,
Lov'd the lone Hills and ſimple rural Sport,
And ſeldom to the City would reſort.
Yet he no ruſtick Clowniſhneſs profeſt,
Nor was ſoft Love a Stranger to his Breaſt:
The Youth had long the Nymph *Heſperie* woo'd,
Oft thro' the Thicket or the Mead purſu'd:

Her haply on her Father's Bank he ſpy'd,
While fearleſs ſhe her ſilver Treſſes dry'd;
Away ſhe fled: Not Stags with half ſuch Speed,
Before the prowling Wolf, ſcud o'er the Mead;
Not Ducks, when they the ſafer Flood forſake,
Purſu'd by Hawks, ſo ſwift regain the Lake.
As faſt he follow'd in the hot Career;
Deſire the Lover wing'd, the Virgin Fear.
A Snake unſeen now pierc'd her heedleſs Foot;
Quick thro' the Veins the venom'd Juices ſhoot:
She fell, and 'ſcap'd by Death his fierce Purſuit.
Her lifeleſs Body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy Haſte:
O had my Love been leſs, or leſs thy Fear!
The Victory, thus bought, is far too dear.
Accurſed Snake! Yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the Wound; the Cauſe was giv'n by me.
Yet none ſhall ſay that unreveng'd you dy'd.
He ſpoke; then climb'd a Cliff's o'er-hanging Side,
And, reſolute, leap'd on the foaming Tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the Wave;
The Death he ſought deny'd, and Feathers gave
Debarr'd the ſureſt Remedy of Grief,
And forc'd to live, he curſt th' unask'd Relief.
Then on his airy Pinions upward flies,
And at a ſecond Fall ſucceſsleſs tries;
The downy Plume a quick Deſcent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the Wave,
And there in vain expects to find a Grave.
His ceaſeleſs Sorrow for th' unhappy Maid,
Meager'd his Look, and on his Spirits prey'd.
Still near the ſounding Deep he lives; his Name
From frequent Diving and Emerging came.

The End of the Eleventh Book.



R: Smith: Sculp

To Wm Walpole.

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XII.

Tranſlated by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The TROJAN *War.*

PRIAM, to whom the Story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his Metamorphos'd Son:
A Cenotaph his Name and Title kept,
And *Hector* round the Tomb, with all his
Brothers, wept.
This pious Office *Paris* did not ſhare,
Abſent alone; and Author of the War,
Which, for the *Spartan* Queen, the *Grecians* drew
T'avenge the Rape; and *Aſia* to ſubdue.
A thouſand Ships were mann'd, to ſail the Sea:
Nor had their juſt Reſentments found Delay,
Had not the Winds and Waves oppos'd their Way.
At *Aulis*, with United Pow'rs they meet,
But there, Croſs-winds or Calms detain'd the Fleet.
Now, while they raiſe an Altar on the Shore,
And *Jove* with ſolemn Sacrifice adore;

A boding Sign the Prieſts and People ſee:
A Snake of Size immenſe aſcends a Tree,
And, in the leafie Summit, ſpy'd a Neſt,
Which o'er her Callow Young, a Sparrow preſs'd.
Eight were the Birds unfledg'd; their Mother flew,
And hover'd round her Care; but ſtill in view:
Till the fierce Reptile firſt devour'd the Brood;
Then ſeiz'd the flutt'ring Dam, and drunk her Blood.
This dire Oſtent, the fearful People view;
Calchas alone, by *Phœbus* taught, foreknew
What Heav'n decreed; and with a ſmiling Glance,
Thus gratulates to *Greece* her happy Chance.
O *Argives*, we ſhall Conquer: *Troy* is ours,
But long Delays ſhall firſt afflict our Pow'rs:
Nine Years of Labour, the nine Birds portend;
The Tenth ſhall in the Town's Deſtruction end.
The Serpent, who his Maw obſcene had fill'd,
The Branches in his curl'd Embraces held:
But, as in Spires he ſtood, he turn'd to Stone:
The ſtony Snake retain'd the Figure ſtill his own.
Yet, not for this, the Wind-bound Navy weigh'd;
Slack were their Sails; and *Neptune* diſobey'd.
Some thought him loath the Town ſhou'd be deſtroy'd,
Whoſe Building had his Hands Divine employ'd:
Not ſo the Seer; who knew, and known foreſhow'd,
The Virgin *Phœbe*, with a Virgin's Blood
Muſt firſt be reconcil'd: The common Cauſe
Prevail'd; and Pity yielding to the Laws,
Fair *Iphigenia* the devoted Maid
Was, by the weeping Prieſts, in Linnen-Robes array'd;
All mourn her Fate; but no Relief appear'd:
The Royal Victim bound, the Knife already rear'd:

When

When that offended Pow'r, who caus'd their Woe,
Relenting ceas'd her Wrath; and ſtop'd the coming Blow.
A Miſt before the Miniſters ſhe caſt,
And, in the Virgin's room, a Hind ſhe plac'd.
Th' Oblation ſlain, and *Phœbe* reconcil'd,
The Storm was huſh'd, and dimpled Ocean ſmil'd:
A favourable Gale aroſe from Shore,
Which to the Port deſir'd, the *Grecian* Gallies bore.

The Houſe of FAME.

Full in the midſt of this created Space,
Betwixt Heav'n, Earth, and Skies, there ſtands a Place,
Confining on all three, with triple Bound;
Whence all Things, though remote, are view'd around;
And thither bring their undulating Sound.
The Palace of loud *Fame*, her Seat of Pow'r,
Plac'd on the Summet of a lofty Tow'r;
A thouſand winding Entries long and wide,
Receive of freſh Reports a flowing Tide.
A thouſand Crannies in the Walls are made;
Nor Gate nor Bars exclude the buſie Trade.
'Tis built of Braſs, the better to diffuſe
The ſpreading Sounds, and multiply the News:
Where Eccho's in repeated Eccho's play:
A Mart for ever full; and open Night and Day.
Nor Silence is within, nor Voice expreſs,
But a deaf Noiſe of Sounds that never ceaſe.
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow Roar
Of Tides, receding from th' inſulted Shore.
Or like the broken Thunder, heard from far,
When *Jove* to diſtance drives the rowling War.

The Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din
Of Crowds, or iſſuing forth, or entring in:
A thorough-fare of News: Where ſome deviſe
Things never heard, ſome mingle Truth with Lies;
The troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat,
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error ſits brooding there, with added Train
Of vain Credulity, and Joys as vain:
Suſpicion, with Sedition join'd, are near;
And Rumors rais'd, and Murmurs mix'd, and Panique Fear.
Fame ſits aloft, and ſees the ſubject Ground;
And Seas about, and Skies above; enquiring all around.
The Goddeſs gives th' Alarm; and ſoon is known
The *Grecian* Fleet, deſcending on the Town.
Fix'd on Defence the *Trojans* are not ſlow
To guard their Shore, from an expected Foe.
They meet in Fight: By *Hector*'s fatal Hand
Proteſilaus falls, and bites the Strand:
Which with Expence of Blood the *Grecians* won;
And prov'd the Strength unknown of *Priam*'s Son.
And to their Coſt the *Trojan* Leaders felt
The *Grecian* Heroes; and what Deaths they dealt.

The Story of CYGNUS.

From theſe firſt Onſets, the *Sigæan* Shore
Was ſtrew'd with Carcaſſes, and ſtain'd with Gore:
Neptunian Cygnus Troops of *Greeks* had ſlain;
Achilles in his Carr had ſcour'd the Plain,
And clear'd the *Trojan* Ranks: Where-e'er he fought,
Cygnus, or *Hector*, through the Fields he ſought:
Cygnus he found; on him his Force eſſay'd:
For *Hector* was to the tenth Year delay'd.

His white man'd Steeds, that bow'd beneath the Yoke,
He chear'd to Courage, with a gentle Stroke;
Then urg'd his fiery Chariot on the Foe;
And riſing ſhook his Lance; in act to throw.
But firſt he cry'd, O Youth, be proud to bear
Thy Death, ennobled by *Pelides*' Spear.
The Lance purſu'd the Voice without delay,
Nor did the whizzing Weapon miſs the way;
But pierc'd his Cuiraſs, with ſuch Fury ſent,
And ſign'd his Boſom with a Purple Dint.
At this the Seed of *Neptune*; Goddeſs-born,
For Ornament, not Uſe, theſe Arms are worn;
This Helm, and heavy Buckler, I can ſpare;
As only Decorations of the War:
So *Mars* is arm'd for Glory, not for Need.
'Tis ſomewhat more from *Neptune* to proceed,
Than from a Daughter of the Sea to ſpring:
Thy Sire is Mortal; mine is Ocean's King.
Secure of Death, I ſhou'd contemn thy Dart,
Tho' naked; and impaſſible depart:
He ſaid, and threw: The trembling Weapon paſs'd
Through nine Bull-hides, each under other plac'd,
On his broad Shield; and ſtuck within the laſt.
Achilles wrench'd it out; and ſent again
The hoſtile Gift: The hoſtile Gift was vain.
He try'd a third, a tough well-choſen Spear;
Th' inviolable Body ſtood ſincere,
Though *Cygnus* then did no Defence provide,
But ſcornful offer'd his unſhielded Side.
Not otherwiſe th' impatient Hero far'd,
Than as a Bull, incompaſs'd with a Guard,
Amid the *Circus* roars, provok'd from far
By ſight of Scarlet, and a ſanguine War:

They quit their Ground, his bended Horns elude;
In vain purſuing, and in vain purſu'd.
Before to farther Fight he wou'd advance,
He ſtood conſidering, and ſurvey'd his Lance.
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden Spear
Without a Point: He look'd, the Point was there.
This is my Hand, and this my Lance, he ſaid;
By which ſo many thouſand Foes are dead.
O whither is their uſual Virtue fled!
I had it once; and the *Lyrneſſian* Wall,
And *Tenedos*, confeſs'd it in their Fall.
Thy Streams, *Caicus*, rowl'd a Crimſon-Flood;
And *Thebes* ran red with her own Natives Blood.
Twice *Telephus* employ'd their piercing Steel,
To wound him firſt, and afterward to heal.
The Vigour of this Arm was never vain:
And that my wonted Proweſs I retain,
Witneſs theſe Heaps of Slaughter on the Plain.
He ſaid; and, doubtful of his former Deeds,
To ſome new Trial of his Force proceeds.
He choſe *Menætes* from among the reſt;
At him he lanch'd his Spear, and pierc'd his Breaſt:
On the hard Earth the *Lycian* knock'd his Head,
And lay ſupine; and forth the Spirit fled.
Then thus the Hero; Neither can I blame
The Hand, or Javelin; both are ſtill the ſame.
The ſame I will employ againſt this Foe;
And wiſh but with the ſame Succeſs to throw.
So ſpoke the Chief; and while he ſpoke he threw;
The Weapon with unerring Fury flew,
At his left Shoulder aim'd: Nor Entrance found;
But back, as from a Rock, with ſwift Rebound

Harmleſs

Harmleſs return'd: A bloody Mark appear'd,
Which with falſe Joy the flatter'd Hero chear'd.
Wound there was none; the Blood that was in view,
The Lance before from ſlain *Menætes* drew.
Headlong he leaps from off his lofty Car,
And in cloſe Fight on Foot renews the War.
Raging with high Diſdain, repeats his Blows;
Nor Shield nor Armour can their Force oppoſe;
Huge Cantlets of his Buckler ſtrew the Ground,
And no Defence in his bor'd Arms is found.
But on his Fleſh, no Wound or Blood is ſeen;
The Sword it ſelf is blunted on the Skin.
This vain Attempt the Chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow Temples and his Ears
His Buckler beats: The Son of *Neptune*, ſtunn'd
With theſe repeated Buffets, quits his Ground;
A ſickly Sweat ſucceeds, and Shades of Night;
Inverted Nature ſwims before his Sight:
Th' inſulting Victor preſſes on the more,
And treads the Steps the Vanquiſh'd trod before.
Nor Reſt, nor Reſpite gives. A Stone there lay
Behind his trembling Foe, and ſtopp'd his Way:
Achilles took th' Advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and puſh'd him backward on the Ground.
His Buckler held him under, while he preſs'd,
With both his Knees above, his panting Breaſt.
Unlac'd his Helm: About his Chin the Twiſt
He ty'd; and ſoon the ſtrangled Soul diſmiſs'd.
With eager Haſte he went to ſtrip the Dead:
The vaniſh'd Body from his Arms was fled.
His Sea-God Sire, t'immortalize his Frame,
Had turn'd it to the Bird that bears his Name.

A Truce ſucceeds the Labours of this Day,
And Arms ſuſpended with a long Delay.
While *Trojan* Walls are kept with Watch and Ward;
The *Greeks* before their Trenches mount the Guard;
The Feaſt approach'd; when to the blue-ey'd Maid
His Vows for *Cygnus* ſlain the Victor paid,
And a white Heyfer on her Altar laid.
The reeking Entrails on the Fire they threw,
And to the Gods the grateful Odour flew:
Heav'n had its Part in Sacrifice: The reſt
Was broil'd and roaſted for the future Feaſt.
The chief invited Gueſts were ſet around:
And Hunger firſt aſſwag'd, the Bowls were crown'd,
Which in deep Draughts their Cares and Labours drown'd.
The mellow Harp did not their Ears employ:
And mute was all the Warlike Symphony:
Diſcourſe, the Food of Souls, was their Delight,
And pleaſing Chat prolong'd the Summers-night.
The Subject, Deeds of Arms; and Valour ſhown,
Or on the *Trojan* Side, or on their own.
Of Dangers undertaken, Fame atchiev'd,
They talk'd by turns; the Talk by turns reliev'd.
What Things but theſe could fierce *Achilles* tell,
Or what cou'd fierce *Achilles* hear ſo well?
The laſt great Act perform'd, of *Cygnus* ſlain,
Did moſt the Martial Audience entertain:
Wondring to find a Body free by Fate
From Steel; and which cou'd ev'n that Steel rebate:
Amaz'd, their Admiration they renew;
And ſcarce *Pelides* cou'd believe it true.

The Story of CÆNEUS.

Then *Neſtor* thus: What once this Age has known,
In fated *Cygnus*, and in him alone,
Theſe Eyes have ſeen in *Cæneus* long before;
Whoſe Body not a thouſand Swords cou'd bore.
Cæneus, in Courage, and in Strength, excell'd;
And ſtill his *Othry's* with his Fame is fill'd:
But what did moſt his Martial Deeds adorn,
(Though ſince he chang'd his Sex) a Woman born.
A Novelty ſo ſtrange, and full of Fate,
His liſt'ning Audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common Sute;
O Father, firſt for Prudence in Repute,
Tell, with that Eloquence, ſo much thy own,
What thou haſt heard, or what of *Cæneus* known:
What was he, whence his Change of Sex begun,
What Trophies, join'd in Wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal Strife
The Youth, without a Wound, cou'd loſe his Life?
Neleides then; Though tardy Age, and Time,
Have ſhrunk my Sinews, and decay'd my Prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my Store,
Yet not exhauſted, I remember more.
Of all that Arms atchiev'd, or Peace deſign'd,
That Action ſtill is freſher in my Mind
Than ought beſide. If reverend Age can give
To Faith a Sanction, in my third I live.
'Twas in my ſecond Cent'ry, I ſurvey'd
Young *Cænis*, then a fair *Theſſalian* Maid:
Cænis the bright, was born to high Command;
A Princeſs, and a Native of thy Land,

Divine *Achilles*; every Tongue proclaim'd
Her Beauty, and her Eyes all Hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy Sire, perhaps had fought her Bed,
Among the reſt; but he had either led
Thy Mother then; or was by Promiſe ty'd;
But ſhe to him, and all, alike her Love deny'd.
It was her Fortune once, to take her Way
Along the ſandy Margin of the Sea:
The Pow'r of Ocean view'd her as ſhe paſs'd,
And, lov'd as ſoon as ſeen, by Force embrac'd.
So Fame reports. Her Virgin-Treaſure ſeiz'd,
And his new Joys, the Raviſher ſo pleas'd,
That thus, tranſported, to the Nymph he cry'd;
Ask what thou wilt, no Pray'r ſhall be deny'd.
This alſo Fame relates: The haughty Fair,
Who not the Rape ev'n of a God cou'd bear,
This Anſwer, proud, return'd: To mighty Wrongs
A mighty Recompence, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to ſuffer ſuch a Shame;
But change the Woman, for a better Name;
One Gift for all: She ſaid; and while ſhe ſpoke,
After n, majeſtick, manly Tone ſhe took.
A Man ſhe was: And as the Godhead ſwore,
To *Cæneus* turn'd, who *Cænis* was before.
To this the Lover adds, without Requeſt,
No force of Steel ſhou'd violate his Breaſt.
Glad of the Gift, the new-made Warrior goes;
And Arms among the *Greeks*, and longs for equal Foes.

The Skirmiſh between the CENTAURS *and* LAPITHITES.

Now brave *Perithous*, bold *Ixion*'s Son,
The Love of fair *Hippodamè* had won.

The

The Cloud-begotten Race, half Men, half Beaſt,
Invited, came to grace the Nuptial Feaſt:
In a cool Cave's Receſs the Treat was made,
Whoſe Entrance, Trees with ſpreading Boughs o'erſhade.
They ſate: And ſummon'd by the Bridegroom, came,
To mix with thoſe, the *Lapythæan* Name:
Nor wanted I: The Roofs with Joy reſound:
And *Hymen*, *Io Hymen*, rung around.
Rais'd Altars ſhone with holy Fires; the Bride,
Lovely her ſelf (and lovely by her Side
A Bevy of bright Nymphs, with ſober Grace,)
Came glitt'ring like a Star, and took her Place.
Her Heav'nly Form beheld, all wiſh'd her Joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their Wiſhes all employ.
For One, moſt Brutal, of the Brutal Brood,
Or whether Wine or Beauty fir'd his Blood,
Or both at once, beheld with luſtful Eyes
The Bride; at once reſolv'd to make his Prize.
Down went the Board; and faſtning on her Hair,
He ſeiz'd with ſudden Force the frighted Fair.
'Twas *Eurytus* began: His beſtial Kind
His Crime purſu'd; and each as pleas'd his Mind,
Or her, whom Chance preſented, took: The Feaſt
An Image of a taken Town expreſs'd.
The Cave reſounds with Female Shrieks; we riſe,
Mad with Revenge, to make a ſwift Repriſe:
And *Theſeus* firſt; What Frenzy has poſſeſs'd,
O *Eurytus*, he cry'd, thy brutal Breaſt,
To wrong *Perithous*, and not him alone,
But while I live, two Friends conjoyn'd in one?
To juſtifie his Threat, he thruſts aſide
The Crowd of Centaurs; and redeems the Bride:

The Monſter nought reply'd: For Words were vain;
And Deeds cou'd only Deeds unjuſt maintain:
But anſwers with his Hand; and forward preſs'd,
With Blows redoubled, on his Face and Breaſt.
An ample Goblet ſtood, of antick Mold,
And rough with Figures of the riſing Gold;
The Hero ſnatch'd it up, and toſs'd in Air,
Full at the Front of the foul Raviſher.
He falls; and falling vomits forth a Flood
Of Wine, and Foam and Brains, and mingled Blood.
Half roaring, and half neighing through the Hall,
Arms, Arms, the double-form'd with Fury call;
To wreak their Brother's Death: A Medley-Flight
Of Bowls and Jars, at firſt ſupply the Fight.
Once Inſtruments of Feaſts; but now of Fate;
Wine animates their Rage, and arms their Hate.
Bold *Amycus*, from the robb'd Veſtry brings
The Chalices of Heav'n; and holy Things
Of precious Weight: A Sconce, that hung on high,
With Tapers fill'd, to light the Sacriſty,
Torn from the Cord, with his unhallow'd Hand
He threw amid the *Lapythæan* Band.
On *Celadon* the Ruin fell; and left
His Face of Feature and of Form bereft:
So, when ſome brawny Sacrificer knocks,
Before an Altar led, an offer'd Ox,
His Eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to Ground;
His Noſe, diſmantled, in his Mouth is found;
His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undiſtinguiſh'd Wound.
This, *Belates*, th' Avenger, cou'd not brook;
But, by the Foot, a Maple-board he took;
And hurl'd at *Amycus*; his Chin it bent
Againſt his Cheſt, and down the Centaur ſent:

Whom ſputtring bloody Teeth, the ſecond Blow
Of his drawn Sword, diſpatch'd to Shades below.
Grineus was near; and caſt a furious Look
On the Side-Altar, cens'd with ſacred Smoke,
And bright with flaming Fires; The Gods, he cry'd,
Have with their holy Trade our Hands ſupply'd:
Why uſe we not their Gifts? Then from the Floor
An Altar-Stone he heav'd, with all the Load it bore:
Altar and Altar's Freight together flew,
Where thickeſt throng'd the *Lapythæan* Crew:
And, at once, *Broteas* and *Oryus* flew.
Oryus' Mother, *Mycalè*, was known
Down from her Sphere to draw the lab'ring Moon.
Exadius cry'd, unpuniſh'd ſhall not go
This Fact, if Arms are found againſt the Foe.
He look'd about, where on a Pine were ſpread
The votive Horns of a Stag's branching Head:
At *Grineus* theſe he throws; ſo juſt they fly,
That the ſharp Antlers ſtuck in either Eye:
Breathleſs and Blind he fell; with Blood beſmear'd;
His Eye-balls beaten out, hung dangling on his Beard.
Fierce *Rhætus*, from the Hearth a burning Brand
Selects, and whirling waves; till, from his Hand
The Fire took Flame; then daſh'd it from the right,
On fair *Charaxus*' Temples, near the Sight:
The whiſtling Peſt came on, and pierc'd the Bone,
And caught the yellow Hair, that ſhrivel'd while it ſhone.
Caught, like dry Stubble fir'd; or like Seerwood;
Yet from the Wound enſu'd no Purple Flood;
But look'd a bubbling Maſs, of frying Blood.
His blazing Locks ſent forth a crackling Sound;
And hiſs'd, like red hot Iron within the Smithy drown'd.

The wounded Warrior ſhook his flaming Hair,
Then (what a Team of Horſe cou'd hardly rear)
He heaves the Threſhold-Stone; but cou'd not throw;
The Weight it ſelf forbad the threaten'd Blow;
Which dropping from his lifted Arms, came down
Full on *Cometes*' Head; and cruſh'd his Crown.
Nor *Rhætus* then retain'd his Joy; but ſaid,
So by their Fellows may our Foes be ſped;
Then, with redoubled Strokes he plies his Head:
The burning Lever not deludes his Pains;
But drives the batter'd Skull within the Brains.
Thus fluſh'd, the Conqueror, with Force renew'd,
Evagrus, *Dryas*, *Corythus*, purſu'd:
Firſt, *Corythus*, with downy Cheeks, he ſlew;
Whoſe Fall, when fierce *Evagrus* had in view,
He cry'd, What Palm is from a beardleſs Prey?
Rhætus prevents what more he had to ſay;
And drove within his Mouth the fiery Death,
Which enter'd hiſſing in, and choak'd his Breath.
At *Dryas* next he flew: But weary Chance,
No longer wou'd the ſame Succeſs advance.
For while he whirl'd in fiery Circles round
The Brand, a ſharpen'd Stake ſtrong *Dryas* found;
And in the Shoulder's Joint inflicts the Wound.
The Weapon ſtuck; which, roaring out with Pain,
He drew; nor longer durſt the Fight maintain,
But turn'd his Back, for Fear; and fled amain.
With him fled *Orneus*, with like Dread poſſeſs'd;
Thaumas, and *Medon* wounded in the Breaſt;
And *Mermeros*, in the late Race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his Wound.

Pholus

Pholus and *Melaneus* from Fight withdrew,
And *Abas* maim'd, who Boars encountring ſlew:
And *Augur Aſtylos*, whoſe Art in vain,
From Fight diſſuaded the four-footed Train,
Now beat the Hoof with *Neſſus* on the Plain;
But to his Fellow cry'd, Be ſafely ſlow,
Thy Death deferr'd is due to Great *Alcides*' Bow.
Mean time ſtrong *Dryas* urg'd his Chance ſo well,
That *Lycidas*, *Areos*, *Imbreus* fell;
All, one by one, and fighting Face to Face:
Crenæus fled, to fall with more Diſgrace:
For, fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore,
Betwixt his Noſe and Front, the Blow before.
Amid the Noiſe and Tumult of the Fray,
Snoring, and drunk with Wine, *Aphidas* lay.
Ev'n then the Bowl within his Hand he kept:
And on a Bear's rough Hide ſecurely ſlept.
Him *Phorbas* with his flying Dart transfix'd;
Take thy next Draught, with *Stygian* Waters mix'd,
And ſleep thy fill, th' inſulting Victor cry'd;
Surpriz'd with Death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd;
The ruddy Vomit, as he breath'd his Soul,
Repaſs'd his Throat, and fill'd his empty Bowl.
I ſaw *Petræus*' Arms employ'd around
A well-groan Oak, to root it from the Ground.
This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous Bands;
The Trunk was like a Sapling in his Hands,
And ſtill obey'd the Bent: While thus he ſtood,
Perithous' Dart drove on; and nail'd him to the Wood.
Lycus, and *Chromys* fell, by him oppreſs'd:
Helops, and *Dictys* added to the reſt

A nobler Palm: *Helops*, through either Ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating Spear.
This *Dictys* ſaw; and, ſeiz'd with ſudden Fright,
Leapt headlong from the Hill of ſteepy height;
And cruſh'd an Aſh beneath, that cou'd not bear his weight.
The ſhatter'd Tree receives his Fall; and ſtrikes,
Within his full-blown Paunch, the ſharpen'd Spikes.
Strong *Aphareus* had heav'd a mighty Stone,
The Fragment of a Rock; and wou'd have thrown;
But *Theſeus*, with a Club of harden'd Oak,
The Cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
And left him maim'd; nor ſeconded the Stroke.
Then leapt on tall *Bianor*'s Back: (Who bore
No mortal Burden but his own, before)
Preſs'd with his Knees his Sides; the double Man,
His ſpeed with Spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One Hand the Hero faſten'd on his Locks;
His other ply'd him with repeated Strokes.
The Club rung round his Ears, and batter'd Brows;
He falls; and laſhing up his Heels, his Rider throws.
The ſame *Herculean* Arms, *Nedymnus* wound;
And lay by him *Lycotas* on the Ground.
And *Hippaſus*, whoſe Beard his Breaſt invades;
And *Ripheus*, Haunter of the Woodland Shades:
And *Tereus*, us'd with Mountain-Bears to ſtrive;
And from their Dens to draw th' indignant Beaſts alive.
Demoleon cou'd not bear this hateful Sight,
Or the long Fortune of th' *Athenian* Knight:
But pull'd with all his Force, to diſengage
From Earth a Pine, the Product of an Age:
The Root ſtuck faſt: The broken Trunk he ſent
At *Theſeus*: *Theſeus* fruſtrates his Intent,

And leaps aſide; by *Pallas* warn'd, the Blow
To ſhun: (for ſo he ſaid; and we believ'd it ſo.)
Yet not in vain th' enormous Weight was caſt;
Which *Crantor*'s Body ſunder'd at the Waiſt:
Thy Father's 'Squire, *Achilles*, and his Care;
Whom conquer'd in the *Polopeian* War,
Their King, his preſent Ruin to prevent,
A Pledge of Peace implor'd, to *Peleus* ſent.
Thy Sire, with grieving Eyes, beheld his Fate;
And cry'd, Not long, lov'd *Crantor*, ſhalt thou wait
Thy vow'd Revenge. At once he ſaid, and threw
His Aſhen-Spear; which quiver'd, as it flew;
With all his Force, and all his Soul apply'd;
The ſharp Point enter'd in the Centaur's Side:
Both Hands, to wrench it out, the Monſter join'd;
And wrench'd it out; but left the Steel behind.
Stuck in his Lungs it ſtood: Inrag'd he rears
His Hoofs, and down to Ground thy Father bears.
Thus trampled under Foot, his Shield defends
His Head; his other Hand the Lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the Duſt,
He ſped the Centaur, with one ſingle Thruſt.
Two more, his Lance before transfix'd from far;
And two, his Sword had ſlain, in cloſer War.
To theſe was added *Dorylas*, who ſpread
A Bull's two goring Horns around his Head.
With theſe he puſh'd; in Blood already dy'd,
Him, fearleſs, I approach'd; and thus defy'd:
Now Monſter, now, by Proof it ſhall appear,
Whether thy Horns are ſharper, or my Spear.
At this, I threw: For want of other Ward,
He lifted up his Hand, his Front to guard.

His Hand it paſs'd; and fix'd it to his Brow:
Loud Shouts of ours attend the lucky Blow.
Him *Peleus* finiſh'd, with a ſecond Wound,
Which thro' the Navel pierc'd: He reel'd around;
And dragg'd his dangling Bowels on the Ground.
Trod what he drag'd; and what he trod he cruſh'd:
And to his Mother-Earth, with empty Belly, ruſh'd.

The Story of CYLLARUS *and* HYLONOME.

Nor cou'd thy Form, O *Cyllarus*, foreſlow
Thy Fate; (if Form to Monſters Men allow:)
Juſt bloom'd thy Beard: Thy Beard of golden Hue:
Thy Locks, in golden Waves, about thy Shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy Look: Thy Shapes in ev'ry Part
So clean, as might inſtruct the Sculptor's Art;
As far as Man extended: Where began
The Beaſt, the Beaſt was equal to the Man.
Add but a Horſe's Head and Neck; and he,
O *Caſtor*, was a Courſer worthy thee.
So was his Back proportion'd for the Seat;
So roſe his brawny Cheſt; ſo ſwiftly mov'd his Feet.
Coal-black his Colour, but like Jet it ſhone;
His Legs and flowing Tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many Maidens of his Kind;
But Fair *Hylonomè* poſſeſs'd his Mind;
Hylonomè, for Features, and for Face,
Excelling all the Nymphs of double Race:
Nor leſs her Blandiſhments, than Beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confeſſing Love.
For him ſhe dreſs'd: For him with Female Care
She comb'd, and ſet in Curls, her auborn Hair.

Of

Of Roſes, Violets, and Lillies mix'd,
And Sprigs of flowing Roſemary betwixt,
She form'd the Chaplet, that adorn'd her Front:
In Waters of the *Pagaſæan* Fount,
And in the Streams that from the Fountain play,
She waſh'd her Face; and bath'd her twice a Day.
The Scarf of Furs, that hung below her Side,
Was Ermin, or the Panther's ſpotted Pride;
Spoils of no common Beaſt: With equal Flame
They lov'd: Their Silvan Pleaſures were the ſame:
All Day they hunted: And when Day expir'd,
Together to ſome ſhady Cave retir'd:
Invited to the Nuptials, both repair:
And, Side by Side, they both engage in War.
Uncertain from what Hand, a flying Dart
At *Cyllarus* was ſent; which pierc'd his Heart.
The Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound,
He faints with ſtagg'ring Steps; and ſeeks the Ground:
The Fair, within her Arms receiv'd his Fall,
And ſtrove his wand'ring Spirits to recall:
And while her Hand the ſtreaming Blood oppos'd,
Join'd Face to Face, his Lips with hers ſhe clos'd.
Stifled with Kiſſes, a ſweet Death he dies;
She fills the Fields with undiſtinguiſh'd Cries:
At leaſt her Words were in her Clamour drown'd;
For my ſtunn'd Ears receiv'd no vocal Sound.
In madneſs of her Grief, ſhe ſeiz'd the Dart
New-drawn, and reeking from her Lover's Heart;
To her bare Boſom the ſharp Point apply'd;
And wounded fell; and falling by his Side,
Embrac'd him in her Arms; and thus embracing, dy'd.

Ev'n ſtill methinks, I ſee *Phæocomes*;
Strange was his Habit, and as odd his Dreſs.
Six Lions Hides, with Thongs together faſt,
His upper Part defended to his Waiſt:
And where Man ended, the continued Veſt,
Spread on his Back, the Houſs and Trappings of a Beaſt.
A Stump too heavy for a Team to draw,
(It ſeems a Fable, tho' the Fact I ſaw;)
He threw at *Pholon*; the deſcending Blow
Divides the Skull, and cleaves his Head in two.
The Brains, from Noſe and Mouth, and either Ear,
Came iſſuing out, as through a Colendar
The curdled Milk; or from the Preſs the Whey,
Driv'n down by Weights above, is drain'd away.
But him, while ſtooping down to ſpoil the Slain,
Pierc'd through the Paunch, I tumbled on the Plain.
Then *Chthonyus*, and *Teleboas* I ſlew:
A Fork the former arm'd; a Dart his Fellow threw.
The Javelin wounded me; (behold the Scar.)
Then was my Time to ſeek the *Trojan* War;
Then I was *Hector*'s Match in open Field;
But he was then unborn; at leaſt a Child:
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By *Periphantas* how *Pyretus* fell;
The Centaur by the Knight: Nor will I ſtay
On *Amphyx*, or what Deaths he dealt that Day:
What Honour, with a pointleſs Lance, he won,
Stuck in the Front of a Four-footed Man.
What Fame young *Macareus* obtain'd in Fight:
Or dwell on *Neſſus*, now return'd from Flight.
How Prophet *Mopſus* not alone divin'd,
Whoſe Valour equal'd his foreſeeing Mind.

CÆNEUS *transform'd to an* EAGLE.

Already *Cæneus*, with his conquering Hand,
Had ſlaughter'd five the boldeſt of their Band.
Pyrachmus, *Helymus*, *Antimachus*,
Bromus the Brave, and ſtronger *Stiphelus*,
Their Names I number'd, and remember well,
No Trace remaining, by what Wounds they fell.
Latreus, the bulkieſt of the double Race,
Whom the ſpoil'd Arms of ſlain *Haleſus* grace,
In Years retaining ſtill his Youthful Might,
Though his black Hairs were interſpers'd with White,
Betwixt th' imbattled Ranks began to prance,
Proud of his Helm, and *Macedonian* Lance;
And rode the Ring around; that either Hoaſt
Might hear him, while he made this empty Boaſt.
And from a Strumpet ſhall we ſuffer Shame,
For *Cænis* ſtill, not *Cæneus* is thy Name:
And ſtill the Native Softneſs of thy Kind
Prevails; and leaves the Woman in thy Mind?
Remember what thou wert; what Price was paid
To change thy Sex; to make thee not a Maid;
And but a Man in ſhew: Go, card and ſpin;
And leave the Buſineſs of the War to Men.
While thus the Boaſter exercis'd his Pride,
The fatal Spear of *Cæneus* reach'd his Side:
Juſt in the mixture of the Kinds it ran;
Betwixt the neather Beaſt, and upper Man:
The Monſter mad with Rage, and ſtung with Smart,
His Lance directed at the Hero's Heart:
It ſtrook; but bounded from his harden'd Breaſt,
Like Hail from Tiles, which the ſafe Houſe inveſt.

Nor ſeem'd the Stroke with more effect to come,
Than a ſmall Pebble falling on a Drum.
He next his Fauchion try'd, in cloſer Fight;
But the keen Fauchion had no Pow'r to bite.
He thruſt; the blunted Point return'd again:
Since downright Blows, he cry'd, and Thruſts are vain,
I'll prove his Side; in ſtrong Embraces held
He prov'd his Side; his Side the Sword repell'd:
His hollow Belly eccho'd to the Stroke;
Untouch'd his Body, as a ſolid Rock;
Aim'd at his Neck at laſt, the Blade in Shivers broke.
Th' Impaſſive Knight ſtood Idle, to deride
His Rage, and offer'd oft his naked Side;
At length, now Monſter, in thy turn, he cry'd,
Try thou the Strength of *Cæneus*: At the Word
He thruſt; and in his Shoulder plung'd the Sword.
Then writh'd his Hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his Breaſt, made many Wounds in one.
The Centaurs ſaw, inrag'd, th' unhop'd Succeſs;
And ruſhing on, in Crowds, together preſs;
At him, and him alone, their Darts they threw:
Repuls'd they from his fated Body flew.
Amaz'd they ſtood; till *Monychus* began,
O Shame, a Nation conquer'd by a Man!
A Woman-Man; yet more a Man is He,
Than all our Race; and what He was, are We.
Now, what avail our Nerves? th' united Force,
Of two the ſtrongeſt Creatures, Man and Horſe;
Nor Goddeſs-born; nor of *Ixion*'s Seed
We ſeem; (a Lover built for *Juno*'s Bed;)
Maſter'd by this half Man. Whole Mountains throw
With Woods at once, and bury him below.

This

This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choak the Soul within; though not to force it out:
Heap Weights, inſtead of Wounds. He chanc'd to ſee
Where Southern Storms had rooted up a Tree;
This, rais'd from Earth, againſt the Foe he threw;
Th' Example ſhewn, his Fellow-Brutes purſue.
With Foreſt-loads the Warrior they invade;
Othrys and *Pelion* ſoon were void of Shade;
And ſpreading Groves were naked Mountains made.
Preſs'd with the Burden, *Cæneus* pants for Breath;
And on his Shoulders bears the Wooden Death.
To heave th' intolerable Weight he tries;
At length it roſe above his Mouth and Eyes:
Yet ſtill he heaves; and, ſtrugling with Deſpair,
Shakes all aſide, and gains a gulp of Air:
A ſhort Relief, which but prolongs his Pain;
He faints by Fits; and then reſpires again:
At laſt, the Burden only nods above,
As when an Earthquake ſtirs th' *Idæan* Grove.
Doubtful his Death: He ſuffocated ſeem'd,
To moſt; but otherwiſe our *Mopſus* deem'd.
Who ſaid he ſaw a yellow Bird ariſe
From out the Pile, and cleave the liquid Skies:
I ſaw it too, with golden Feathers bright;
Nor e'er before beheld ſo ſtrange a Sight.
Whom *Mopſus* viewing, as it ſoar'd around
Our Troop, and heard the Pinions rattling Sound,
All hail, he cry'd, thy Country's Grace and Love;
Once firſt of Men below, now firſt of Birds above.
Its Author to the Story gave Belief:
For us, our Courage was increas'd by Grief:

Aſham'd to ſee a ſingle Man, purſu'd
With odds, to ſink beneath a Multitude,
We puſh'd the Foe; and, forc'd to ſhameful Flight,
Part fell, and Part eſcap'd by Favour of the Night.

The Fate of PERICLYMENOS.

This Tale by *Neſtor* told did much diſpleaſe
Tlepolemus the Seed of *Hercules*:
For, often he had heard his Father ſay,
That he himſelf was preſent at the Fray;
And more than ſhar'd the Glories of the Day.
Old Chronicle, he ſaid, among the reſt,
You might have nam'd *Alcides* at the leaſt:
Is he not worth your Praiſe? The *Pylian* Prince
Sigh'd ere he ſpoke; then made this proud Defence.
My former Woes in long Oblivion drown'd,
I wou'd have loſt; but you renew the Wound:
Better to paſs him o'er, than to relate
The Cauſe I have your mighty Sire to hate.
His Fame has fill'd the World, and reach'd the Sky;
(Which, Oh, I wiſh, with Truth, I cou'd deny!)
We praiſe not *Hector*; though his Name, we know,
Is great in Arms; 'tis hard to praiſe a Foe.
He, your great Father, levell'd to the Ground
Meſſenia's Tow'rs: Nor better Fortune found
Elis, and *Pylos*; That a neighb'ring State,
And This my own: Both guiltleſs of their Fate.
To paſs the reſt, twelve, wanting one, he ſlew;
My Brethren, who their Birth from *Neleus* drew.
All Youths of early Promiſe, had they liv'd;
By him they periſh'd: I alone ſurviv'd.
The reſt were eaſie Conqueſt: But the Fate
Of *Periclymenos*, is wondrous to relate.

To him, our common Grandſire of the Main,
Had giv'n to change his Form, and chang'd, reſume again.
Vary'd at Pleaſure, every Shape he try'd;
And in all Beaſts *Alcides* ſtill defy'd:
Vanquiſh'd on Earth, at length he ſoar'd above;
Chang'd to the Bird, that bears the Bolt of *Jove*:
The new-diſſembled Eagle, now endu'd
With Beak and Pounces, *Hercules* purſu'd,
And cuff'd his manly Cheeks, and tore his Face;
Then, ſafe retir'd, and tour'd in empty ſpace.
Alcides bore not long his flying Foe;
But bending his inevitable Bow,
Reach'd him in Air, ſuſpended as he ſtood;
And in his Pinion fix'd the feather'd Wood.
Light was the Wound; but in the Sinew hung
The Point; and his diſabled Wing unſtrung.
He wheel'd in Air, and ſtretch'd his Vans in vain;
His Vans no longer cou'd his Flight ſuſtain:
For while one gather'd Wind, one unſupply'd
Hung drooping down, nor pois'd his other Side.
He fell: The Shaft that ſlightly was impreſs'd,
Now from his heavy Fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his Neck, aſlant; he ſpurns the Ground,
And the Soul iſſues through the Weazon's Wound.

Now, brave Commander of the *Rhodian* Seas,
What Praiſe is due from me, to *Hercules*?
Silence is all the Vengeance I decree
For my ſlain Brothers; but 'tis Peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing Tongue old *Neſtor* ſpoke:
Then, to full Bowls each other they provoke:
At length, with Wearineſs and Wine oppreſs'd,
They riſe from Table; and withdraw to Reſt.

The Death of ACHILLES.

The Sire of *Cygnus*, Monarch of the Main,
Mean time, laments his Son, in Battel ſlain,
And vows the Victor's Death; nor vows in vain.
For nine long Years the ſmother'd Pain he bore;
(*Achilles* was not ripe for Fate, before:)
Then when he ſaw the promis'd Hour was near,
He thus beſpoke the God, that guides the Year.
Immortal Offspring of my Brother *Jove*;
My brighteſt Nephew, and whom beſt I love,
Whoſe Hands were join'd with mine, to raiſe the Wall
Of tottring *Troy*, now nodding to her Fall,
Doſt thou not mourn our Pow'r employ'd in vain;
And the Defenders of our City ſlain?
To paſs the reſt, cou'd noble *Hector* lie
Unpity'd, drag'd around his Native *Troy*?
And yet the Murd'rer lives: Himſelf by far
A greater Plague, than all the waſteful War:
He lives; the proud *Pelides* lives, to boaſt
Our Town deſtroy'd, our common Labour loſt.
O, could I meet him! But I wiſh too late:
To prove my Trident is not in his Fate!
But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy Dart,
And pierce his only penetrable Part.
Apollo bows to the ſuperior Throne;
And to his Uncle's Anger, adds his own.
Then in a Cloud involv'd, he takes his Flight,
Where *Greeks* and *Trojans* mix'd in mortal Fight;
And found out *Paris*, lurking where he ſtood,
And ſtain'd his Arrows with *Plebeian* Blood:

Phœbus

Phœbus to him alone the God confeſs'd,
Then to the recreant Knight, he thus addreſs'd.
Doſt thou not bluſh, to ſpend thy Shafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble Train?
If Fame, or better Vengeance, be thy Care,
There aim: And, with one Arrow, end the War.
He ſaid; and ſhew'd from far the blazing Shield
And Sword, which, but *Achilles*, none cou'd wield;
And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the ſtanding Field.
The Deity himſelf directs aright
Th' invenom'd Shaft; and wings the fatal Flight.
Thus fell the foremoſt of the *Grecian* Name;
And He, the baſe Adult'rer, boaſts the Fame.
A Spectacle to glad the *Trojan* Train;
And pleaſe old *Priam*, after *Hector* ſlain.
If by a Female Hand he had foreſeen
He was to die, his Wiſh had rather been
The Lance and double Ax of the fair Warriour Queen.
And now the Terror of the *Trojan* Field,
The *Grecian* Honour, Ornament, and Shield,
High on a Pile, th' Unconquer'd Chief is plac'd,
The God that arm'd him firſt, conſum'd at laſt.
Of all the mighty Man, the ſmall Remains
A little Urn, and ſcarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in *Homer*, ſtill *Achilles* lives;
And equal to himſelf, himſelf ſurvives.
His Buckler owns its former Lord; and brings
New cauſe of Strife, betwixt contending Kings;
Who Worthieſt after him, his Sword to wield,
Or wear his Armour, or ſuſtain his Shield.
Ev'n *Diomede* ſate mute, with down-caſt Eyes;
Conſcious of wanted Worth to win the Prize:

Nor *Menelaus* preſum'd theſe Arms to claim,
Nor He the King of Men, a greater Name.
Two Rivals only roſe: *Laertes*' Son,
And the vaſt Bulk of *Ajax Telamon*:
The King, who cheriſh'd each, with equal Love,
And from himſelf all Envy wou'd remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the Laws;
And to the *Grecian* Chiefs transferr'd the Cauſe.

The End of the Twelfth Book.



E. Kirkall fec

To the Honourable Wm Margaret Pelham

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIII.

Tranſlated by Mr. DRYDEN *and Others.*

The Speeches of AJAX *and* ULYSSES.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE Chiefs were ſet; the Soldiers crown'd the Field:
To theſe the Maſter of the ſeven-fold Shield,
Upſtarted fierce: And kindled with Diſdain
Eager to ſpeak, unable to contain
His boiling Rage, he rowl'd his Eyes around
The Shore, and *Grecian* Gallies hall'd a-ground.
Then ſtretching out his Hands, O *Jove*, he cry'd,
Muſt then our Cauſe before the Fleet be try'd?
And dares *Ulyſſes* for the Prize contend,
In ſight of what he durſt not once defend?
But baſely fled that memorable Day,
When I from *Hector*'s Hands redeem'd the flaming Prey.
So much 'tis ſafer at the noiſie Bar
With Words to flouriſh, than ingage in War.

By diff'rent Methods we maintain our Right,
Nor am I made to Talk, nor he to Fight.
In bloody Fields I labour to be great;
His Arms are a ſmooth Tongue, and ſoft Deceit:
Nor need I ſpeak my Deeds, for thoſe you ſee,
The Sun and Day are Witneſſes for me.
Let him who fights unſeen, relate his own,
And vouch the ſilent Stars, and conſcious Moon.
Great is the Prize demanded, I confeſs,
But ſuch an abject Rival makes it leſs;
That Gift, thoſe Honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for *Ajax* to be vain:
Loſing he wins, becauſe his Name will be
Ennobled by Defeat, who durſt contend with me.
Were my known Valour queſtion'd, yet my Blood
Without that Plea wou'd make my Title good:
My Sire was *Telamon*, whoſe Arms, employ'd
With *Hercules*, theſe *Trojan* Walls deſtroy'd;
And who before with *Jaſon*, ſent from *Greece*,
In the firſt Ship brought home the Golden Fleece:
Great *Telamon* from *Æacus* derives
His Birth (th' Inquiſitor of guilty Lives
In Shades below; where *Siſyphus*, whoſe Son
This Thief is thought, rouls up the reſtleſs heavy Stone.)
Juſt *Æacus*, the King of Gods above
Begot: Thus *Ajax* is the third from *Jove*.
Nor ſhou'd I ſeek Advantage from my Line,
Unleſs (*Achilles*) it were mix'd with thine:
As next of Kin *Achilles*' Arms I claim;
This Fellow wou'd ingraft a Foreign Name
Upon our Stock, and the *Siſyphian* Seed
By Fraud and Theft aſſerts his Father's Breed:

Then

Then muſt I loſe theſe Arms, becauſe I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary Name,
Nor ſhunn'd the Cauſe, but offer'd you my Aid,
While he long lurking was to War betray'd:
Forc'd to the Field he came, but in the Reer;
And feign'd Diſtraction to conceal his Fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the Snare;
(Ill for himſelf) and dragg'd him into War.
Now let a Hero's Arms a Coward veſt,
And he who ſhunn'd all Honours, gain the beſt:
And let me ſtand excluded from my Right,
Robb'd of my Kinſman's Arms, who firſt appear'd in Fight.
Better for us, at home had he remain'd,
Had it been true the Madneſs which he feign'd,
Or ſo believ'd; the leſs had been our Shame,
The leſs his counſell'd Crime, which brands the *Grecian* [Name;
Nor *Philoctetes* had been left inclos'd
In a bare Iſle, to Wants and Pains expos'd,
Where to the Rocks, with ſolitary Groans,
His Suff'rings and our Baſeneſs he bemoans:
And wiſhes (ſo may Heav'n his Wiſh fulfill)
The due Reward to him who caus'd his Ill.
Now he, with us to *Troy*'s Deſtruction ſworn,
Our Brother of the War, by whom are born
Alcides' Arrows, pent in narrow Bounds,
With Cold and Hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with Wounds,
To find him Food and Cloathing, muſt employ
Againſt the Birds the Shafts due to the Fate of *Troy*.
Yet ſtill he lives, and lives from Treaſon free,
Becauſe he left *Ulyſſes*' Company:
Poor *Palamede* might wiſh, ſo void of Aid,
Rather to have been left, than ſo to Death betray'd:

The Coward bore the Man immortal Spight,
Who ſham'd him out of Madneſs into Fight:
Nor daring otherwiſe to vent his Hate,
Accus'd him firſt of Treaſon to the State;
And then for proof produc'd the golden Store,
Himſelf had hidden in his Tent before:
Thus of two Champions he depriv'd our Hoſt,
By Exile one, and one by Treaſon loſt.
Thus fights *Ulyſſes*, thus his Fame extends,
A formidable Man, but to his Friends:
Great, for what Greatneſs is in Words and Sound,
Ev'n faithful *Neſtor* leſs in both is found:
But that he might without a Rival reign,
He left this faithful *Neſtor* on the Plain;
Forſook his Friend ev'n at his utmoſt Need,
Who tir'd, and tardy with his wounded Steed,
Cry'd out for Aid, and call'd him by his Name;
But Cowardice has neither Ears nor Shame:
Thus fled the good old Man, bereft of Aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd:
That this is not a Fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an *Ulyſſean* Lie,
I vouch ev'n *Diomede*, who tho' his Friend,
Cannot that Act excuſe, much leſs defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his Fear;
And ſure enough he heard, but durſt not hear.
The Gods with equal Eyes on Mortals look,
He juſtly was forſaken, who forſook:
Wanted that Succour he refus'd to lend,
Found ev'ry Fellow ſuch another Friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear;
His Elocution was increas'd by Fear:

I heard, I ran, I found him out of Breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of Death.
Though he had judg'd himſelf by his own Laws,
And ſtood condemn'd, I help'd the common Cauſe:
With my broad Buckler hid him from the Foe;
(Ev'n the Shield trembled as he lay below;)
And from impending Fate the Coward freed:
Good Heav'n forgive me for ſo bad a Deed!
If ſtill he will perſiſt, and urge the Strife,
Firſt let him give me back his forfeit Life:
Let him return to that opprobrious Field;
Again creep under my protecting Shield:
Let him lie wounded, let the Foe be near,
And let his quiv'ring Heart confeſs his Fear;
There put him in the very Jaws of Fate;
And let him plead his Cauſe in that Eſtate:
And yet when ſnatch'd from Death, when from below
My lifted Shield I loos'd, and let him go;
Good Heav'ns, how light he roſe, with what a bound
He ſprung from Earth, forgetful of his Wound;
How freſh, how eager then his Feet to ply;
Who had not Strength to ſtand, had Speed to fly!
Hector came on, and brought the Gods along;
Fear ſeiz'd alike the Feeble and the Strong:
Each *Greek* was an *Ulyſſes*; ſuch a Dread
Th' Approach, and ev'n the Sound of *Hector* bred:
Him, fleſh'd with Slaughter, and with Conqueſt crown'd,
I met, and over-turn'd him to the Ground;
When after, matchleſs as he deem'd in Might,
He challeng'd all our Hoſt to ſingle Fight;
All Eyes were fix'd on me: The Lots were thrown;
But for your Champion I was wiſh'd alone:

Your Vows were heard; we fought, and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquiſh'd from the Field.
With *Jove* to friend th' inſulting *Trojan* came,
And menac'd us with Force, our Fleet with Flame:
Was it the Strength of this Tongue-valiant Lord,
In that black Hour, that ſav'd you from the Sword?
Or was my Breaſt expos'd alone, to brave
A thouſand Swords, a thouſand Ships to ſave?
The hopes of your return! And can you yield,
For a ſav'd Fleet, leſs than a ſingle Shield?
Think it no Boaſt, O *Grecians*, if I deem
Theſe Arms want *Ajax*, more than *Ajax* them;
Or, I with them an equal Honour ſhare;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my Courage with his Sleight?
As well he may compare the Day with Night.
Night is indeed the Province of his Reign:
Yet all his dark Exploits no more contain
Than a Spy taken, and a Sleeper ſlain;
A Prieſt made Pris'ner, *Pallas* made a Prey:
But none of all theſe Actions done by Day:
Nor ought of theſe was done, and *Diomede* away.
If on ſuch petty Merits you confer
So vaſt a Prize, let each his Portion ſhare;
Make a juſt Dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to *Diomede* will fall.
But why for *Ithacus* ſuch Arms as thoſe,
Who naked and by Night invades his Foes?
The glitt'ring Helm by Moonlight will proclaim
The latent Robber, and prevent his Game:
Nor cou'd he hold his tott'ring Head upright
Beneath that Morion, or ſuſtain the Weight;

Nor

Nor that right Arm cou'd toſs the beamy Lance;
Much leſs the left that ampler Shield advance;
Pond'rous with precious Weight, and rough with Coſt
Of the round World in riſing Gold emboſs'd.
That Orb would ill become his Hand to wield,
And look as for the Gold he ſtole the Shield;
Which, ſhou'd your Error on the Wretch beſtow,
It would not frighten, but allure the Foe:
Why asks he, what avails him not in Fight,
And wou'd but cumber and retard his Flight,
In which his only Excellence is plac'd?
You give him Death, that intercept his Haſte.
Add, that his own is yet a Maiden-Shield,
Nor the leaſt Dint has ſuffer'd in the Field,
Guiltleſs of Fight: Mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of Service, muſt forſake his Lord.
What farther need of Words our Right to ſcan?
My Arguments are Deeds, let Action ſpeak the Man.
Since from a Champion's Arms the Strife aroſe,
So caſt the glorious Prize amid the Foes;
Then ſend us to redeem both Arms and Shield,
And let him wear who wins 'em in the Field.
He ſaid: A Murmur from a Multitude,
Or ſomewhat like a ſtifled Shout enſu'd:
Till from his Seat aroſe *Laertes*' Son,
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then, to th' expecting Audience, rais'd his Look,
And not without prepar'd Attention ſpoke:
Soft was his Tone, and ſober was his Face;
Action his Words, and Words his Action grace.
If Heav'n, my Lords, had heard our common Pray'r,
Theſe Arms had caus'd no Quarrel for an Heir;

Still great *Achilles* had his own poſſeſs'd,
And we with great *Achilles* had been bleſs'd;
But ſince hard Fate, and Heav'n's ſevere Decree,
Have raviſh'd him away from you and me,
(At this he ſigh'd, and wip'd his Eyes, and drew,
Or ſeem'd to draw, ſome Drops of kindly Dew)
Who better can ſucceed *Achilles* loſt,
Than He who gave *Achilles* to your Hoaſt?
This only I requeſt, that neither He
May gain, by being what he ſeems to be,
A ſtupid Thing; nor I may loſe the Prize,
By having Senſe, which Heav'n to him denies:
Since, great or ſmall, the Talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common Cauſe employ'd:
Nor let my Wit, and wonted Eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your Defence,
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear againſt my ſelf, and deem'd a Fault.
Make not a Crime, where Nature made it none;
For ev'ry Man may freely uſe his own.
The Deeds of long deſcended Anceſtors
Are but by grace of Imputation ours,
Theirs in Effect; but ſince he draws his Line
From *Jove*, and ſeems to plead a Right Divine;
From *Jove*, like him, I claim my Pedigree,
And am deſcended in the ſame Degree:
My Sire *Laertes* was *Arceſius*' Heir,
Arceſius was the Son of *Jupiter*:
No Parricide, no baniſh'd Man, is known
In all my Line: Let him excuſe his own.
Hermes ennobles too my Mother's Side,
By both my Parents to the Gods ally'd;

But not becauſe that on the Female Part
My Blood is better, dare I claim Deſert,
Or that my Sire from Parricide is free;
But judge by Merit betwixt Him and Me:
The Prize be to the beſt; provided yet
That *Ajax* for a while his Kin forget,
And his great Sire, and greater Uncle's Name,
To fortifie by them his feeble Claim:
Be Kindred and Relation laid aſide,
And Honour's Cauſe by Laws of Honour try'd:
For if he plead Proximity of Blood;
That empty Title is with Eaſe withſtood.
Peleus, the Hero's Sire, more nigh than he,
And *Pyrrhus*, his undoubted Progeny,
Inherit firſt theſe Trophies of the Field;
To *Scyros*, or to *Phthia*, ſend the Shield:
And *Teucer* has an Uncle's Right; yet he
Waves his Pretenſions, nor contends with me.
Then ſince the Cauſe on pure Deſert is plac'd,
Whence ſhall I take my riſe, what reckon laſt?
I not preſume on ev'ry Act to dwell,
But take theſe few, in order as they fell.
Thetis, who knew the Fates, apply'd her Care
To keep *Achilles* in Diſguiſe from War;
And till the threatning Influence were paſt,
A Woman's Habit on the Hero caſt:
All Eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd Veſt,
And *Ajax* (never wiſer than the reſt)
Found no *Pelides* there: At length I came
With proffer'd Wares to this pretended Dame;
She, not diſcover'd by her Mien or Voice,
Betray'd her Manhood by her manly Choice;

And while on Female Toys her Fellows look,
Graſp'd in her Warlike Hand, a Javelin ſhook;
Whom, by this Act reveal'd, I thus beſpoke:
O Goddeſs-born! reſiſt not Heav'n's Decree,
The Fall of *Ilium* is reſerv'd for Thee;
Then ſeiz'd him, and produc'd in open Light,
Sent bluſhing to the Field the fatal Knight.
Mine then are all his Actions of the War,
Great *Telephus* was conquer'd by my Spear,
And after cur'd: To me the *Thebans* owe
Lesbos, and *Tenedos*, their overthrow;
Syros and *Cylla*: Not on all to dwell,
By me *Lyrneſus* and ſtrong *Chryſa* fell:
And ſince I ſent the Man who *Hector* ſlew,
To me the noble *Hector*'s Death is due:
Thoſe Arms I put into his living Hand,
Thoſe Arms, *Pelides* dead, I now demand.

When *Greece* was injur'd in the *Spartan* Prince,
And met at *Aulis* to avenge th' Offence,
'Twas a dead Calm, or adverſe Blaſts, that reign'd,
And in the Port the Wind-bound Fleet detain'd:
Bad Signs were ſeen, and Oracles ſevere
Were daily thunder'd in our Gen'ral's Ear;
That by his Daughter's Blood we muſt appeaſe
Diana's kindled Wrath, and free the Seas.
Affection, Int'reſt, Fame, his Heart aſſail'd;
But ſoon the Father o'er the King prevail'd:
Bold, on himſelf he took the pious Crime,
As angry with the Gods, as they with him.
No Subject cou'd ſuſtain their Sov'reign's Look,
Till this hard Enterprize I undertook:

I only durſt th' Imperial Pow'r controul,
And undermin'd the Parent in his Soul;
Forc'd him t'exert the King for common Good,
And pay our Ranſom with his Daughter's Blood.
Never was Cauſe more difficult to plead,
Than where the Judge againſt himſelf decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of Argument;
The Wrongs his injur'd Brother underwent,
And his own Office, ſham'd him to conſent.
'Twas harder yet to move the Mother's Mind,
And to this heavy Task was I deſign'd:
Reaſons againſt her Love I knew were vain;
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had *Ajax* been employ'd, our ſlacken'd Sails
Had ſtill at *Aulis* waited happy Gales.
Arriv'd at *Troy*, your Choice was fix'd on me,
A fearleſs Envoy, fit for a bold Embaſſy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hoſtile Court,
Glitt'ring with Steel, and crowded with Reſort:
There, in the midſt of Arms, I plead our Cauſe,
Urge the foul Rape, and violated Laws;
Accuſe the Foes, as Authors of the Strife,
Reproach the Raviſher, demand the Wife.
Priam, *Antenor*, and the wiſer few,
I mov'd; but *Paris* and his lawleſs Crew
Scarce held their Hands, and lifted Swords; but ſtood
In Act to quench their impious Thirſt of Blood:
This *Menelaus* knows; expos'd to ſhare
With me the rough Preludium of the War.
Endleſs it were to tell what I have done,
In Arms, or Council, ſince the Siege begun:

The firſt Encounter's paſt, the Foe repell'd,
They skulk'd within the Town, we kept the Field.
War ſeem'd aſleep for nine long Years; at length
Both Sides reſolv'd to puſh, we try'd our Strength.
Now what did *Ajax* while our Arms took Breath,
Vers'd only in the groſs mechanick Trade of Death?
If you require my Deeds, with ambuſh'd Arms
I trapp'd the Foe, or tir'd with falſe Alarms;
Secur'd the Ships, drew Lines along the Plain,
The Fainting chear'd, chaſtis'd the Rebel-train,
Provided Forage, our ſpent Arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or ſent abroad, the common Cauſe pur-
The King, deluded in a Dream by *Jove*, [ſu'd.
Deſpair'd to take the Town, and order'd to remove.
What Subject durſt arraign the Pow'r Supream,
Producing *Jove* to juſtifie his Dream?
Ajax might wiſh the Soldiers to retain
From ſhameful Flight, but Wiſhes were in vain:
As wanting of Effect had been his Words,
Such as of Courſe his thundring Tongue affords.
But did this Boaſter threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own Example urge their Stay?
None, none of theſe, but ran himſelf away.
I ſaw him run, and was aſham'd to ſee;
Who ply'd his Feet ſo faſt to get aboard as He?
Then ſpeeding through the Place, I made a ſtand,
And loudly cry'd, O baſe, degenerate Band,
To leave a Town already in your Hand!
After ſo long Expence of Blood, for Fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual Shame!
Theſe Words, or what I have forgotten ſince,
(For Grief inſpir'd me then with Eloquence)

Reduc'd their Minds; they leave the crowded Port,
And to their late forſaken Camp reſort:
Diſmay'd the Council met: This Man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his Fear:
Therſites tax'd the King, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide opening Mouth with Blows I ſeal'd.
Then, riſing, I excite their Souls to Fame,
And kindle ſleeping Virtue into Flame.
From thence, whatever he perform'd in Fight
Is juſtly mine, who drew him back from Flight.
Which of the *Grecian* Chiefs conſorts with Thee?
But *Diomede* deſires my Company,
And ſtill communicates his Praiſe with me.
As guided by a God, ſecure he goes,
Arm'd with my Fellowſhip, amid the Foes;
And ſure no little Merit I may boaſt,
Whom ſuch a Man ſelects from ſuch an Hoaſt;
Unforc'd by Lots I went without affright,
To dare with him the Dangers of the Night:
On the ſame Errand ſent, we met the Spy
Of *Hector*, double-tongu'd, and us'd to lie;
Him I diſpatch'd, but not till undermin'd,
I drew him firſt to tell what treach'rous *Troy* deſign'd:
My Task perform'd, with Praiſe I had retir'd,
But not content with this, to greater Praiſe aſpir'd.
Invaded *Rheſus*, and his *Thracian* Crew,
And him, and his, in their own Strength I ſlew:
Return'd a Victor, all my Vows compleat,
With the King's Chariot, in his Royal Seat:
Refuſe me now his Arms, whoſe fiery Steeds
Were promis'd to the Spy for his Nocturnal Deeds:
And let dull *Ajax* bear away my Right,
When all his Days out-balance this one Night.

Nor fought I Darkling ſtill: The Sun beheld
With ſlaughter'd *Lycians* when I ſtrew'd the Field:
You ſaw, and counted as I paſs'd along,
Alaſtor, *Chromius*, *Ceranos* the Strong,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, and *Halius*,
Noemon, *Charopes*, and *Ennomus*;
Coon, *Cherſidamas*; and five beſide,
Men of obſcure Deſcent, but Courage try'd:
All theſe this Hand laid breathleſs on the Ground;
Nor want I Proofs of many a manly Wound:
All honeſt, all before: Believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you ſee.
At this he bar'd his Breaſt, and ſhow'd his Scars,
As of a furrow'd Field, well plough'd with Wars;
Nor is this Part unexercis'd, ſaid he;
That Gyant-bulk of his from Wounds is free:
Safe in his Shield he fears no Foe to try,
And better manages his Blood than I:
But this avails me not; our Boaſter ſtrove
Not with our Foes alone, but partial *Jove*,
To ſave the Fleet: This I confeſs is true,
(Nor will I take from any Man his due:)
But thus aſſuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of Honour to your ſhare will fall,
He did the beſt indeed, but did not all.
Patroclus in *Achilles*' Arms, and thought
The Chief he ſeem'd, with equal Ardour fought;
Preſerv'd the Fleet, repell'd the raging Fire,
And forc'd the fearful *Trojans* to retire.
But *Ajax* boaſts, that he was only thought
A Match for *Hector*, who the Combat ſought:

Sure

Sure he forgets the King, the Chiefs, and Me:
All were as eager for the Fight as He:
He but the ninth, and not by publick Voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only Fortune's Choice:
They fought; nor can our Hero boaſt th' Event,
For *Hector* from the Field unwounded went.
Why am I forc'd to name that fatal Day,
That ſnatch'd the Prop and Pride of *Greece* away?
I ſaw *Pelides* ſink, with pious Grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his Relief;
For the brave Soul was fled: Full of my Friend
I ruſh'd amid the War, his Relicks to defend:
Nor ceas'd my Toil till I redeem'd the Prey,
And, loaded with *Achilles*, march'd away:
Thoſe Arms, which on theſe Shoulders then I bore,
'Tis juſt you to theſe Shoulders ſhould reſtore.
You ſee I want not Nerves, who cou'd ſuſtain
The pond'rous Ruins of ſo great a Man:
Or if in others equal Force you find,
None is endu'd with a more grateful Mind.
Did *Thetis* then, ambitious in her Care,
Theſe Arms thus labour'd for her Son prepare;
That *Ajax* after him the heav'nly Gift ſhou'd wear!
For that dull Soul to ſtare, with ſtupid Eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible Prize!
What are to him the Sculptures of the Shield,
Heav'n's Planets, Earth, and Ocean's watry Field?
The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*; leſs, and greater *Bear*,
Undipp'd in Seas; *Orion*'s angry Star;
Two diff'ring Cities, grav'd on either Hand;
Would he wear Arms he cannot underſtand?

Beſide, what wiſe Objections he prepares
Againſt my late Acceſſion to the Wars?
Does not the Fool perceive his Argument
Is with more Force againſt *Achilles* bent?
For if Diſſembling be ſo great a Crime,
The Fault is common, and the ſame in him:
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My Guilt is leſs, who ſooner came away.
His pious Mother, anxious for his Life,
Detain'd her Son; and me, my pious Wife.
To them the Bloſſoms of our Youth were due,
Our riper Manhood we reſerv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my Care,
When with ſo great a Man my Guilt I ſhare:
My Wit to War the matchleſs Hero brought,
But by this Fool I never had been caught.
Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul Aſperſions, when he ſpares not you:
If *Palamede* unjuſtly fell by me,
Your Honour ſuffer'd in th' unjuſt Decree:
I but accus'd, you doom'd: And yet he dy'd,
Convinc'd of Treaſon, and was fairly try'd:
You heard not he was falſe; your Eyes beheld
The Traytor manifeſt; the Bribe reveal'd.
That *Philoctetes* is on *Lemnos* left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human Aid bereft,
Is not my Crime, or not my Crime alone;
Defend your Juſtice, for the Fact's your own:
'Tis true, th' Advice was mine; that ſtaying there
He might his weary Limbs with Reſt repair,
From a long Voyage free, and from a longer War.
He took the Counſel, and he lives at leaſt;
Th' Event declares I counſell'd for the beſt:

Though Faith is all, in Miniſters of State;
For who can promiſe to be fortunate?
Now ſince his Arrows are the Fate of *Troy*,
Do not my Wit, or weak Addreſs, employ;
Send *Ajax* there, with his perſuaſive Senſe,
To mollifie the Man, and draw him thence:
But *Xanthus* ſhall run backward; *Ida* ſtand
A leafleſs Mountain; and the *Grecian* Band
Shall fight for *Troy*; if, when my Counſel fail,
The Wit of heavy *Ajax* can prevail.
Hard *Philoctetes*, exerciſe thy Spleen
Againſt thy Fellows, and the King of Men;
Curſe my devoted Head, above the reſt,
And wiſh in Arms to meet me Breaſt to Breaſt:
Yet I the dang'rous Task will undertake,
And either die my ſelf, or bring thee back.
Nor doubt the ſame Succeſs, as when before
The *Phrygian* Prophet to theſe Tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by Night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the Fortune of the War,
Heav'n's dark Decrees, and Anſwers to diſplay,
And how to take the Town, and where the Secret lay:
Yet this I compaſs'd, and from *Troy* convey'd
The fatal Image of their Guardian-Maid;
That Work was mine; for *Pallas*, though our Friend,
Yet while ſhe was in *Troy*, did *Troy* defend.
Now what has *Ajax* done, or what deſign'd?
A noiſie Nothing, and an empty Wind.
If he be what he promiſes in Show,
Why was I ſent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boaſting Champion thought the Task not light
To paſs the Guards, commit himſelf to Night;

Not only through a hoſtile Town to paſs,
But ſcale, with ſteep Aſcent, the ſacred Place;
With wand'ring Steps to ſearch the Cittadel,
And from the Prieſts their Patroneſs to ſteal:
Then through ſurrounding Foes to force my way,
And bear in Triumph home the heav'nly Prey;
Which had I not, *Ajax* in vain had held,
Before that monſt'rous Bulk, his ſev'nfold Shield.
That Night to conquer *Troy* I might be ſaid,
When *Troy* was liable to Conqueſt made.
Why point'ſt thou to my Partner of the War?
Tydides had indeed a worthy Share
In all my Toil, and Praiſe; but when thy Might
Our Ships protected, did'ſt thou ſingly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I ask'd no Friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well aſſur'd, that Art
And Conduct were of War the better part,
And more avail'd than Strength, my valiant Friend
Had urg'd a better Right, than *Ajax* can pretend:
As good at leaſt *Eurypylus* may claim,
And the more moderate *Ajax* of the Name:
The *Cretan* King, and his brave Charioteer,
And *Menelaus* bold with Sword and Spear:
All theſe had been my Rivals in the Shield,
And yet all theſe to my Pretenſions yield.
Thy boiſt'rous Hands are then of uſe, when I
With this directing Head thoſe Hands apply.
Brawn without Brain is thine: My prudent Care
Foreſees, provides, adminiſters the War:
Thy Province is to Fight; but when ſhall be
The time to Fight, the King conſults with me:

No

No Dram of Judgment with thy Force is join'd;
Thy Body is of Profit, and my Mind.
By how much more the Ship her Safety owes
To him who ſteers, than him that only rows,
By how much more the Captain merits Praiſe
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By ſo much greater is my Worth than thine,
Who canſt but execute what I deſign.
What gain'ſt thou, brutal Man, if I confeſs
Thy Strength ſuperior, when thy Wit is leſs?
Mind is the Man: I claim my whole Deſert,
From the Mind's Vigour, and th' immortal Part.
But you, O *Grecian* Chiefs, reward my Care,
Be grateful to your Watchman of the War:
For all my Labours in ſo long a ſpace,
Sure I may plead a Title to your Grace:
Enter the Town; I then unbarr'd the Gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary Fates.
By all our common Hopes, if Hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to Certainty;
By falling *Troy*, by yonder tott'ring Tow'rs,
And by their taken Gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a farther Task remains,
To be perform'd by Prudence or by Pains;
If yet ſome deſp'rate Action reſts behind,
That asks high Conduct, and a dauntleſs Mind;
If ought be wanting to the *Trojan* Doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome,
Award, thoſe Arms I ask, by your Decree:
Or give to this what you refuſe to me.
He ceas'd: And ceaſing with Reſpect he bow'd,
And with his Hand at once the fatal Statue ſhow'd.

Heav'n, Air and Ocean rung, with loud Applauſe,
And by the gen'ral Vote he gain'd his Cauſe.
Thus Conduct won the Prize, when Courage fail'd,
And Eloquence o'er brutal Force prevail'd.

The Death of AJAX.

He who cou'd often, and alone, withſtand
The Foe, the Fire, and *Jove*'s own partial Hand,
Now cannot his unmaſter'd Grief ſuſtain,
But yields to Rage, to Madneſs, and Diſdain;
Then ſnatching out his Fauchion, Thou, ſaid He,
Art mine; *Ulyſſes* lays no Claim to Thee.
O often try'd, and ever truſty Sword,
Now do thy laſt kind Office to thy Lord:
'Tis *Ajax* who requeſts thy Aid, to ſhow
None but himſelf, himſelf cou'd overthrow:
He ſaid, and with ſo good a Will to die
Did to his Breaſt the fatal Point apply,
It found his Heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never Weapon enter'd, but his own.
No Hands cou'd force it thence, ſo fix'd it ſtood,
Till out it ruſh'd, expell'd by Streams of ſpouting Blood.
The fruitful Blood produc'd a Flow'r, which grew
On a green Stem; and of a Purple Hue:
Like his, whom unaware *Apollo* ſlew:
Inſcrib'd in both, the Letters are the ſame,
But thoſe expreſs the Grief, and theſe the Name.

The Story of POLYXENA *and* HECUBA.

By Mr. TEMPLE STANYAN.

The Victor with full Sails for *Lemnos* ſtood,
(Once ſtain'd by Matrons with their Husbands Blood)

Thence Great *Alcides*' fatal Shafts to bear,
Aſſign'd to *Philoctetes*' ſecret Care.
Theſe with their Guardian to the *Greeks* convey'd,
Their ten Years Toil with wiſh'd Succeſs repaid.
With *Troy* old *Priam* falls; his Queen ſurvives;
Till all her Woes compleat transform'd ſhe grieves
In borrow'd Sounds, nor with an human Face,
Barking tremendous o're the Plains of *Thrace*.
Still *Ilium*'s Flames their pointed Columns raiſe,
And the red *Helleſpont* reflects the Blaze.
Shed on *Jove*'s Altar are the poor Remains
Of Blood, which trickl'd from old *Priam*'s Veins.
Caſſandra lifts her Hands to Heav'n in vain,
Drag'd by her ſacred Hair; the trembling Train
Of Matrons to their burning Temples fly;
There to their Gods for kind Protection cry;
And to their Statues cling, till forc'd away,
The Victor *Greeks* bear off th' invidious Prey.
From thoſe high Tow'rs *Aſtyanax* is thrown,
Whence he was wont with pleaſure to look down;
When oft his Mother with a fond Delight
Pointed to view his Father's Rage in fight,
To win Renown, and guard his Country's Right.
The Winds now call to Sea; briſk Northern Gales
Sing in the Shrowds, and court the ſpreading Sails.
Farewel, dear *Troy*, the captive Matrons cry;
Yes, We muſt leave Our long-lov'd native Sky.
Then proſtrate on the Shore they kiſs the Sand,
And quit the ſmoking Ruines of the Land.
Laſt *Hecuba* on board, ſad Sight! appears;
Found weeping o'er her Childrens Sepulchres:
Drag'd by *Ulyſſes* from her ſlaughter'd Sons,
Whilſt yet ſhe graſpt their Tombs, and kiſt their mould-
[ring Bones.

Yet *Hector*'s Aſhes from his Urn ſhe bore,
And in her Boſom the ſad Relique wore:
Then ſcatter'd on his Tomb her hoary Hairs;
A poor Oblation mingled with her Tears.
Oppos'd to *Ilium* lye the *Thracian* Plains,
Where *Polymeſtor* ſafe in Plenty reigns.
King *Priam* to his Care commits his Son
Young *Polydore*, the chance of War to ſhun.
A wiſe Precaution! had not Gold, conſign'd
For the Child's Uſe, debauch'd the Tyrant's Mind.
When ſinking *Troy* to its laſt Period drew,
With impious Hands his Royal Charge he ſlew;
Then in the Sea the lifeleſs Coarſe is thrown;
As with the Body he the Guilt could drown.
The *Greeks* now riding on the *Thracian* Shore,
Till kinder Gales invite, their Veſſels moor.
Here the wide-op'ning Earth to ſudden View
Diſclos'd *Achilles*, Great as when he drew
The vital Air, but fierce with proud Diſdain,
As when he ſought *Briſeïs* to regain;
When ſtern Debate, and raſh injurious Strife
Unſheath'd his Sword, to reach *Atrides*' Life.
And will ye go? He ſaid. Is then the Name
Of the once Great *Achilles* loſt to Fame?
Yet ſtay, ungrateful *Greeks*; nor let me ſue
In vain for Honours to my *Manes* due.
For this juſt End, *Polyxena* I doom
With Victim-Rites to grace my ſlighted Tomb.
The Phantom ſpoke; the ready *Greeks* obey'd,
And to the Tomb led the devoted Maid,
Snatch'd from her Mother, who with pious Care
Cheriſh'd this laſt Relief of her Deſpair.

Superior to her Sex the fearleſs Maid
Approach'd the Altar, and around ſurvey'd
The cruel Rites, and conſecrated Knife,
Which *Pyrrhus* pointed at her guiltleſs Life.
Then as with ſtern Amaze intent he ſtood,
" Now ſtrike, ſhe ſaid; now ſpill my Gen'rous Blood;
" Deep in my Breaſt, or Throat, your Dagger ſheath,
" Whilſt thus I ſtand prepar'd to meet my Death.
" For Life on terms of Slav'ry I deſpiſe:
" Yet ſure no God approves this Sacrifice.
" O! cou'd I but conceal this dire Event
" From my ſad Mother, I ſhould dye content.
" Yet ſhould ſhe not with Tears my Death deplore,
" Since her own wretched Life demands them more.
" But let not the rude Touch of Man pollute
" A Virgin-Victim; 'tis a modeſt Suit.
" It beſt will pleaſe, whoe'er demands my Blood,
" That I untainted reach the *Stygian* Flood.
" Yet let one ſhort, laſt, dying Prayer be heard;
" To *Priam*'s Daughter pay this laſt Regard;
" 'Tis *Priam*'s Daughter, not a Captive, ſues;
" Do not the Rites of Sepulture refuſe.
" To my afflicted Mother, I implore,
" Free without Ranſom my dead Corpſe reſtore:
" Nor barter me for Gain, when I am cold;
" But be her Tears the Price, if I am ſold:
" Time was ſhe could have ranſom'd me with Gold.
Thus as ſhe pray'd, one common Shower of Tears
Burſt forth, and ſtream'd from ev'ry Eye but hers.
Ev'n the Prieſt wept, and with a rude Remorſe
Plung'd in her Heart the Steel's reſiſtleſs Force.

Her ſlacken'd Limbs ſunk gently to the Ground,
Dauntleſs her Looks, unalter'd by the Wound.
And as ſhe fell, ſhe ſtrove with decent Pride
To guard what ſuits a Virgin's Care to hide.
The *Trojan* Matrons the pale Corpſe receive,
And the whole ſlaughter'd Race of *Priam* grieve.
Sad they recount the long diſaſtrous Tale;
Then with freſh Tears, Thee, Royal Maid, bewail;
Thy widow'd Mother too, who flouriſh'd late
The Royal Pride of *Aſia*'s happier State:
A Captive Lot now to *Ulyſſes* born;
Whom yet the Victor would reject with Scorn,
Were ſhe not *Hector*'s Mother: *Hector*'s Fame
Scarce can a Maſter for his Mother claim!
With ſtrict Embrace the lifeleſs Coarſe ſhe view'd;
And her freſh Grief that flood of Tears renew'd,
With which ſhe lately mourn'd ſo many dead;
Tears for her Country, Sons, and Husband ſhed.
With the thick guſhing Stream ſhe bath'd the Wound;
Kiſs'd her pale Lips; then weltring on the Ground,
With wonted Rage her frantick Boſom tore;
Sweeping her Hair amidſt the clotted Gore;
Whilſt her ſad Accents thus her Loſs deplore.

" Behold a Mother's laſt dear Pledge of Woe!
" Yes, 'tis the laſt I have to ſuffer now.
" Thou, my *Polyxena*, my Ills muſt crown:
" Already in thy Fate I feel my own.
" 'Tis thus, leaſt haply of my num'rous Seed
" One ſhould unſlaughter'd fall, ev'n Thou muſt bleed.
" And yet I hop'd thy Sex had been thy Guard;
" But neither has thy tender Sex been ſpar'd.

" The fame *Achilles*, by whoſe deadly Hate
" Thy Brothers fell, urg'd thy untimely Fate!
" The fame *Achilles*, whoſe deſtructive Rage
" Laid waſte my Realms, has robb'd my Childleſs Age!
" When *Paris*' Shafts with *Phœbus*' certain Aid
" At length had pierc'd this dreaded Chief, I ſaid,
" Secure of future Ills, He can no more:
" But ſee, he ſtill purſues me as before.
" With Rage rekindled his dead Aſhes burn;
" And his yet murd'ring Ghoſt my wretched Houſe muſt mourn.
" This Tyrant's Luſt of Slaughter I have fed
" With large Supplies from my too fruitful Bed.
" *Troy*'s Tow'rs lye waſte; and the wide Ruin ends
" The Publick Woe; but Me freſh Woe attends.
" *Troy* ſtill ſurvives to me; to none but me;
" And from its Ills I never muſt be free.
" I, who ſo late had Power, and Wealth, and Eaſe,
" Bleſs'd with my Husband, and a large Encreaſe,
" Muſt now in Poverty and Exile mourn;
" Ev'n from the Tombs of my dead Offspring torn:
" Giv'n to *Penelope*, who proud of Spoil,
" Allots me to the Loom's ungrateful Toil;
" Points to her Dames, and crys with ſcorning Mien,
" See *Hector*'s Mother, and Great *Priam*'s Queen!
" And Thou, my Child, ſole Hope of all that's loſt,
" Thou now art ſlain to ſooth this Hoſtile Ghoſt.
" Yes, my Child falls an Offering to my Foe!
" Then what am I, who ſtill ſurvive this Woe?
" Say, cruel Gods! for what new Scenes of Death
" Muſt a poor aged Wretch prolong this hated Breath?
" *Troy* fal'n, to whom could *Priam* happy ſeem?
" Yet was he ſo; and happy muſt I deem

" His Death; for O! my Child, he ſaw not thine,
" When he his Life did with his *Troy* reſign.
" Yet ſure due Obſequies thy Tomb might grace;
" And thou ſhalt ſleep amidſt thy Kingly Race.
" Alas! my Child, ſuch Fortune does not wait
" Our Suffering Houſe in this abandon'd State.
" A foreign Grave, and thy poor Mother's Tears
" Are all the Honours that attend thy Herſe.
" All now is loſt! ---Yet no; One Comfort more
" Of Life remains, my much-lov'd *Polydore*,
" My youngeſt Hope: Here on this Coaſt he lives,
" Nurs'd by the Guardian-King he ſtill ſurvives.
" Then let me haſten to the cleanſing Flood,
" And waſh away theſe Stains of guiltleſs Blood.
Strait to the Shore her feeble Steps repair
With limping Pace, and torn diſhevell'd Hair
Silver'd with Age. " Give me an Urn, ſhe cry'd,
" To bear back Water from this ſwelling Tide:
When on the Banks her Son in ghaſtly Hue
Transfix'd with *Thracian* Arrows ſtrikes her View.
The Matrons ſhriek'd; her big-ſwoln Grief ſurpaſt
The Pow'r of Utterance; ſhe ſtood aghaſt;
She had nor Speech, nor Tears to give Relief;
Exceſs of Woe ſuppreſs'd the riſing Grief.
Lifeleſs as Stone on Earth ſhe fix'd her Eyes;
And then look'd up to Heav'n with wild Surpriſe.
Now ſhe contemplates o'er with ſad Delight
Her Son's pale Viſage; then her aking Sight
Dwells on his Wounds: She varys thus by turns,
Till with collected Rage at length ſhe burns.
Wild as the Mother-Lion, when among
The Haunts of Prey ſhe ſeeks her raviſh'd Young:

Swift

Swift flies the Raviſher; ſhe marks his Trace,
And by the Print directs her anxious Chaſe.
So *Hecuba* with mingled Grief and Rage
Purſues the King, regardleſs of her Age.
She greets the Murd'rer with diſſembled Joy
Of ſecret Treaſure hoarded for her Boy.
The ſpecious Tale th' unwary King betray'd
Fir'd with the Hopes of Prey; " Give quick, he ſaid
" With ſoft enticing Speech, the promis'd Store:
" Whate're you give, you give to *Polydore*.
" Your Son, by the immortal Gods I ſwear,
" Shall this with all your former Bounty ſhare.
She ſtands attentive to his ſoothing Lyes,
And darts avenging Horrour from her Eyes.
Then full Reſentment fires her boyling Blood:
She ſprings upon him 'midſt the Captive Crowd:
(Her thirſt of Vengeance want of Strength ſupplies;)
Faſtens her forky Fingers in his Eyes;
Tears out the rooted Balls; her Rage purſues,
And in the hollow Orbs her Hand imbrews.
The *Thracians* fir'd at this inhuman Scene,
With Darts and Stones aſſail the frantick Queen.
She ſnarls and growls, nor in an human Tone;
Then bites impatient at the bounding Stone;
Extends her Jaws, as ſhe her Voice would raiſe
To keen Invectives in her wonted Phraſe;
But barks, and thence the yelping Brute betrays.
Still a ſad Monument the Place remains,
And from this Monſtrous Change its Name obtains:
Where ſhe, in long Remembrance of her Ills,
With plaintive Howlings the wide Deſart fills.

Greeks, *Trojans*, Friends and Foes, and Gods above
Her num'rous Wrongs to juſt Compaſſion move.
Ev'n *Juno*'s ſelf forgets her ancient Hate,
And owns, ſhe had deſerv'd a milder Fate.

The Funeral of MEMNON.

By Mr. CROXALL.

Yet bright *Aurora*, partial as ſhe was
To *Troy*, and thoſe that lov'd the *Trojan* Cauſe,
Nor *Troy*, nor *Hecuba* can now bemoan,
But weeps a ſad Misfortune, more her own.
Her Offspring *Memnon*, by *Achilles* ſlain,
She ſaw extended on the *Phrygian* Plain:
She ſaw, and ſtrait the Purple Beams, that grace
The roſie Morning, vaniſh'd from her Face;
A deadly Pale her wonted Bloom invades,
And veils the lowring Skies with mournful Shades.
But when his Limbs upon the Pile were laid,
The laſt kind Duty that by Friends is paid,
His Mother to the Skies directs her Flight,
Nor cou'd ſuſtain to view the doleful Sight:
But frantick, with her looſe neglected Hair,
Haſtens to *Jove*, and falls a Suppliant there.
O King of Heaven, O Father of the Skies,
The weeping Goddeſs paſſionately cries,
Tho' I the meaneſt of Immortals am,
And feweſt Temples celebrate my Fame,
Yet ſtill a Goddeſs, I preſume to come
Within the Verge of your Ethereal Dome:
Yet ſtill may plead ſome Merit, if my Light
With Purple Dawn controuls the Pow'rs of Night;

If from a Female Hand that Virtue ſprings,
Which to the Gods and Men ſuch Pleaſure brings.
Yet I nor Honours ſeek, nor Rites Divine,
Nor for more Altars, or more Fanes repine;
Oh! that ſuch Trifles were the only Cauſe,
From whence *Aurora*'s Mind its Anguiſh draws!
For *Memnon* loſt, my deareſt only Child,
With weightier Grief my heavy Heart is fill'd;
My Warrior Son! that liv'd but half his Time,
Nipt in the Bud, and blaſted in his Prime;
Who for his Uncle early took the Field,
And by *Achilles*' fatal Spear was kill'd.
To whom but *Jove* ſhou'd I for Succour come?
For *Jove* alone cou'd fix his cruel Doom.
O Sovereign of the Gods, accept my Pray'r,
Grant my Requeſt, and ſooth a Mother's Care;
On the Deceas'd ſome ſolemn Boon beſtow,
To expiate the Loſs, and eaſe my Woe.
Jove with a Nod, comply'd with her Deſire;
Around the Body flam'd the Funeral Fire;
The Pile decreas'd that lately ſeem'd ſo high,
And Sheets of Smoak roll'd upward to the Sky:
As humid Vapours from a marſhy Bog,
Riſe by Degrees, condenſing into Fog,
That intercept the Sun's enlivening Ray,
And with a Cloud infect the chearful Day.
The ſooty Aſhes wafted by the Air,
Whirl round and thicken in a Body there;
Then take a Form, which their own Heat and Fire
With active Life and Energy inſpire.
Its Lightneſs makes it ſeem to fly, and ſoon
It skims on real Wings that are its own;

A real Bird, it beats the breezy Wind,
Mix'd with a thouſand Siſters of the Kind,
That, from the ſame Formation newly ſprung,
Up-born aloft on plumy Pinions hung.
Thrice round the Pile advanc'd the circling Throng,
Thrice, with their Wings, a whizzing Conſort rung:
In the fourth Flight their Squadron they divide,
Rank'd in two diff'rent Troops, on either Side:
Then two and two, inſpir'd with martial Rage,
From either Troop in equal Pairs engage.
Each Combatant with Beak and Pounces preſs'd,
In wrathful Ire, his Adverſary's Breaſt;
Each falls a Victim, to preſerve the Fame
Of that great Hero whence their Being came.
From him their Courage and their Name they take,
And, as they liv'd, they dye for *Memnon*'s ſake.
Punctual to Time, with each revolving Year,
In freſh Array the Champion Birds appear;
Again, prepar'd with vengeful Minds, they come
To bleed in Honour of the Souldier's Tomb.
Therefore in others it appear'd not ſtrange,
To grieve for *Hecuba*'s unhappy Change:
But poor *Aurora* had enough to do
With her own Loſs, to mind another's Woe;
Who, ſtill in Tears, her tender Nature ſhews,
Beſprinkling all the World with pearly Dews.

The VOYAGE *of* ÆNEAS.

By Mr. CATCOTT.

Troy thus deſtroy'd, 'twas ſtill deny'd by Fate,
The Hopes of *Troy* ſhould periſh with the State.

His

His Sire, the Son of *Cytherëa* bore,
And Houſhold-Gods from burning *Ilium*'s Shore.
The pious Prince (a double Duty paid)
Each ſacred Burthen thro' the Flames convey'd.
With young *Aſcanius*, and this only Prize,
Of Heaps of Wealth, he from *Antandros* flies;
But ſtruck with Horror, left the *Thracian* Shore,
Stain'd with the Blood of murder'd *Polydore*.
The *Delian* Iſle receives the baniſh'd Train,
Driv'n by kind Gales, and favour'd by the Main.
Here pious *Anius*, Prieſt, and Monarch reign'd,
And either Charge, with equal Care ſuſtain'd,
His Subjects rul'd, to *Phœbus* Homage pay'd,
His God obeying, and by thoſe obey'd.
The Prieſt diſplays his Hoſpitable Gate,
And ſhows the Riches of his Church, and State;
The ſacred Shrubs, which eas'd *Latona*'s Pain,
The Palm, and Olive, and the votive Fane.
Here grateful Flames with fuming Incenſe fed,
And mingled Wine, ambroſial Odours ſhed;
Of ſlaughter'd Steers the crackling Entrails burn'd:
And then the Strangers to the Court return'd.
On Beds of Tap'ſtry plac'd aloft, they dine
With *Ceres*' Gift, and flowing Bowls of Wine;
When thus *Anchiſes* ſpoke, amidſt the Feaſt,
Say, mitred Monarch, *Phœbus*' choſen Prieſt,
Or (e'er from *Troy* by cruel Fate expell'd)
When firſt mine Eyes theſe ſacred Walls beheld,
A Son, and twice two Daughters crown'd thy Bliſs?
Or errs my Mem'ry, and I judge amiſs?
The Royal Prophet ſhook his hoary Head,
With ſnowy Fillets bound, and ſighing, ſaid;

Thy Mem'ry errs not, Prince; Thou ſaw'ſt me then,
The happy Father of ſo large a Train;
Behold me now, (ſuch Turns of Chance befall
The Race of Man!) almoſt bereft of all.
For (ah!) what Comfort can my Son beſtow,
What Help afford to mitigate my Woe!
While far from hence, in *Andros*' Iſle he reigns,
(From him ſo nam'd) and there my Place ſuſtains.
Him *Delius* Præſcience gave; the twice-born God
A Boon more wond'rous on the Maids beſtow'd.
Whate'er they touch'd, he gave them to tranſmute,
(A Gift paſt Credit, and above their Suit,)
To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and *Minerva*'s Fruit.
How great their Value, and how rich their Uſe,
Whoſe only Touch ſuch Treaſures could produce!
The dire Deſtroyer of the *Trojan* Reign,
Fierce *Agamemnon*, ſuch a Prize to gain,
(A Proof we alſo were deſign'd by Fate
To feel the Tempeſt, that o'erturn'd your State)
With Force ſuperior, and a Ruffian Crew,
From theſe weak Arms, the helpleſs Virgins drew;
And ſternly bad them uſe the Grant Divine,
To keep the Fleet in Corn, and Oil, and Wine.
Each, as they could, eſcap'd: Two ſtrove to gain
Eubœa's Iſle, and Two their Brother's Reign.
The Soldier follows, and demands the Dames;
If held by Force, immediate War proclaims.
Fear conquer'd Nature in their Brother's Mind,
And gave them up to Puniſhment aſſign'd.
Forgive the Deed; nor *Hector*'s Arm was there,
Nor thine, *Æneas*, to maintain the War;
Whoſe only Force upheld your *Ilium*'s Tow'rs,
For ten long Years againſt the *Grecian* Pow'rs.

Prepar'd to bind their Captive Arms in Bands,
To Heav'n they rear'd their yet unfetter'd Hands,
Help, *Bacchus*, Author of the Gift, they pray'd;
The Gift's great Author gave immediate Aid;
If ſuch Deſtruction of their human Frame
By Ways ſo wond'rous, may deſerve the Name;
Nor could I hear, nor can I now relate
Exact, the manner of their alter'd State;
But this in gen'ral of my Loſs I knew,
Transform'd to Doves, on milky Plumes they flew,
Such as on *Ida*'s Mount thy Conſort's Chariot drew.
With ſuch Diſcourſe, they entertain'd the Feaſt;
Then roſe from Table, and withdrew to Reſt.
The following Morn, e're *Sol* was ſeen to ſhine,
Th' inquiring *Trojans* ſought the ſacred Shrine;
The Myſtick Pow'r commands them to explore
Their ancient Mother, and a Kindred Shore.
Attending to the Sea, the gen'rous Prince
Diſmiſs'd his Gueſts with rich Munificence,
In old *Anchiſes*' Hand a Sceptre plac'd,
A Veſt and Quiver young *Aſcanius* grac'd,
His Sire, a Cup; which from th' *Aönian* Coaſt,
Iſmenian Therſes ſent his Royal Hoſt.
Alcon of *Mylè* made what *Therſes* ſent,
And carv'd thereon this ample Argument.
A Town with ſev'n diſtinguiſh'd Gates was ſhown,
Which ſpoke its Name, and made the City known;
Before it, Piles, and Tombs, and riſing Flames,
The Rites of Death, and Quires of mourning Dames,
Who bar'd their Breaſts, and gave their Hair to flow
The Signs of Grief, and Marks of publick Woe.
Their Fountains dry'd, the weeping *Naiads* mourn'd,
The Trees ſtood bare, with ſearing Cankers burn'd,

No Herbage cloath'd the Ground, a ragged Flock
Of Goats half-famiſh'd, lick'd the naked Rock,
Of manly Courage, and with Mind ſerene,
Orion's Daughters in the Town were ſeen;
One heav'd her Cheſt to meet the lifted Knife,
One plung'd the Poyniard thro' the Seat of Life,
Their Country's Victims; mourns the reſcu'd State,
The Bodies burns, and celebrates their Fate.
To ſave the Failure of th' Illuſtrious Line,
From the pale Aſhes roſe, of Form Divine
Two gen'rous Youths; theſe, Fame *Coronæ* calls,
Who join the Pomp, and mourn their Mother's Falls.
Theſe burniſh'd Figures form'd of antique Mold,
Shone on the Braſs, with riſing Sculpture bold;
A Wreath of gilt *Acanthus* round the Brim was roll'd.
Nor leſs Expence the *Trojan* Gifts expreſs'd;
A fuming Cenſer for the Royal Prieſt,
A Chalice, and a Crown of Princely Coſt,
With ruddy Gold, and ſparkling Gems emboſs'd.
Now hoiſting Sail, to *Crete* the *Trojans* ſtood,
Themſelves remembring ſprung from *Teucer*'s Blood;
But Heav'n forbids, and peſtilential *Jove*
From noxious Skies, the wand'ring Navy drove.
Her hundred Cities left, from *Crete* they bore,
And ſought the deſtin'd Land, *Auſonia*'s Shore;
But toſs'd by Storms at either *Strophas* lay,
'Till ſcar'd by *Harpies* from the faithleſs Bay.
Then paſſing onward with a proſp'rous Wind,
Left fly *Ulyſſes*' ſpacious Realms behind;
Ambracia's State, in former Ages known
The Strife of Gods, the Judge transform'd to Stone
They ſaw; for *Actian Phœbus* ſince renown'd,
Who *Cæſar*'s Arms with Naval Conqueſt crown'd;

Next paſs'd *Dodona*, wont of old to boaſt
Her vocal Foreſt; and *Chäonia*'s Coaſt,
Where King *Moloſſus*' Sons on Wings aſpir'd,
And ſaw ſecure the harmleſs Fewel fir'd.
Now to *Phæacia*'s happy Iſle they came,
For fertile Orchards known to early Fame;
Epirus paſt, they next beheld with Joy
A ſecond *Ilium*, and fictitious *Troy*;
Here *Trojan Helenus* the Sceptre ſway'd,
Who ſhow'd their Fate, and Myſtick Truths diſplay'd;
By him confirm'd, *Sicilia*'s Iſle they reach'd,
Whoſe Sides to Sea three Promontories ſtretch'd;
Pachynos to the ſtormy South is plac'd,
On *Lilybæum* blows the gentle Weſt,
Peloro's Cliffs the Northern Bear ſurvey,
Who rolls above, and dreads to touch the Sea.
By this they ſteer, and favour'd by the Tide,
Secure by Night in *Zancle*'s Harbour ride.
Here cruel *Scylla* guards the rocky Shore,
And there the Waves of loud *Charybdis* roar:
This ſucks, and vomits Ships, and Bodies drown'd;
And rav'nous Dogs the Womb of That ſurround,
In Face a Virgin; and (if ought be true
By Bards recorded) once a Virgin too.
A Train of Youths in vain deſir'd her Bed;
By Sea-Nymphs lov'd, to Nymphs of Seas ſhe fled;
The Maid to theſe, with Female Pride, diſplay'd
Their baffled Courtſhip, and their Love betray'd.
When *Galatea* thus beſpoke the Fair,
(But firſt ſhe ſigh'd) while *Scylla* comb'd her Hair;
You, lovely Maid, a gen'rous Race purſues,
Whom ſafe you may (as now you do) refuſe;

To me, tho' pow'rful in a num'rous Train
Of Siſters, ſprung from Gods who rule the Main,
My native Seas could ſcarce a Refuge prove,
To ſhun the Fury of the *Cyclops*' Love.
Tears choak'd her Utt'rance here; the pitying Maid
With Marble Fingers wip'd them off, and ſaid;
My deareſt Goddeſs, let thy *Scylla* know,
(For I am faithful) whence theſe Sorrows flow.
The Maid's Intreaties o'er the Nymph prevail,
Who thus to *Scylla* tells the mournful Tale.

The Story of ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, *and* GALATEA.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Acis, the lovely Youth, whoſe loſs I mourn,
From *Faunus* and the Nymph *Symethis* born,
Was both his Parents Pleaſure; but, to me
Was all that Love could make a Lover be.
The Gods our Minds in mutual Bands did join;
I was his only Joy, and he was mine.
Now ſixteen Summers the ſweet Youth had ſeen;
And doubtful Down began to ſhade his Chin:
When *Polyphemus* firſt diſturb'd our Joy;
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the Boy.
Ask not which Paſſion in my Soul was high'r,
My laſt Averſion, or my firſt Deſire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the leſs;
Both were alike, for both were in Exceſs.
Thee, *Venus*, thee, both Heav'n and Earth obey;
Immenſe thy Pow'r, and boundleſs is thy Sway.
The *Cyclops*, who defy'd th' Ætherial Throne,
And thought no Thunder louder than his own,
The Terror of the Woods, and wilder far
Than Wolves in Plains, or Bears in Foreſts are,

Th' inhuman Hoſt, who made his bloody Feaſts
On mangl'd Members of his butcher'd Gueſts,
Yet felt the force of Love, and fierce Deſire,
And burnt for me, with unrelenting Fire.
Forgot his Caverns, and his woolly Care,
Aſſum'd the Softneſs of a Lover's Air;
And comb'd, with Teeth of Rakes, his rugged Hair.
Now with a crooked Scythe his Beard he ſleeks;
And mowes the ſtubborn Stubble of his Cheeks:
Now in the Cryſtal Stream he looks, to try
His Simagres, and rowls his glaring Eye.
His Cruelty and Thirſt of Blood are loſt;
And Ships ſecurely ſail along the Coaſt.
The Prophet *Telemus* (arriv'd by chance
Where *Ætna*'s Summets to the Seas advance,
Who mark'd the Tracts of every Bird that flew,
And ſure Preſages from their flying drew.)
Foretold the *Cyclops*, that *Ulyſſes*' Hand
In his broad Eye ſhou'd thruſt a flaming Brand.
The Giant, with a ſcornful Grin reply'd,
Vain Augur, thou haſt falſely Propheſy'd;
Already Love his flaming Brand has toſt;
Looking on two fair Eyes, my Sight I loſt.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with ſtalking Pace he ſtrode,
And ſtamp'd the Margine of the briny Flood
With heavy Steps; and weary, ſought agen
The cool Retirement of his gloomy Den.
A Promontory, ſharp'ning by degrees,
Ends in a Wedge, and over-looks the Seas:
On either Side, below, the Water flows;
This airy Walk the Giant Lover choſe.
Here, on the midſt he ſate; his Flocks, unled,
Their Shepherd follow'd, and ſecurely fed.

A Pine ſo burly, and of Length ſo vaſt,
That ſailing Ships requir'd it for a Maſt,
He wielded for a Staff, his Steps to guide:
But laid it by, his Whiſtle while he try'd.
A hundred Reeds, of a prodigious Growth,
Scarce made a Pipe, proportion'd to his Mouth:
Which, when he gave it Wind, the Rocks around,
And watry Plains, the dreadful Hiſs reſound.
I heard the Ruffian-Shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow Cave, I ſat below;
On *Acis*' Boſom I my Head reclin'd:
And ſtill preſerve the Poem in my Mind.
Oh lovely *Galatea*, whiter far
Than falling Snows, and riſing Lilies are;
More flowry than the Meads, as Cryſtal bright,
Erect as Alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a Kid, more ſleek thy Skin
Than Orient Shells, that on the Shores are ſeen.
Than Apples fairer, when the Boughs they lade,
Pleaſing as Winter Suns, or Summer Shade:
More grateful to the Sight, than goodly Plains;
And ſofter to the Touch, than Down of Swans;
Or Curds new turn'd: and ſweeter to the Taſte
Than ſwelling Grapes, that to the Vintage haſte:
More clear than Ice, or running Streams, that ſtray
Through Garden Plots, but ah! more ſwift than they.
Yet, *Galatea*, harder to be broke
Than Bullocks, unreclaim'd, to bear the Yoke,
And far more ſtubborn than the knotted Oak:
Like ſliding Streams, impoſſible to hold;
Like them fallacious, like their Fountains cold.
More warping than the Willow to decline
My warm Embrace, more brittle than the Vine;

Immoveable

Immoveable and fixt in thy Diſdain;
Rough as theſe Rocks; and of a harder Grain.
More violent than is the riſing Flood;
And the prais'd Peacock is not half ſo proud.
Fierce as the Fire, and ſharp as Thiſtles are,
And more outragious than a Mother-Bear:
Deaf as the Billows to the Vows I make;
And more revengeful than a trodden Snake.
In Swiftneſs fleeter than the flying Hind,
Or driven Tempeſts, or the driving Wind.
All other Faults, with Patience I can bear;
But Swiftneſs is the Vice I only fear.
Yet if you knew me well, you wou'd not ſhun
My Love, but to my wiſh'd Embraces run:
Wou'd languiſh in your turn, and court my Stay;
And much repent of your unwiſe Delay.
My Palace, in the living Rock, is made
By Nature's Hand; a ſpacious pleaſing Shade:
Which neither Heat can pierce, nor Cold invade.
My Garden fill'd with Fruits you may behold,
And Grapes in Cluſters, imitating Gold;
Some bluſhing Bunches of a Purple Hue:
And theſe and thoſe, are all reſerv'd for you.
Red Strawberries, in Shades, expecting ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by ſo white a Hand.
Autumnal Cornels, latter Fruit provide;
And Plumbs to tempt you, turn their gloſſy Side:
Not thoſe of common kinds; but ſuch alone
As in *Phæacian* Orchards might have grown:
Nor Cheſtnuts ſhall be wanting to your Food,
Nor Garden-Fruits, nor Wildings of the Wood;

The laden Boughs for you alone ſhall bear;
And yours ſhall be the Product of the Year.
The Flocks you ſee, are all my own; beſide
The reſt that Woods, and winding Vallies hide;
And thoſe that folded in the Caves abide.
Ask not the Numbers of my growing Store;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praiſe my Cattle; truſt not me,
But judge your ſelf, and paſs your own Decree:
Behold their ſwelling Dugs; the ſweepy Weight
Of Ewes that ſink beneath the Milky Freight;
In the warm Folds, their tender Lambkins lye;
Apart from Kids, that call with human Cry.
New Milk in Nut-brown Bowls, is duely ſerv'd
For daily Drink; the reſt for Cheeſe reſerv'd.
Nor are theſe Houſhold Dainties all my Store:
The Fields and Foreſts will afford us more;
The Deer, the Hare, the Goat, the Salvage Boar.
All ſorts of Ven'ſon; and of Birds the beſt;
A pair of Turtles taken from the Neſt.
I walk'd the Mountains, and two Cubs I found,
(Whoſe Dam had left 'em on the naked Ground,)
So like, that no Diſtinction cou'd be ſeen:
So pretty, they were Preſents for a Queen;
And ſo they ſhall; I took 'em both away;
And keep, to be Companions of your Play.
Oh raiſe, fair Nymph, your Beauteous Face above
The Waves; nor ſcorn my Preſents, and my Love.
Come, *Galatea*, come, and view my Face;
I late beheld it, in the watry Glaſs;
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.

Survey my towring Stature, and my Size:
Not *Jove*, the *Jove* you dream that rules the Skies,
Bears ſuch a Bulk, or is ſo largely ſpread:
My Locks (the plenteous Harveſt of my Head)
Hang o'er my manly Face; and dangling down,
As with a ſhady Grove, my Shoulders crown.
Nor think, becauſe my Limbs and Body bear
A thick-ſet Underwood of briſtling Hair,
My Shape deform'd; what fouler Sight can be,
Than the bald Branches of a leafleſs Tree?
Foul is the Steed, without a flowing Mane:
And Birds, without their Feathers and their Train.
Wool decks the Sheep; and Man receives a Grace
From buſhy Limbs, and from a bearded Face.
My Forehead with a ſingle Eye is fill'd,
Round as a Ball, and ample as a Shield.
The glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the radiant Sun,
Is Nature's Eye; and ſhe's content with one.
Add, that my Father ſways your Seas, and I,
Like you, am of the watry Family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore; and kneel to you alone:
Jove with his Fabled Thunder, I deſpiſe,
And only fear the Lightning of your Eyes.
Frown not, fair Nymph; yet I cou'd bear to be
Diſdain'd, if others were diſdain'd with me.
But to repulſe the *Cyclops*, and prefer
The Love of *Acis*, (Heav'ns!) I cannot bear.
But let the Stripling pleaſe himſelf; nay more,
Pleaſe you, tho' that's the thing I moſt abhor;
The Boy ſhall find, if e'er we cope in Fight,
Theſe Giant Limbs endu'd with Giant Might.

His living Bowels, from his Belly torn,
And ſcatter'd Limbs, ſhall on the Flood be born:
Thy Flood, ungrateful Nymph; and Fate ſhall find
That way, for thee and *Acis* to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with Love, and thy Diſdain
Augments at once my Paſſion, and my Pain.
Tranſlated *Ætna* flames within my Heart,
And thou, Inhuman, wilt not eaſe my Smart.
Lamenting thus in vain, he roſe, and ſtrode
With furious Paces to the neighb'ring Wood:
Reſtleſs his Feet, diſtracted was his Walk;
Mad were his Motions, and confus'd his Talk.
Mad as the vanquiſh'd Bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely Miſtreſs, and forſake the Field.
Thus far unſeen I ſaw: when fatal Chance
His Looks directing, with a ſudden Glance,
Acis and I were to his Sight betray'd;
Where nought ſuſpecting we ſecurely play'd.
From his wide Mouth a bellowing Cry he caſt,
I ſee, I ſee; but this ſhall be your laſt:
A Roar ſo loud made *Ætna* to rebound:
And all the *Cyclops* labour'd in the Sound.
Affrighted with his monſtrous Voice, I fled,
And in the Neighb'ring Ocean plung'd my Head.
Poor *Acis* turn'd his Back, and Help, he cry'd;
Help, *Galatea*, help, my Parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep Abodes.
The *Cyclops* follow'd; but he ſent before
A Rib, which from the living Rock he tore:
Though but an Angle reach'd him of the Stone,
The mighty Fragment was enough alone,

To

To cruſh all *Acis*; 'twas too late to ſave,
But what the Fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That *Acis* to his Lineage ſhould return;
And rowl, among the River Gods, his Urn.
Straight iſſu'd from the Stone a Stream of Blood;
Which loſt the Purple, mingling with the Flood.
Then, like a troubl'd Torrent, it appear'd:
The Torrent too, in little ſpace, was clear'd.
The Stone was cleft, and through the yawning Chink
New Reeds aroſe, on the new River's Brink.
The Rock, from out its hollow Womb, diſclos'd
A Sound like Water in its Courſe oppos'd.
When, (wondrous to behold,) full in the Flood,
Up ſtarts a Youth, and Navel high he ſtood.
Horns from his Temples riſe; and either Horn
Thick Wreaths, of Reeds, (his Native Growth) adorn.
Were not his Stature taller than before,
His Bulk augmented, and his Beauty more,
His Colour blue; for *Acis* he might paſs:
And *Acis* chang'd into a Stream he was.
But mine no more; he rowls along the Plains
With rapid Motion, and his Name retains.

The Story of GLAUCUS *and* SCYLLA.

By Mr. ROWE.

Here ceas'd the Nymph; the fair Aſſembly broke,
The Sea-green *Nereids* to the Waves betook:
While *Scylla* fearful of the wide-ſpread Main,
Swift to the ſafer Shore returns again.
There o'er the ſandy Margin, unarray'd,
With printleſs Footſteps flies the bounding Maid;

Or in ſome winding Creek's ſecure Retreat
She baths her weary Limbs, and ſhuns the Noonday's Heat.
Her *Glaucus* ſaw, as o'er the Deep He rode,
New to the Seas, and late receiv'd a God.
He ſaw, and languiſh'd for the Virgin's Love;
With many an artful Blandiſhment he ſtrove,
Her Flight to hinder, and her Fears remove.
The more he ſues, the more ſhe wings her Flight,
And nimbly gains a neighb'ring Mountain's Height.
Steep ſhelving to the Margin of the Flood,
A neighb'ring Mountain bare, and woodleſs ſtood;
Here, by the Place ſecur'd, her Steps ſhe ſtay'd,
And, trembling ſtill, her Lover's Form ſurvey'd.
His Shape, his Hue, her troubled Senſe appall,
And dropping Locks that o'er his Shoulders fall;
She ſees his Face Divine, and Manly Brow,
End in a Fiſh's wreathy Tail below:
She ſees, and doubts within her anxious Mind,
Whether he comes of God, or Monſter Kind.
This *Glaucus* ſoon perceiv'd; And, Oh! forbear
(His Hand ſupporting on a Rock lay near)
Forbear, he cry'd, fond Maid, this needleſs Fear.
Nor Fiſh am I, nor Monſter of the Main,
But equal, with the watry Gods I reign;
Nor *Proteus*, nor *Palæmon* me excell,
Nor he whoſe Breath inſpires the ſounding Shell.
My Birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal Race,
And I my ſelf but late a Mortal was:
Ev'n then in Seas, and Seas alone, I joy'd;
The Seas my Hours, and all my Cares employ'd.
In Meſhes now the twinkling Prey I drew;
Now skilfully the ſlender Line I threw,
And ſilent ſat the moving Float to view.

Not far from Shore, there lies a verdant Mead,
With Herbage half and half with Water ſpread:
There, nor the horned Heifers browſing ſtray,
Nor ſhaggy Kids, nor wanton Lambkins play;
There, nor the ſounding Bees their Nectar cull,
Nor Rural Swains their genial Chaplets pull,
Nor Flocks, nor Herds, nor Mowers haunt the Place,
To crop the Flow'rs, or cut the buſhy Graſs:
Thither, ſure firſt of living Race came I,
And ſat by chance, my dropping Nets to dry.
My ſcaly Prize, in Order all diſplay'd,
By Number on the Greenſword there I lay'd,
My Captives, whom or in my Nets I took,
Or hung unwary on my wily Hook.
Strange to behold! yet what avails a Lye?
I ſaw 'em bite the Graſs, as I ſat by;
Then ſudden darting o'er the verdant Plain,
They ſpread their Finns as in their native Main:
I paus'd, with Wonder ſtruck, while all my Prey
Left their new Maſter, and regain'd the Sea.
Amaz'd, within my ſecret Self I ſought,
What God, what Herb the Miracle had wrought:
But ſure no Herbs have Pow'r like this, I cry'd;
And ſtrait I pluck'd ſome neighb'ring Herbs, and try'd.
Scarce had I bit and prov'd the wond'rous Taſte,
When ſtrong Convulſions ſhook my troubled Breaſt;
I felt my Heart grow fond of ſomething ſtrange,
And my whole Nature lab'ring with a Change.
Reſtleſs I grew, and ev'ry Place forſook,
And ſtill upon the Seas I bent my Look.
Farewel for ever! Farewel Land! I ſaid;
And plung'd amidſt the Waves my ſinking Head.

The gentle Pow'rs, who that low Empire keep,
Receiv'd me as a Brother of the Deep;
To *Tethys*, and to *Ocean* old, they pray
To purge my mortal Earthy Parts away.
The watry Parents to their Suit agreed,
And thrice nine times a ſacred Charm they read.
Then with Luſtrations purify my Limbs,
And bid me bathe beneath a hundred Streams:
A hundred Streams from various Fountains run,
And on my Head at once come ruſhing down.
Thus far each Paſſage, I remember well,
And faithfully thus far the Tale I tell;
But then Oblivion dark, on all my Senſes fell.
Again at length my Thought reviving came,
When I no longer found my ſelf the ſame;
Then firſt this Sea-green Beard I felt to grow,
And theſe large Honours on my ſpreading Brow;
My long deſcending Locks the Billows ſweep,
And my broad Shoulders cleave the yielding Deep;
My Fiſhy Tail, my Arms of Azure Hue,
And ev'ry Part divinely chang'd, I view.
But what avail theſe uſeleſs Honours now?
What Joys can Immortality beſtow?
What, tho' our *Nereids* all my Form approve?
What boots it, while fair *Scylla* ſcorns my Love?
Thus far the God; and more he wou'd have ſaid;
When from his Preſence flew the ruthleſs Maid.
Stung with Repulſe, in ſuch diſdainful ſort,
He ſeeks *Titanian Circe*'s horrid Court.

The End of the Thirteenth Book.



M.r P.x Gucht Sculp.

To the R.t Hon.ble the Countess of Burlington

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

Tranſlated by Sir SAMUEL GARTH, M. D.

The Tranſformation of SCYLLA.

NOW *Glaucus*, with a Lover's Haſte, bounds o'er
The ſwelling Waves, and ſeeks the *Latian* Shore.
Meſſena, *Rhegium*, and the barren Coaſt
Of flaming *Ætna*, to his Sight are loſt:
At length he gains the *Tyrrhene* Seas, and views
The Hills where baneful Philters *Circe* brews;
Monſters, in various Forms, around her preſs;
As thus the God ſalutes the Sorcereſs.
O *Circe*, be indulgent to my Grief,
And give a Love-ſick Deity Relief.
Too well the mighty Power of Plants I know;
To thoſe my Figure, and new Fate I owe.
Againſt *Meſſena*, on th' *Auſonian* Coaſt,
I *Scylla* view'd, and from that Hour was loſt.
In tend'reſt Sounds I ſu'd; but ſtill the Fair
Was deaf to Vows, and pityleſs to Pray'r.

If Numbers can avail: exert their Pow'r;
Or Energy of Plants, if Plants have more.
I ask no Cure; let but the Virgin pine
With dying Pangs, or Agonies like mine.
No longer *Circe* could her Flame diſguiſe,
But, to the ſuppliant God Marine, replies:
When Maids are coy, have manlier Aims in view;
Leave thoſe that Fly, but thoſe that Like, purſue.
If Love can be by kind Compliance won;
See, at your Feet, the Daughter of the Sun.
Sooner, ſaid *Glaucus*, ſhall the Aſh remove
From Mountains, and the ſwelling Surges love;
Or humble Sea-weed to the Hills repair;
E'er I think any but my *Scylla* fair.
Strait *Circe* reddens with a guilty Shame,
And vows Revenge for her rejected Flame.
Fierce Liking oft a Spight as fierce creates;
For Love refus'd, without Averſion, hates.
To hurt her hapleſs Rival ſhe proceeds;
And, by the Fall of *Scylla*, *Glaucus* bleeds.
Some faſcinating Bev'rage now ſhe brews;
Compos'd of deadly Drugs, and baneful Juice.
At *Rhegium* ſhe arrives; the Ocean braves,
And treads with unwet Feet the boiling Waves.
Upon the Beach a winding Bay there lies,
Shelter'd from Seas, and ſhaded from the Skies:
This Station *Scylla* choſe; a ſoft Retreat
From chilling Winds, and raging *Cancer*'s Heat.
The vengeful Sorc'reſs viſits this Receſs;
Her Charm infuſes, and infects the Place.
Soon as the Nymph wades in; Her nether Parts
Turn into Dogs; then at her ſelf ſhe ſtarts.

A ghaſtly Horror in her Eyes appears;
But yet ſhe knows not who it is ſhe fears;
In vain ſhe offers from her ſelf to run;
And drags about her what ſhe ſtrives to ſhun.
Oppreſs'd with Grief the pitying God appears;
And ſwells the riſing Surges with his Tears;
From the deteſted Sorcereſs he flies,
Her Art reviles, and her Addreſs denies;
Whilſt hapleſs *Scylla*, chang'd to Rocks, decrees
Deſtruction to thoſe Barques that beat the Seas.

The Voyage of Æneas *continued.*

Here bulg'd the Pride of fam'd *Ulyſſes'* Fleet,
But good *Æneas* 'ſcap'd the Fate he met.
As to the *Latian* Shore the *Trojan* ſtood,
And cut with well-timd Oars the foaming Flood:
He weather'd fell *Charybdis*: But e're long
The Skies were darken'd, and the Tempeſt ſtrong.
Then to the *Libyan* Coaſt he ſtretches o'er;
And makes at length the *Carthaginian* Shore.
Here *Dido*, with an hoſpitable Care,
Into her Heart receives the Wanderer.
From her kind Arms th' ungrateful Hero flies;
The injur'd Queen looks on with dying Eyes,
Then to her Folly falls a Sacrifice.
Æneas now ſets Sail, and plying gains
Fair *Eryx*, where his Friend *Aceſtes* reigns:
Firſt to his Sire does fun'ral Rites decree,
Then gives the Signal next, and ſtands to Sea;
Out-runs the Iſlands where *Volcano's* roar;
Gets clear of *Syrens*, and their faithleſs Shoar:

But looſes *Palynurus* in the Way;
Then makes *Inarime* and *Prochyta*.

The Transformation of CERCOPIANS *into Apes.*

The Gallies now by *Pythecuſa* paſs;
The Name is from the Natives of the Place.
The Father of the Gods deteſting Lies;
Oft, with Abhorrence, heard their Perjuries.
Th'abandon'd Race, transform'd to Beaſts, began
To mimick the Impertinence of Man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd; with Grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin:
Merry in Make, and buſy to no End;
This Moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this Species of their paſt retains;
Tho' loſt the Language, yet the Noiſe remains.

ÆNEAS *deſcends to Hell.*

Now, on his Right, he leaves *Parthenope*;
His Left, *Miſenus* jutting in the Sea:
Arrives at *Cumæ*, and with Awe ſurvey'd
The Grotto of the venerable Maid:
Begs Leave thro' black *Avernus* to retire;
And view the much-lov'd *Manes* of his Sire.
Strait the divining Virgin rais'd her Eyes;
And, foaming with a holy Rage, replies:
O thou, whoſe Worth thy wond'rous Works proclaim;
The Flames, thy Piety; the World, thy Fame:
Tho' great be thy Requeſt, yet ſhalt thou ſee
Th'*Elyſian* Fields, th'infernal Monarchy;
Thy Parent's Shade: This Arm thy Steps ſhall guide;
To ſuppliant Virtue nothing is deny'd.

She

She ſpoke, and pointing to the Golden Bough,
Which in th'*Avernian* Grove refulgent grew,
Seize That, She bids; He liſtens to the Maid;
Then views the mournful Manſions of the Dead:
The Shade of Great *Anchiſes*, and the Place
By Fates determin'd to the *Trojan* Race.
As back to upper Light the Hero came,
He thus ſalutes the Viſionary Dame.----
O, whether ſome propitious Deity,
Or lov'd by thoſe bright Rulers of the Sky!
With grateful Incenſe I ſhall ſtile you One,
And deem no Godhead greater than your own.
'Twas you reſtor'd me from the Realms of Night,
And gave me to behold the Fields of Light:
To feel the Breezes of Congenial Air;
And Nature's bleſt Benevolence to ſhare.

The Story of the SIBYLL.

I am no Deity, reply'd the Dame,
But Mortal, and religious Rites diſclaim.
Yet had avoided Death's tyrannick Sway,
Had I conſented to the God of Day.
With Promiſes he ſought my Love, and ſaid,
Have all you wiſh, my fair *Cumæan* Maid.
I paus'd; then pointing to a Heap of Sand,
For ev'ry Grain, to live a Year, demand.
But ah! unmindful of th' Effect of Time,
Forgot to covenant for Youth, and Prime.
The ſmiling Bloom, I boaſted once, is gone,
And feeble Age with lagging Limbs creeps on.
Sev'n Cent'ries have I liv'd; Three more fulfil
The Period of the Years to finiſh ſtill.

Who'll think that *Phœbus*, dreſt in Youth Divine,
Had once believ'd his Luſtre leſs than mine?
This wither'd Frame (ſo Fates have will'd) ſhall waſte
To nothing, but Prophetick Words, at laſt.
The *Sibyll* mounting now from nether Skies,
And the fam'd *Ilian* Prince, at *Cumæ* riſe.
He ſail'd, and near the Place to Anchor came,
Since call'd *Cajeta* from his Nurſe's Name.
Here did the luckleſs *Macareus*, a Friend
To wiſe *Ulyſſes*, his long Labours end.
Here, wandring *Achæmenides* he meets,
And, ſudden, thus his late Aſſociate greets.
Whence came you here, O Friend, and whither bound?
All gave you loſt on far *Cyclopean* Ground;
A *Greek*'s at laſt aboard a *Trojan* found.

The Adventures of ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus *Achæmenides* ---- With Thanks I name
Æneas, and his Piety proclaim.
I 'ſcap'd the *Cyclops* thro' the Hero's Aid,
Elſe in his Maw my mangled Limbs had laid.
When firſt your Navy under Sail he found,
" He rav'd, till *Ætna* labour'd with the Sound.
Raging, he ſtalk'd along the Mountain's Side,
And vented Clouds of Breath at ev'ry Stride.
" His Staff a Mountain Aſh; and in the Clouds
" Oft, as he walks, his griſly Front he ſhrowds.
Eyeleſs he grop'd about with vengeful Haſte,
And juſtled Promontories, as he paſs'd.
Then heav'd a Rock's high Summit to the Main,
And bellow'd, like ſome burſting Hurricane.

Oh! cou'd I ſeize *Ulyſſes* in his Flight,
How unlamented were my Loſs of Sight!
Theſe Jaws ſhould Piece-meal tear each panting Vein,
Grind ev'ry crackling Bone, and pound his Brain.
As thus he rav'd, my Joynts with Horror ſhook;
The Tide of Blood my chilling Heart forſook.
I ſaw him once diſgorge huge Morſels, raw,
Of Wretches undigeſted in his Maw.
From the pale breathleſs Trunks whole Limbs he tore,
His Beard all clotted with o'erflowing Gore.
My anxious Hours I paſs'd in Caves; my Food
Was Foreſt Fruits, and Wildings of the Wood.
At length a Sail I wafted, and aboard
My Fortune found an hoſpitable Lord.
Now, in Return, your own Adventures tell,
And what, ſince firſt you put to Sea, befell.

The Adventures of MACAREUS.

Then *Macareus*----There reign'd a Prince of Fame
O'er *Tuſcan* Seas, and *Æolus* his Name.
A Largeſs to *Ulyſſes* he conſign'd,
And in a Steer's tough Hide inclos'd a Wind.
Nine Days before the ſwelling Gale we ran;
The tenth, to make the meeting Land, began:
When now, the merry Mariners, to find
Imagin'd Wealth within, the Bag unbind.
Forthwith out-ruſh'd a Guſt, which backwards bore
Our Gallies to the *Læſtrigonian* Shore,
Whoſe Crown, *Antiphates* the Tyrant wore.
Some few commiſſion'd were with Speed to treat;
We to his Court repair, his Guards we meet.

Two, friendly Flight preſerv'd; the Third was doom'd
To be by thoſe curs'd Cannibals conſum'd.
Inhumanly our hapleſs Friends they treat;
Our Men they murder, and deſtroy our Fleet.
In time the wiſe *Ulyſſes* bore away,
And drop'd his Anchor in yon faithleſs Bay.
The Thoughts of Perils paſt we ſtill retain,
And fear to land, till Lots appoint the Men.
Polites true, *Elpenor* giv'n to Wine,
Eurylochus, my ſelf, the Lots aſſign.
Deſign'd for Dangers, and reſolv'd to Dare,
To *Circe*'s fatal Palace we repair,

The Enchantments of CIRCE.

Before the ſpacious Front, a Herd we find
Of Beaſts, the fierceſt of the ſavage Kind.
Our trembling Steps with Blandiſhments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their Species, at our Feet.
Within, upon a ſumptuous Throne of State
On golden Columns rais'd th' Enchantreſs ſate.
Rich was her Robe, and amiable her Mein,
Her Aſpect awful, and ſhe look'd a Queen.
Her Maids not mind the Loom, nor houſhold Care,
" Nor wage in Needle-work a *Scythian* War.
But cull in Caniſters diſaſtrous Flow'rs,
" And Plants from haunted Heaths, and fairy Bow'rs,
" With brazen Sickles reap'd at Planetary Hours.
Each Doſe the Goddeſs weighs with watchful Eye;
So nice her Art in impious Pharmacy!
Entring ſhe greets us with a gracious Look,
And Airs, that future Amity beſpoke.

Her

Her ready Nymphs ſerve up a rich Repaſt;
The Bowl ſhe daſhes firſt, then gives to taſte.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
Her Pow'r we prove, and ſhew the Sorcery.
Soon, in a Length of Face, our Head extends;
Our Chine ſtiff Briſtles bears, and forward bends:
A Breadth of Brawn new burniſhes our Neck;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to ſpeak.
Alone *Eurylochus* refus'd to taſte,
Nor to a Beaſt obſcene the Man debas'd.
Hither *Ulyſſes* haſtes, (ſo Fates command)
And bears the pow'rful *Moly* in his Hand;
Unſheaths his Scymitar, aſſaults the Dame,
Preſerves his Species, and remains the ſame.
The Nuptial Rite this Outrage ſtrait attends;
The Dow'r deſir'd is his transfigur'd Friends.
The Incantation backward ſhe repeats,
Inverts her Rod, and what ſhe did, defeats.
And now our Skin grows ſmooth, our Shape upright;
Our Arms ſtretch up, our cloven Feet unite.
With Tears our weeping Gen'ral we embrace;
Hang on his Neck, and melt upon his Face.
Twelve Silver Moons in *Circe*'s Court we ſtay,
Whilſt there they waſte th' unwilling Hours away.
'Twas here I ſpy'd a Youth in *Parian* Stone;
His Head a Pecker bore; the Cauſe unknown
To Paſſengers. A Nymph of *Circe*'s Train
The Myſt'ry thus attempted to explain.

The Story of PICUS *and* CANENS.

Picus, who once th' *Auſonian* Sceptre held,
Could rein the Steed, and fit him for the Field.

So like he was to what you ſee, that ſtill
We doubt if real, or the Sculptor's Skill.
The Graces in the finiſh'd Piece, you find,
Are but the Copy of his fairer Mind.
Four Luſtres ſcarce the Royal Youth could name,
Till ev'ry Love-ſick Nymph confeſs'd a Flame.
Oft for his Love the Mountain *Dryads* ſu'd,
And ev'ry Silver Siſter of the Flood:
Thoſe of *Numicus*, *Albula*, and thoſe
Where *Almo* creeps, and haſty *Nar* o'erflows:
Where ſedgy *Anio* glides thro' ſmiling Meads,
Where ſhady *Farfar* ruſtles in the Reeds:
And thoſe that love the Lakes, and Homage owe
To the chaſte Goddeſs of the Silver Bow.

In vain each Nymph her brighteſt Charms put on,
His Heart no Sov'reign would obey but one.
She whom *Venilia*, on Mount *Palatine*,
To *Janus* bore, the faireſt of her Line.
Nor did her Face alone her Charms confeſs,
Her Voice was raviſhing, and pleas'd no leſs.
When-e'er ſhe ſung, ſo melting were her Strains,
The Flocks unfed ſeem'd liſt'ning on the Plains;
The Rivers would ſtand ſtill, the Cedars bend;
And Birds neglect their Pinions, to attend;
The Savage Kind in Foreſt-Wilds grow tame;
And *Canens*, from her heav'nly Voice, her Name.

Hymen had now in ſome ill-fated Hour
Their Hands united, as their Hearts before.
" Whilſt their ſoft Moments in Delights they waſte,
" And each new Day was dearer than the paſt;
Picus would ſometimes o'er the Foreſts rove,
And mingle Sports with Intervals of Love.

It chanc'd, as once the foaming Boar he chac'd,
His Jewels ſparkling on his *Tyrian* Veſt,
Laſcivious *Circe* well the Youth ſurvey'd,
As ſimpling on the flow'ry Hills ſhe ſtray'd.
Her wiſhing Eyes their ſilent Meſſage tell,
And from her Lap the verdant Miſchief fell.
As ſhe attempts at Words, his Courſer ſprings
O'er Hills, and Lawns, and ev'n a Wiſh outwings.
Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me ſo, pronounc'd the Dame,
If Plants have Pow'r, and Spells be not a Name.
She ſaid---- and forthwith form'd a Boar of Air,
That ſought the Covert with diſſembled Fear.
Swift to the Thicket *Picus* wings his Way
On Foot, to chaſe the viſionary Prey.
Now ſhe invokes the Daughters of the Night,
Does noxious Juices ſmear, and Charms recite;
Such as can veil the Moon's more feeble Fire,
Or ſhade the Golden Luſtre of her Sire.
In filthy Fogs ſhe hides the chearful Noon;
The Guard at Diſtance, and the Youth alone,
By thoſe fair Eyes, ſhe cries, and ev'ry Grace
That finiſh all the Wonders of your Face,
O! I conjure thee, hear a Queen complain,
Nor let the Sun's ſoft Lineage ſue in vain.
Who-e'er thou art, reply'd the King, forbear,
None can my Paſſion with my *Canens* ſhare.
" She firſt my ev'ry tender Wiſh poſſeſt,
" And found the ſoft Approaches to my Breaſt.
" In Nuptials bleſt, each looſe Deſire we ſhun,
" Nor Time can end, what Innocence begun.
" Think not, ſhe cry'd, to ſaunter out a Life
" Of Form, with that domeſtick Drudge, a Wife;

My juſt Revenge, dull Fool, e're long ſhall ſhow
What Ills we Women, if refus'd, can do:
Think me a Woman, and a Lover too.
" From dear ſucceſsful Spight we hope for Eaſe,
" Nor fail to Puniſh, where we fail to Pleaſe.
Now twice to Eaſt ſhe turns, as oft to Weſt;
Thrice waves her Wand, as oft a Charm expreſt.
On the loſt Youth her magick Pow'r ſhe tries;
Aloft he ſprings, and wonders how he flies.
On painted Plumes the Woods he ſeeks, and ſtill
The Monarch Oak he pierces with his Bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er *Latian* Lands he reigns;
Of *Picus* nothing but the Name remains.
The Winds from driſling Damps now purge the Air,
The Miſt ſubſides, the ſettling Skies are fair:
The Court their Sov'reign ſeek with Arms in Hand,
They threaten *Circe*, and their Lord demand.
Quick ſhe invokes the Spirits of the Air,
" And Twilight Elves that on dun Wings repair
" To Charnels, and th' unhallow'd Sepulcher.
Now, ſtrange to tell, the Plants ſweat Drops of Blood
The Trees are toſs'd from Foreſts where they ſtood;
Blue Serpents o'er the tainted Herbage ſlide,
Pale glaring Spectres on the *Æther* ride;
Dogs howl, Earth yawns, rent Rocks forſake their Beds,
And from their Quarries heave their ſtubborn Heads.
The ſad Spectators, ſtiffen'd with their Fears
She ſees, and ſudden ev'ry Limb ſhe ſmears;
Then each of ſavage Beaſts the Figure bears.
The Sun did now to Weſtern Waves retire,
In Tides to temper his bright World of Fire.

Canens

Canens laments her Royal Husband's Stay;
" Ill ſuits fond Love with Abſence, or Delay.
" Where ſhe commands, her ready People run;
" She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
Reſtleſs in Mind, and dying with Deſpair,
Her Breaſt ſhe beats, and tears her flowing Hair.
Six Days, and Nights ſhe wanders on, as Chance
Directs, without or Sleep, or Suſtenance.
Tiber at laſt beholds the weeping Fair;
Her feeble Limbs no more the Mourner bear;
Stretch'd on his Banks, ſhe to the Flood complains,
And faintly tunes her Voice to dying Strains.
The ſick'ning Swan thus hangs her Silver Wings,
And, as ſhe droops, her Elegy ſhe ſings.
E'er long ſad *Canens* waſtes to Air; whilſt Fame
The Place ſtill honours with her hapleſs Name.
Here did the tender Tale of *Picus* ceaſe,
Above Belief, the Wonder, I confeſs.
Again we ſail, but more Diſaſters meet,
Foretold by *Circe*, to our ſuff'ring Fleet.
My ſelf, unable further Woes to bear,
Declin'd the Voyage, and am refug'd Here.

ÆNEAS *arrives in* ITALY.

Thus *Macareus*---- Now with a pious Aim
Had good *Æneas* rais'd a fun'ral Flame,
In Honour of his hoary Nurſe's Name.
Her Epitaph he fix'd; and ſetting Sail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at ev'ry Gale.
He ſteer'd at Diſtance from the faithleſs Shore
Where the falſe Goddeſs reigns with fatal Pow'r;

And ſought thoſe grateful Groves, that ſhade the Plain,
Where *Tyber* rouls majeſtick to the Main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair Campain.
His Kindred Gods the Hero's Wiſhes crown
With fair *Lavinia*, and *Latinus'* Throne:
But not without a War the Prize he won.
Drawn up in bright Array the Battle ſtands:
Turnus with Arms his promis'd Wife demands.
Hetrurians, *Latians* equal Fortune ſhare;
And doubtful long appears the Face of War.
Both Pow'rs from neighb'ring Princes ſeek Supplies,
And Embaſſies appoint for new Allies.
Æneas, for Relief, *Evander* moves;
His Quarrel he aſſerts, his Cauſe approves.
The bold *Rutulians*, with an equal Speed,
Sage *Venulus* diſpatch to *Diomede*.
The King, late Griefs revolving in his Mind,
Theſe Reaſons for Neutrality aſſign'd.---
Shall I, of one poor Dotal Town poſſeſt,
My People thin, my wretched Country waſte;
An exil'd Prince, and on a ſhaking Throne;
Or riſque my Patron's Subjects, or my own?
You'll grieve the Harſhneſs of our Hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the Tale without a Tear.

The Adventures of DIOMEDES.

After fam'd *Ilium* was by *Argives* won,
And Flames had finiſh'd, what the Sword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, purſu'd us to the Main,
In Vengeance of her violated Fane.
Alone *Oilëus* forc'd the *Trojan* Maid,
Yet all were puniſh'd for the brutal Deed.

A Storm begins, the raging Waves run high,
The Clouds look heavy, and benight the Sky;
Red Sheets of Light'ning o'er the Seas are ſpread,
Our Tackling yields, and Wrecks at laſt ſucceed.
'Tis tedious our diſaſt'rous State to tell;
Ev'n *Priam* wou'd have pity'd, what befell.
Yet *Pallas* ſav'd me from the ſwallowing Main;
At home new Wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.
Chac'd from my Country, I once more repeat
All Suff'rings Seas could give, or War compleat.
For *Venus*, mindful of her Wound, decreed
Still new Calamities ſhould paſt ſucceed.
Agmon, impatient thro' ſucceſſive Ills,
With Fury, Love's bright Goddeſs thus reviles ----
Theſe Plagues in ſpight to *Diomede* are ſent;
" The Crime is his, but ours the Puniſhment.
" Let each, my Friends, her puny Spleen deſpiſe,
" And Dare that haughty Harlot of the Skies.
The reſt of *Agmon*'s Inſolence complain,
And of Irreverence the Wretch arraign.
About to anſwer; his blaſpheming Throat
Contracts, and ſhrieks in ſome diſdainful Note.
To his new Skin a Fleece of Feather clings,
Hides his late Arms, and lengthens into Wings.
The lower Features of his Face extend,
Warp into Horn, and in a Beak deſcend.
Some more experience *Agmon*'s Deſtiny,
And wheeling in the Air, like Swans they fly.
Theſe thin Remains to *Daunus*' Realms I bring,
And here I reign, a poor precarious King.

The Transformation of APPULUS.

Thus *Diomedes*. *Venulus* withdraws;
Unſped the Service of the common Cauſe.
Puteoli he paſſes, and ſurvey'd
A Cave long honour'd for its awful Shade.
Here trembling Reeds exclude the piercing Ray;
" Here Streams in gentle Falls thro' Windings ſtray,
" And with a paſſing Breath cool Zephyrs play.
The Goatherd God frequents the ſilent Place,
As once the Wood-Nymphs of the Sylvan Race,
Till *Appulus* with a diſhoneſt Air,
And groſs Behaviour, baniſh'd thence the Fair.
The bold Buffoon, when-e'er they tread the Green,
Their Motion mimicks, but with Geſts obſcene.
Looſe Language oft he utters; but e're long
A Bark in filmy Net-work binds his Tongue.
Thus chang'd, a baſe wild Olive he remains;
" The Shrub the Coarſeneſs of the Clown retains.

The TROJAN *Ships transform'd to Sea-Nymphs.*

Mean while the *Latians* all their Pow'r prepare,
'Gainſt Fortune, and the Foe to puſh the War.
With *Phrygian* Blood the floating Fields they ſtain;
But, ſhort of Succours, ſtill contend in vain.
Turnus remarks the *Trojan* Fleet ill mann'd,
Unguarded, and at Anchor near the Strand;
He thought; and ſtrait a lighted Brand he bore,
And Fire invades, what 'ſcap'd the Waves before.
The Billows from the kindling Prow retire;
Pitch, Roſin, Searwood on red Wings aſpire,
And *Vulcan* on the Seas exerts his Attribute of Fire.

This

This, when the Mother of the Gods beheld,
Her tow'ry Crown ſhe ſhook, and ſtood reveal'd;
Her brindl'd Lions rein'd, unveil'd her Head,
And hov'ring o'er her favour'd Fleet, ſhe ſaid:
Ceaſe *Turnus*, and the heav'nly Pow'rs reſpect,
Nor dare to violate, what I protect.
Theſe Gallies, once fair Trees, on *Ida* ſtood,
And gave their Shade to each deſcending God.
Nor ſhall conſume; irrevocable Fate
Allots their Being no determin'd Date.
Strait Peals of Thunder Heav'n's high Arches rend,
The Hail-ſtones leap, the Show'rs in Spouts deſcend.
The Winds with widen'd Throats the Signal give;
The Cables break, the ſmoaking Veſſels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming Flood,
The Timber ſoftens into Fleſh, and Blood;
The Yards, and Oars new Arms, and Legs deſign;
A Trunk the Hull; the ſlender Keel, a Spine;
The Prow a female Face; and by Degrees
The Gallies riſe green Daughters of the Seas.
" Sometimes on coral Beds they ſit in State,
Or wanton on the Waves they fear'd of late.
The Barks, that beat the Seas are ſtill their Care,
Themſelves remembring what of late they were;
To ſave a *Trojan* Sail in Throngs they preſs,
But ſmile to ſee *Alcinous* in Diſtreſs.
Unable were thoſe Wonders to deter
The *Latians* from their unſucceſsful War.
Both Sides for doubtful Victory contend;
And on their Courage, and their Gods depend.
Nor bright *Lavinia*, nor *Latinus'* Crown,
Warm their great Soul to War, like fair Renown.

Venus at laſt beholds her Godlike Son
Triumphant, and the Field of Battle won;
Brave *Turnus* ſlain, ſtrong *Ardea* but a Name,
" And bury'd in fierce Deluges of Flame.
" Her Tow'rs, that boaſted once a Sov'reign Sway,
" The Fate of fancy'd Grandeur, now betray.
A famiſh'd Heron from the Aſhes ſprings,
And beats the Ruin with diſaſt'rous Wings.
Calamities of Towns diſtreſt ſhe feigns,
And oft, with woful Shrieks, of War complains.

The Deification of ÆNEAS.

Now had *Æneas*, as ordain'd by Fate,
Surviv'd the Period of *Saturnia*'s Hate;
And by a ſure irrevocable Doom,
Fix'd the immortal Majeſty of *Rome*.
Fit for the Station of his Kindred Stars,
His Mother Goddeſs thus her Suit prefers.
Almighty Arbiter, whoſe pow'rful Nod
Shakes diſtant Earth, and bows our own Abode;
To thy great Progeny indulgent be,
And rank the Goddeſs-born a Deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal Eyes,
Thy Brother's Kingdoms of the nether Skies.
Forthwith a Conclave of the Godhead meets,
Where *Juno* in the ſhining Senate ſits.
Remorſe for paſt Revenge the Goddeſs feels;
Then thund'ring *Jove* th' Almighty Mandate ſeals;
Allots the Prince of his Celeſtial Line,
An *Apothëoſis*, and Rights Divine.
The chryſtal Manſions eccho with Applauſe,
And, with her Graces, Love's bright Queen withdraws;

Shoots in a Blaze of Light along the Skies,
And, born by Turtles, to *Laurentum* flies.
Alights, where thro' the Reeds *Numicius* ſtrays,
And to the Seas his watry Tribute pays.
The God ſhe ſupplicates to waſh away
The Parts more groſs, and ſubject to Decay,
And cleanſe the Goddeſs-born from Seminal Allay.
The horned Flood with glad Attention ſtands,
Then bids his Streams obey their Sire's Commands.
His better Parts by Luſtral Waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to Ætherial Mind;
With Gums of fragrant Scent the Goddeſs ſtrews,
And on his Features breathes ambroſial Dews.
Thus deify'd, new Honours *Rome* decrees,
Shrines, Feſtivals; and ſtiles him *Indiges*.

The Line of the LATIAN *Kings.*

Aſcanius now the *Latian* Sceptre ſways;
The *Alban* Nation, *Sylvius*, next obeys.
Then young *Latinus:* Next an *Alba* came,
The Grace, and Guardian of the *Alban* Name.
Then *Epitus*; then gentle *Capys* reign'd;
Then *Capetis* the regal Pow'r ſuſtain'd.
Next he, who periſh'd on the *Tuſcan* Flood,
And honour'd with his Name the River God.
Now haughty *Remulus* begun his Reign,
Who fell by Thunder he aſpir'd to feign.
Meek *Acrota* ſucceeded to the Crown;
From Peace endeavouring, more than Arms, Renown,
To *Aventinus* well reſign'd his Throne.
The Mount, on which he rul'd, preſerves his Name,
And *Procas* wore the Regal Diadem.

The Story of VERTUMNUS, *and* POMONA.

A *Hama-Dryad* flouriſh'd in theſe Days,
Her Name *Pomona*, from her Woodland Race.
In Garden Culture none could ſo excell,
Or form the pliant Souls of Plants ſo well;
Or to the Fruit more gen'rous Flavours lend,
Or teach the Trees with nobler Loads to bend.
The Nymph frequented not the flatt'ring Stream,
" Nor Meads, the Subject of a Virgin's Dream;
But to ſuch Joys her Nurs'ry did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable Care.
A Pruning-hook ſhe carry'd in her Hand,
And taught the Straglers to obey Command;
" Leſt the licentious, and unthrifty Bough,
" The too indulgent Parent ſhould undo.
" She ſhows, how Stocks invite to their Embrace
" A Graft, and naturalize a foreign Race
" To mend the Salvage Teint; and in its Stead
" Adopt new Nature, and a nobler Breed.
Now hourly ſhe obſerves her growing Care,
" And guards their Nonage from the bleaker Air:
Then opes her ſtreaming Sluices, to ſupply
With flowing Draughts her thirſty Family.
Long had ſhe labour'd to continue free
From Chains of Love, and Nuptial Tyranny;
And in her Orchard's ſmall Extent immur'd,
Her vow'd Virginity ſhe ſtill ſecur'd.
Oft would looſe *Pan*, and all the luſtful Train
Of Satyrs, tempt her Innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old Dotard, own'd a Flame;
And He, that frights the Thieves with Stratagem
Of Sword, and Something elſe too groſs to name.



M: Pool Sc:

To the R.t Hon.ble the Lady Juliana Boyle.

VIVIT POST FUNERA VIRTUS

P. 500.

Vertumnus too purſu'd the Maid no leſs;
But, with his Rivals, ſhar'd a like Succeſs.
To gain Acceſs a thouſand Ways he tries;
Oft, in the Hind, the Lover would diſguiſe.
The heedleſs Lout comes ſhambling on, and ſeems
Juſt ſweating from the Labour of his Teams.
Then, from the Harveſt, oft the mimick Swain
Seems bending with a Load of bearded Grain.
Sometimes a Dreſſer of the Vine he feigns,
And lawleſs Tendrils to their Bounds reſtrains.
Sometimes his Sword a Soldier ſhews; his Rod
An Angler; ſtill ſo various is the God.
Now, in a Forhead-Cloth, ſome Crone he ſeems,
A Staff ſupplying the Defect of Limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the Store
Of faireſt Fruit; the fair Poſſeſſor more;
Then greets her with a Kiſs: The unpractis'd Dame
Admir'd a Grandame kiſs'd with ſuch a Flame.
Now, ſeated by her, he beholds a Vine
Around an Elm in am'rous Foldings twine.
If that fair Elm, he cry'd, alone ſhould ſtand,
No Grapes would glow with Gold, and tempt the Hand;
Or if that Vine without her Elm ſhould grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected Shrub below.
Be then, fair Nymph, by theſe Examples led;
Nor ſhun, for fancy'd Fears, the Nuptial Bed.
Not ſhe for whom the *Lapithites* took Arms,
Nor *Sparta*'s Queen could boaſt ſuch heav'nly Charms.
And if you would on Woman's Faith rely,
None can your Choice direct ſo well, as I.
Tho' old, ſo much *Pomona* I adore,
Scarce does the bright *Vertumnus* love her more.

'Tis your fair ſelf alone his Breaſt inſpires
With ſofteſt Wiſhes, and unſoyl'd Deſires.
Then fly all vulgar Followers, and prove
The God of Seaſons only worth your Love.
On my Aſſurance well you may repoſe;
Vertumnus ſcarce *Vertumnus* better knows.
True to his Choice, all looſer Flames he flies;
" Nor for new Faces faſhionably dies.
The Charms of Youth, and ev'ry ſmiling Grace
Bloom in his Features, and the God confeſs.
Beſides, he puts on ev'ry Shape at Eaſe;
But thoſe the moſt, that beſt *Pomona* pleaſe.
Still to oblige her is her Lover's Aim;
Their Likings, and Averſions are the ſame.
Nor the fair Fruit your burthen'd Branches bear;
Nor all the youthful Product of the Year,
Could bribe his Choice; your ſelf alone can prove
A fit Reward for ſo refin'd a Love.
Relent, fair Nymph, and with a kind Regret,
Think 'tis *Vertumnus* weeping at your Feet.
A Tale attend, thro' *Cyprus* known, to prove
How *Venus* once reveng'd neglected Love.

The Story of IPHIS *and* ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar Birth, by Chance had view'd
Fair *Anaxaretè* of *Teucer*'s Blood.
Not long had he beheld the Royal Dame,
E're the bright Sparkle kindled into Flame.
Oft did he ſtruggle with a juſt Deſpair,
Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear.
" But Love, who flatters ſtill his own Diſeaſe,
" Hopes all things will ſucceed, he knows will pleaſe.

Where-e'er the fair one haunts, he hovers there;
And ſeeks her Confident with Sighs, and Pray'r.
Or Letters he conveys, that ſeldom prove
" Succeſsleſs Meſſengers in Suits of Love.
Now ſhiv'ring at her Gates the Wretch appears,
And Myrtle Garlands on the Columns rears,
Wet with a Deluge of unbidden Tears.
The Nymph more hard than Rocks, more deaf than Seas,
Derides his Pray'rs; inſults his Agonies;
Arraigns of Inſolence th' aſpiring Swain;
And takes a cruel Pleaſure in his Pain.
Reſolv'd at laſt to finiſh his Deſpair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable Fair.——
O *Anaxaretè*, at laſt forget
" The Licence of a Paſſion indiſcreet.
Now Triumph, ſince a welcome Sacrifice
Your Slave prepares, to offer to your Eyes.
My Life, without Reluctance, I reſign;
That Preſent beſt can pleaſe a Pride, like Thine.
But, O! forbear to blaſt a Flame ſo bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the Light.
And you, great Pow'rs, do Juſtice to my Name;
The Hours, you take from Life, reſtore to Fame.
Then o'er the Poſts, once hung with Wreaths, he throws
The ready Cord, and fits the fatal Nooſe;
For Death prepares; and bounding from above,
At once the Wretch concludes his Life and Love.
E're long the People gather, and the Dead
Is to his mourning Mother's Arms, convey'd.
Firſt, like ſome ghaſtly Statue, ſhe appears;
Then baths the breathleſs Coarſe in Seas of Tears,
And gives it to the Pile; now as the Throng
Proceed in ſad Solemnity along,

To view the paſſing Pomp, the cruel Fair
Haſtes, and beholds her breathleſs Lover there.
Struck with the ſight, inanimate ſhe ſeems;
Set are her Eyes, and motionleſs her Limbs:
Her Features without Fire, her Colour gone,
And, like her Heart, ſhe hardens into Stone.
In *Salamis* the Statue ſtill is ſeen
In the fam'd Temple of the *Cyprian* Queen.
Warn'd by this Tale, no longer then diſdain,
O Nymph belov'd, to eaſe a Lover's Pain.
So may the Froſts in Spring your Bloſſoms ſpare,
And Winds their rude Autumnal Rage forbear.
The Story oft *Vertumnus* urg'd in vain,
But then aſſum'd his heav'nly Form again.
Such Looks, and Luſtre the bright Youth adorn,
As when with Rays glad *Phœbus* paints the Morn.
The Sight ſo warms the fair admiring Maid,
Like Snow ſhe melts: So ſoon can Youth perſuade.
Conſent, on eager Wings, ſucceeds Deſire;
And both the Lovers glow with mutual Fire.

The LATIAN *Line continu'd.*

Now *Procas* yielding to the Fates, his Son
Mild *Numitor* ſucceeded to the Crown.
But falſe *Amulius*, with a lawleſs Pow'r,
At length depos'd his Brother *Numitor*.
Then *Ilia*'s valiant Iſſue, with the Sword,
Her Parent reinthron'd, the rightful Lord.
Next *Romulus* to People *Rome* contrives;
The joyous time of *Pales*' Feaſt arrives;
He gives the Word to ſeize the *Sabine* Wives.

The

The Sires enrag'd take Arms, by *Tatius* led,
Bold to revenge their violated Bed.
A Fort there was, not yet unknown to Fame,
Call'd the *Tarpeian*, its Commander's Name.
This by the falſe *Tarpeia* was betray'd,
But Death well recompens'd the treach'rous Maid.
The Foe on this new-bought Succeſs relies,
And, ſilent, march; the City to ſurprize.
Saturnia's Arts with *Sabine* Arms combine;
But *Venus* countermines the vain Deſign;
Intreats the Nymphs that o'er the Springs preſide,
Which near the Fane of hoary *Janus* glide,
To ſend their Succours; ev'ry Urn they drain,
To ſtop the *Sabines* Progreſs, but in vain.
The *Naiads* now more Stratagems eſſay;
And kindling Sulphur to each Source convey.
The Floods ferment, hot Exhalations riſe,
Till from the ſcalding Ford the Army flies.
Soon *Romulus* appears in ſhining Arms,
And to the War the *Roman* Legions warms.
The Battle rages, and the Field is ſpread
With nothing, but the Dying and the Dead.
Both Sides conſent to treat without Delay,
And their two Chiefs at once the Sceptre ſway.
But *Tatius* by *Lavinian* Fury ſlain;
Great *Romulus* continu'd long to reign.

The Aſſumption of ROMULUS.

Now Warrior *Mars* his burniſh'd Helm puts on,
And thus addreſſes Heav'n's Imperial Throne.
Since the inferior World is now become
" One Vaſſal Globe, and Colony to *Rome*,

This Grace, O *Jove*, for *Romulus* I claim,
Admit him to the Skies, from whence he came.
Long haſt thou promis'd an Ætherial State
To *Mars*'s Lineage; and thy Word is Fate.
The Sire, that rules the Thunder, with a Nod
" Declar'd the *Fiat*, and diſmiſs'd the God.
Soon as the Pow'r Armipotent ſurvey'd
The flaſhing Skies, the Signal he obey'd;
And leaning on his Lance, he mounts his Car,
His fiery Courſers laſhing thro' the Air.
Mount *Palatine* he gains, and finds his Son
Good Laws enacting on a peaceful Throne;
" The Scales of heav'nly Juſtice holding high,
" With ſteady Hand, and a diſcerning Eye.
Then vaults upon his Carr, and to the Spheres,
Swift as a flying Shaft, *Rome*'s Founder bears.
The Parts, more pure, in riſing are refin'd,
The groſs, and periſhable lag behind.
His Shrine in purple Veſtments ſtands in view;
He looks a God, and is *Quirinus* now.

The Aſſumption of HERSILIA.

E're long the Goddeſs of the nuptial Bed,
With Pity mov'd, ſends *Iris* in her Stead
To ſad *Herſilia*---- Thus the Meteor Maid:----
Chaſt Relict! in bright Truth to Heav'n ally'd,
The *Sabines* Glory, and the Sex's Pride;
Honour'd on Earth, and worthy of the Love
Of ſuch a Spouſe, as now reſides above.
Some Reſpite to thy killing Griefs afford;
And if thou would'ſt once more behold thy Lord,

Retire to yon ſteep Mount, with Groves o'er-ſpread,
Which with an awful Gloom his Temple ſhade.
With Fear the modeſt Matron lifts her Eyes,
And to the bright Embaſſadreſs replies:----
O Goddeſs, yet to mortal Eyes unknown,
But ſure thy various Charms confeſs thee one:
O quick to *Romulus* thy Votreſs bear,
" With Looks of Love he'll ſmile away my Care;
In what-e'er Orb he ſhines, my Heav'n is there;
Then haſtes with *Iris* to the holy Grove,
And up the Mount *Quirinal* as they move,
A lambent Flame glides downward thro' the Air,
And brightens with a Blaze *Herſilia*'s Hair.
Together on the bounding Ray they riſe,
And ſhoot a Gleam of Light along the Skies.
With op'ning Arms *Quirinus* met his Bride,
Now *Ora* nam'd, and preſs'd her to his Side.

N. B. *Where this Mark " appears, the Lines of this Book are paraphras'd.*

The End of the Fourteenth Book.

OVID's

E. Kirkall Sculp.

To Her Grace the  Dutchess of S.t Alban's

OVID's

METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XV.

Tranſlated by Mr. DRYDEN, *and Others.*

The PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

A KING is ſought to guide the growing State,
One able to ſupport the Publick Weight,
And fill the Throne where *Romulus* had ſate.
Renown, which oft beſpeaks the Publick Voice,
Had recommended *Numa* to their Choice:
A peaceful, pious Prince; who not content
To know the *Sabine* Rites, his Study bent
To cultivate his Mind; to learn the Laws
Of Nature, and explore their hidden Cauſe.
Urg'd by this Care, his Country he forſook,
And to *Crotona* thence his Journey took.
Arriv'd, he firſt enquir'd the Founder's Name
Of this new Colony; and whence he came.
Then thus a Senior of the Place replies,
(Well read, and curious of Antiquities)

'Tis ſaid, *Alcides* hither took his way
From *Spain*, and drove along his conquer'd Prey;
Then, leaving in the Fields his grazing Cows,
He ſought himſelf ſome hoſpitable Houſe:
Good *Croton* entertain'd his Godlike Gueſt;
While he repair'd his weary Limbs with Reſt.
The Hero, thence departing, bleſs'd the Place;
And here, he ſaid, in Time's revolving Race,
A riſing Town ſhall take his Name from thee.
Revolving Time fulfill'd the Prophecy:
For *Myſcelos*, the juſteſt Man on Earth,
Alemon's Son, at *Argos* had his Birth:
Him *Hercules*, arm'd with his Club of Oak,
O'erſhadow'd in a Dream, and thus beſpoke;
Go, leave thy Native Soil, and make Abode
Where *Æſaris* rowls down his rapid Flood:
He ſaid; and Sleep forſook him, and the God.
Trembling he wak'd, and roſe with anxious Heart;
His Country Laws forbad him to depart:
What ſhou'd he do? 'Twas Death to go away,
And the God menac'd if he dar'd to ſtay.
All Day he doubted, and when Night came on,
Sleep, and the ſame forewarning Dream, begun:
Once more the God ſtood threatning o'er his Head;
With added Curſes if he diſobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he ſtudy'd Flight; but wou'd convey,
At once, his Perſon and his Wealth away:
Thus while he linger'd, his Deſign was heard;
A ſpeedy Proceſs form'd, and Death declar'd.
Witneſs there needed none of his Offence;
Againſt himſelf the Wretch was Evidence:
Condemn'd, and deſtitute of human Aid,
To him, for whom he ſuffer'd, thus he pray'd.

O Pow'r, who haſt deſerv'd in Heav'n a Throne,
Not giv'n, but by thy Labours made thy own,
Pity thy Suppliant, and protect his Cauſe,
Whom thou haſt made obnoxious to the Laws.
A Cuſtom was of old, and ſtill remains;
Which Life or Death by Suffrages ordains:
White Stones and Black within an Urn are caſt;
The firſt abſolve, but Fate is in the laſt.
The Judges to the common Urn bequeath
Their Votes, and drop the Sable Signs of Death;
The Box receives all Black, but, pour'd from thence,
The Stones came candid forth; the Hue of Innocence.
Thus *Alemonides* his Safety won,
Preſerv'd from Death by *Alcumena*'s Son:
Then to his Kinſman-God his Vows he pays,
And cuts with proſp'rous Gales th' *Ionian* Seas:
He leaves *Tarentum*, favour'd by the Wind,
And *Thurine* Bays, and *Temiſes*, behind;
Soft *Sybaris*, and all the Capes that ſtand
Along the Shore, he makes in ſight of Land;
Still doubling, and ſtill coaſting, till he found
The Mouth of *Æſaris*, and promis'd Ground;
Then ſaw where, on the Margin of the Flood,
The Tomb that held the Bones of *Croton* ſtood:
Here, by the Gods Command, he built and wall'd
The Place predicted; and *Crotona* call'd.
Thus Fame, from time to time, delivers down
The ſure Tradition of th' *Italian* Town.
Here dwelt the Man divine, whom *Samos* bore,
But now Self-baniſh'd from his Native Shore,
Becauſe he hated Tyrants, nor cou'd bear
The Chains which none but ſervile Souls will wear:

He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n cou'd move.
With Strength of Mind, and tread th' Abyſs above;
And penetrate, with his interior Light,
Thoſe upper Depths, which Nature hid from Sight:
And what he had obſerv'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar Language to diſpence,
The Crowd with ſilent Admiration ſtand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's Command;
While he diſcours'd of Heav'n's myſterious Laws,
The World's Original, and Nature's Cauſe;
And what was God; and why the fleecy Snows
In Silence fell, and rattling Winds aroſe;
What ſhook the ſtedfaſt Earth, and whence begun
The Dance of Planets round the radiant Sun;
If Thunder was the Voice of angry *Jove*,
Or Clouds, with Nitre pregnant, burſt above:
Of theſe, and Things beyond the common Reach,
He ſpoke, and charm'd his Audience with his Speech.
He firſt the Taſte of Fleſh from Tables drove,
And argu'd well, if Arguments cou'd move.
O Mortals, from your Fellows Blood abſtain,
Nor taint your Bodies with a Food profane:
While Corn and Pulſe by Nature are beſtow'd,
And planted Orchards bend their willing Load;
While labour'd Gardens wholſom Herbs produce,
And teeming Vines afford their gen'rous Juice;
Nor tardier Fruits of cruder Kind are loſt,
But tam'd with Fire, or mellow'd by the Froſt;
While Kine to Pails diſtended Udders bring,
And Bees their Hony redolent of Spring;
While Earth not only can your Needs ſupply,
But, laviſh of her Store, provides for Luxury;

A guiltleſs Feaſt adminiſters with Eaſe,
And without Blood is prodigal to pleaſe.
Wild Beaſts their Maws with their ſlain Brethren fill;
And yet not all, for ſome refuſe to kill;
Sheep, Goats, and Oxen, and the nobler Steed,
On Browz, and Corn, and flow'ry Meadows, feed.
Bears, Tygers, Wolves, the Lyon's angry Brood,
Whom Heav'n endu'd with Principles of Blood,
He wiſely ſundred from the reſt, to yell
In Foreſts, and in lonely Caves to dwell;
Where ſtronger Beaſts oppreſs the Weak by Might,
And all in Prey and purple Feaſts delight.
O impious Uſe! to Nature's Laws oppos'd,
Where Bowels are in other Bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their Fellow's Fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by Murder, and by Death they live.
'Tis then for nought that Mother Earth provides
The Stores of all ſhe ſhows, and all ſhe hides,
If Men with fleſhy Morſels muſt be fed,
And chaw with bloody Teeth the breathing Bread:
What elſe is this, but to devour our Gueſts,
And barb'rouſly renew *Cyclopean* Feaſts!
We, by deſtroying Life, our Life ſuſtain;
And gorge th' ungodly Maw with Meats obſcene.
Not ſo the Golden Age, who fed on Fruit,
Nor durſt with bloody Meals their Mouths pollute.
Then Birds in airy Space might ſafely move,
And tim'rous Hares on Heaths ſecurely rove:
Nor needed Fiſh the guileful Hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful; and that Peace ſincere.
Whoever was the Wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd firſt our Food's Simplicity,

Th' Eſſay of bloody Feaſts on Brutes began,
And after forg'd the Sword to murder Man.
Had he the ſharpen'd Steel alone employ'd
On Beaſts of Prey, that other Beaſts deſtroy'd,
Or Man invaded with their Fangs and Paws,
This had been juſtify'd by Nature's Laws,
And Self-defence: But who did Feaſts begin
Of Fleſh, he ſtretch'd Neceſſity to Sin.
To kill Man-killers, Man has lawful Pow'r,
But not th' extended Licence, to devour.
Ill Habits gather by unſeen Degrees,
As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers run to Seas.
The Sow, with her broad Snout, for rooting up
Th' intruſted Seed, was judg'd to ſpoil the Crop,
And intercept the ſweating Farmer's Hope:
The covet'ous Churl, of unforgiving Kind,
Th' Offender to the bloody Prieſt reſign'd:
Her Hunger was no Plea: For that ſhe dy'd.
The Goat came next in order, to be try'd:
The Goat had cropt the Tendrills of the Vine:
In vengeance Laity and Clergy join,
Where one had loſt his Profit, one his Wine.
Here was, at leaſt, ſome Shadow of Offence:
The Sheep was ſacrific'd on no Pretence,
But meek and unreſiſting Innocence.
A patient, uſeful Creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloath'd her Murderer;
And daily to give down the Milk ſhe bred,
A Tribute for the Graſs on which ſhe fed.
Living, both Food and Rayment ſhe ſupplies,
And is of leaſt Advantage when ſhe dies.
How did the toiling Oxe his Death deſerve,
A downright ſimple Drudge, and born to ſerve?

O Tyrant! with what Juſtice canſt thou hope
The Promiſe of the Year, a plenteous Crop;
When thou deſtroy'ſt thy lab'ring Steer, who till'd,
And plough'd with Pains, thy elſe ungrateful Field?
From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
That Neck with which the ſurly Clods he broke;
And to the Hatchet yield thy Husband-man,
Who finiſh'd Autumn, and the Spring began!
Nor this alone! but Heav'n it ſelf to bribe,
We to the Gods our impious Acts aſcribe:
Firſt recompence with Death their Creatures Toil;
Then call the Bleſs'd above to ſhare the Spoil:
The faireſt Victim muſt the Pow'rs appeaſe,
(So fatal 'tis ſometimes too much to pleaſe!)
A purple Fillet his broad Brows adorns,
With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded Horns:
He hears the murd'rous Pray'r the Prieſt prefers,
But underſtands not, 'tis his Doom he hears:
Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples caſt,
(The Fruit and Product of his Labours paſt;)
And in the Water views perhaps the Knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his Life;
Then broken up alive, his Entrails ſees
Torn out, for Prieſts t'inſpect the Gods Decrees.
From whence, O mortal Men, this Guſt of Blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted Food?
Be taught by me this dire Delight to ſhun,
Warn'd by my Precepts, by my Practice won:
And when you eat the well-deſerving Beaſt,
Think, on the Lab'rer of your Field you feaſt!
Now ſince the God inſpires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inſpiring Pow'r, obey'd.

For I will ſing of mighty Myſteries,
Of Truths conceal'd before, from human Eyes;
Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere
Of ſhining Stars, and travel with the Year,
To leave the heavy Earth, and ſcale the Height
Of *Atlas*, who ſupports the heav'nly Weight;
To look from upper Light, and thence ſurvey
Miſtaken Mortals wandring from the Way,
And wanting Wiſdom, fearful for the State
Of future Things, and trembling at their Fate!
Thoſe I wou'd teach; and by right Reaſon bring
To think of Death, as but an idle Thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,
A Dream of Darkneſs, and fictitious Flame?
Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems paſs,
And Fables of a World, that never was!
What feels the Body when the Soul expires,
By Time corrupted, or conſum'd by Fires?
Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats
In other Forms, and only changes Seats.
Ev'n I, who theſe myſterious Truths declare,
Was once *Euphorbus* in the *Trojan* War;
My Name and Lineage I remember well,
And how in Fight by *Sparta*'s King I fell.
In *Argive Juno*'s Fane I late beheld
My Buckler hung on high, and own'd my former Shield.
Then, Death, ſo call'd, is but old Matter dreſs'd
In ſome new Figure, and a vary'd Veſt:
Thus all Things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies,

By Time, or Force, or Sickneſs diſpoſſeſt,
And lodges, where it lights, in Man or Beaſt;
Or hunts without, till ready Limbs it find,
And actuates thoſe according to their Kind;
From Tenement to Tenement is toſs'd,
The Soul is ſtill the ſame, the Figure only loſt:
And, as the ſoften'd Wax new Seals receives,
This Face aſſumes, and that Impreſſion leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another Name;
The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is ſtill the ſame:
So Death, ſo call'd, can but the Form deface;
Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty Space,
To ſeek her Fortune in ſome other Place.
Then let not Piety be put to flight,
To pleaſe the Taſte of Glutton Appetite;
But ſuffer inmate Souls ſecure to dwell,
Leſt from their Seats your Parents you expel;
With rabid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
Or from a Beaſt diſlodge a Brother's Mind.
And ſince, like *Typhis* parting from the Shore,
In ample Seas I ſail, and Depths untry'd before,
This let me further add, That Nature knows
No ſtedfaſt Station, but, or Ebbs, or Flows:
Ever in Motion; ſhe deſtroys her old,
And caſts new Figures in another Mold.
Ev'n Times are in perpetual Flux, and run,
Like Rivers from their Fountain, rowling on.
For Time, no more than Streams, is at a Stay;
The flying Hour is ever on her Way:
And as the Fountain ſtill ſupplies her Store,
The Wave behind impels the Wave before;

Thus in ſucceſſive Courſe the Minutes run,
And urge their Predeceſſor Minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: For former Things
Are ſet aſide, like abdicated Kings:
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates ſome Act, till then unknown.
Darkneſs we ſee emerges into Light,
And ſhining Suns deſcend to Sable Night;
Ev'n Heav'n it ſelf receives another Dye,
When weary'd Animals in Slumbers lie
Of Midnight Eaſe: Another, when the Gray
Of Morn preludes the Splendor of the Day.
The Disk of *Phœbus*, when he climbs on high,
Appears at firſt but as a bloodſhot Eye;
And when his Chariot downward drives to Bed,
His Ball is with the ſame Suffuſion red;
But mounted high in his Meridian Race
All bright he ſhines, and with a better Face:
For there, pure Particles of *Æther* flow,
Far from th' Infection of the World below.
Nor equal Light th' unequal Moon adorns,
Or in her wexing, or her waning Horns.
For ev'ry Day ſhe wanes, her Face is leſs;
But gath'ring into Globe, ſhe fattens at Increaſe.
Perceiv'ſt thou not the Proceſs of the Year,
How the four Seaſons in four Forms appear,
Reſembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear?
Spring firſt, like Infancy, ſhoots out her Head,
With milky Juice requiring to be fed:
Helpleſs, tho' freſh, and wanting to be led.
The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's Eyes;

Then laughs the childiſh Year with Flowrets crown'd,
And laviſhly perfumes the Fields around,
But no ſubſtantial Nouriſhment receives;
Infirm the Stalks, unſolid are the Leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the Year began,
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man.
This Seaſon, as in Men, is moſt repleat
With kindly Moiſture, and prolifick Heat.
Autumn ſucceeds, a ſober tepid Age,
Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;
More than mature, and tending to Decay,
When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious Grey.
Laſt, Winter creeps along with tardy Pace,
Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face;
His Scalp if not diſhonour'd quite of Hair,
The ragged Fleece is thin; and thin is worſe than bare.
Ev'n our own Bodies daily Change receive,
Some Part of what was theirs before, they leave;
Nor are to-Day what Yeſterday they were;
Nor the whole Same to-Morrow will appear.
Time was, when we were ſow'd, and juſt began,
From ſome few fruitful Drops, the Promiſe of a Man:
Then Nature's Hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to Shape the ſoft, coagulated Maſs;
And when the little Man was fully form'd,
The breathleſs Embrio with a Spirit warm'd;
But when the Mother's Throws begin to come,
The Creature, pent within the narrow Room,
Breaks his blind Priſon, puſhing to repair
His ſtiffled Breath, and draw the living Air;
Caſt on the Margin of the World he lies,
A helpleſs Babe, but by Inſtinct he cries.

He next eſſays to walk, but downward preſs'd
On four Feet imitates his Brother Beaſt:
By ſlow Degrees he gathers from the Ground
His Legs, and to the rowling Chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a Horſeman now become,
He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room:
In time he vaunts among his youthful Peers,
Strong-bon'd, and ſtrung with Nerves, in Pride of Years,
He runs with Mettle his firſt merry Stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,
But manages his Strength, and ſpares his Age.
Heavy the third, and ſtiff, he ſinks apace,
And tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the Race.
Now ſapleſs on the Verge of Death he ſtands,
Contemplating his former Feet, and Hands;
And, *Milo*-like, his ſlacken'd Sinews ſees,
And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules*,
Unable now to ſhake, much leſs to tear, the Trees.
So *Helen* wept, when her too faithful Glaſs
Reflected on her Eyes the Ruins of her Face:
Wondring what Charms her Raviſhers cou'd ſpy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once t'enjoy!
Thy Teeth, devouring Time, thine, envious Age,
On Things below ſtill exerciſe your Rage:
With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat,
And then, at lingring Meals, the Morſels eat.
Nor thoſe, which Elements we call, abide,
Nor to this Figure, nor to that, are ty'd:
For this eternal World is ſaid of Old,
But four prolifick Principles to hold,
Four different Bodies; two to Heav'n aſcend,
And other two down to the Center tend:

Fire

Fire firſt with Wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of Weight, and dwells in upper Sky;
Then Air, becauſe unclog'd in empty Space,
Flies after Fire, and claims the ſecond Place:
But weighty Water, as her Nature guides,
Lies on the lap of Earth; and Mother Earth ſubſides.
All Things are mix'd of theſe, which all contain,
And into theſe are all reſolv'd again:
Earth rarifies to Dew, expanded more,
The ſubtil Dew in Air begins to ſoar;
Spreads as ſhe flies, and weary of her Name
Extenuates ſtill, and changes into Flame;
Thus having by degrees Perfection won,
Reſtleſs they ſoon untwiſt the Web they ſpun,
And Fire begins to loſe her radiant Hue,
Mix'd with groſs Air, and Air deſcends to Dew;
And Dew condenſing, does her Form forego,
And ſinks, a heavy lump of Earth, below.
Thus are their Figures never at a ſtand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating Hand;
All Things are alter'd, nothing is deſtroy'd,
The ſhifted Scene for ſome new Show employ'd.
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other Thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to Die, is not t'appear,
Or be the Thing that formerly we were.
Thoſe very Elements which we partake,
Alive, when Dead ſome other Bodies make:
Tranſlated grow, have Senſe, or can Diſcourſe;
But Death on deathleſs Subſtance has no Force.
That Forms are chang'd I grant; that nothing can
Continue in the Figure it began:

The golden Age, to Silver was debas'd:
To Copper that; our Mettal came at laſt.
The Face of Places, and their Forms, decay;
And that is ſolid Earth, that once was Sea:
Seas in their Turn retreating from the Shore,
Make ſolid Land, what Ocean was before;
And far from Strands are Shells of Fiſhes found,
And ruſty Anchors fix'd on Mountain-Ground:
And what were Fields before, now waſh'd and worn
By falling Floods from high, to Valleys turn,
And crumbling ſtill deſcend to level Lands;
And Lakes, and trembling Bogs, are barren Sands:
And the parch'd Deſart floats in Streams unknown;
Wondring to drink of Waters not her own.
Here Nature living Fountains opes; and there
Seals up the Wombs where living Fountains were;
Or Earthquakes ſtop their ancient Courſe, and bring
Diverted Streams to feed a diſtant Spring.
So *Lycus*, ſwallow'd up, is ſeen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another Door.
Thus *Eraſinus* dives; and blind in Earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to ſecond Birth,
Starts up in *Argos* Meads, and ſhakes his Locks
Around the Fields, and fattens all the Flocks.
So *Myſus* by another way is led,
And, grown a River, now diſdains his Head:
Forgets his humble Birth, his Name forſakes,
And the proud Title of *Caicus* takes.
Large *Amenane*, impure with yellow Sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often ſtands,
And here he threats the drunken Fields to drown;
And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor down.

Anigros once did wholſome Draughts afford,
But now his deadly Waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by *Hercules*, as Fame reſounds,
The Centaurs in his Current waſh'd their Wounds.
The Streams of *Hypanis* are ſweet no more,
But brackiſh loſe the Taſte they had before.
Antiſſa, *Pharos*, *Tyre*, in Seas were pent,
Once Iſles, but now increaſe the Continent;
While the *Leucadian* Coaſt, main Land before,
By ruſhing Seas is ſever'd from the Shore.
So *Zancle* to th' *Italian* Earth was ty'd,
And Men once walk'd where Ships at Anchor ride.
Till *Neptune* overlook'd the narrow Way,
And in Diſdain pour'd in the conqu'ring Sea.
Two Cities that adorn'd th' *Achaian* Ground,
Buris and *Helice*, no more are found,
But, whelm'd beneath a Lake, are ſunk and drown'd;
And Boatſmen through the Chryſtal Water ſhow,
To wond'ring Paſſengers, the Walls below.
Near *Træzen* ſtands a Hill, expos'd in Air
To Winter-winds, of leafy Shadows bare:
This once was level Ground: But (ſtrange to tell)
Th' included Vapours, that in Caverns dwell,
Lab'ring with Cholick Pangs, and cloſe confin'd,
In vain ſought Iſſue for the rumbling Wind:
Yet ſtill they heav'd for Vent, and heaving ſtill
Inlarg'd the Concave, and ſhot up the Hill;
As Breath extends a Bladder, or the Skins
Of Goats are blown t'incloſe the hoarded Wines:
The Mountain yet retains a Mountain's Face,
And gather'd Rubbiſh heals the hollow Space.
Of many Wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching moſt, I will relate but few:

What, are not Springs with Qualities oppos'd,
Endu'd at Seaſons, and at Seaſons loſt?
Thrice in a Day thine, *Ammon*, change their Form,
Cold at high Noon, at Morn and Evening warm:
Thine, *Athaman*, will kindle Wood, if thrown
On the pil'd Earth, and in the waning Moon.
The *Thracians* have a Stream, if any try
The Taſte, his harden'd Bowels petrify;
Whate'er it touches it converts to Stones,
And makes a Marble Pavement where it runs.
Crathis, and *Sybaris* her Siſter Flood,
That ſlide through our *Calabrian* Neighbour Wood,
With Gold and Amber dye the ſhining Hair,
And thither Youth reſort; (for who would not be Fair?)
But ſtranger Virtues yet in Streams we find,
Some change not only Bodies, but the Mind:
Who has not heard of *Salmacis* obſcene,
Whoſe Waters into Women ſoften Men?
Or *Æthiopian* Lakes, which turn the Brain
To Madneſs, or in heavy Sleep conſtrain?
Clytorian Streams the Love of Wine expel,
(Such is the Virtue of th' abſtemious Well,)
Whether the colder Nymph that rules the Flood
Extinguiſhes, and balks the drunken God;
Or that *Melampus* (ſo have ſome aſſur'd)
When the mad *Prætides* with Charms he cur'd;
And pow'rful Herbs, both Charms and Simples caſt
Into the ſober Spring, where ſtill their Virtues laſt.
Unlike Effects *Lynceſtis* will produce;
Who drinks his Waters, tho' with moderate Uſe,
Reels as with Wine, and ſees with double Sight:
His Heels too heavy, and his Head too light.

Ladon,

Ladon, once *Pheneos*, an *Arcadian* Stream,
(Ambiguous in th' Effects, as in the Name)
By Day is wholſome Bev'rage; but is thought
By Night infected, and a deadly Draught.
Thus running Rivers, and the ſtanding Lake,
Now of theſe Virtues, now of thoſe partake:
Time was (and all Things Time and Fate obey)
When faſt *Ortygia* floated on the Sea;
Such were *Cyanean* Iſles, when *Typhis* ſteer'd
Betwixt their Streights, and their Colliſion fear'd;
They ſwam where now they ſit; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, reſiſt the Wind.
Nor *Ætna* vomiting ſulphureous Fire
Will ever belſh; for Sulphur will expire,
(The Veins exhauſted of the liquid Store:)
Time was ſhe caſt no Flames; in time will caſt no more.
For whether Earth's an Animal, and Air
Imbibes; her Lungs with Coolneſs to repair,
And what ſhe ſucks remits; ſhe ſtill requires
Inlets for Air, and Outlets for her Fires;
When tortur'd with convulſive Fits ſhe ſhakes,
That Motion choaks the Vent, till other Vent ſhe makes:
Or when the Winds in hollow Caves are clos'd
And ſubtil Spirits find that Way oppos'd,
They toſs up Flints in Air; the Flints that hide
The Seeds of Fire, thus toſs'd in Air, collide,
Kindling the Sulphur, till the Fewel ſpent
The Cave is cool'd, and the fierce Winds relent.
Or whether Sulphur, catching Fire, feeds on
Its unctuous Parts, till all the Matter gone
The Flames no more aſcend; for Earth ſupplies
The Fat that feeds them; and when Earth denies

That Food, by length of Time conſum'd, the Fire
Famiſh'd for want of Fewel muſt expire.
A Race of Men there are, as Fame has told,
Who ſhiv'ring ſuffer *Hyperborean* Cold,
Till nine times bathing in *Minerva*'s Lake,
Soft Feathers, to defend their naked Sides, they take.
'Tis ſaid, the *Scythian* Wives (believe who will)
Transform themſelves to Birds by Magick Skill;
Smear'd over with an Oil of wond'rous Might,
That adds new Pinions to their airy Flight.
But this by ſure Experiment we know,
That living Creatures from Corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow Pit a ſlaughter'd Steer,
Bees from his putrid Bowels will appear;
Who like their Parents haunt the Fields, and bring
Their Hony-Harveſt home, and hope another Spring.
The Warlike-Steed is multiply'd, we find,
To Waſps and Hornets of the Warrior Kind.
Cut from a Crab his crooked Claws, and hide
The reſt in Earth, a Scorpion thence will glide,
And ſhoot his Sting, his Tail in Circles toſs'd
Refers the Limbs his backward Father loſt:
And Worms, that ſtretch on Leaves their filmy Loom,
Crawl from their Bags, and Butterflies become.
Ev'n Slime begets the Frog's loquacious Race:
Short of their Feet at firſt, in little ſpace
With Arms and Legs endu'd, long Leaps they take
Rais'd on their hinder Part, and ſwim the Lake,
And Waves repel: For Nature gives their Kind,
To that Intent, a Length of Legs behind.
The Cubs of Bears a living Lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd Figure wear.

Their Mother licks 'em into Shape, and gives
As much of Form, as ſhe her ſelf receives.
The Grubs from their ſexangular Abode
Crawl out unfiniſh'd, like the Maggot's Brood:
Trunks without Limbs; till time at leiſure brings
The Thighs they wanted, and their tardy Wings.
The Bird who draws the Carr of *Juno*, vain
Of her crown'd Head, and of her Starry Train;
And he that bears th' Artillery of *Jove*,
The ſtrong-pounc'd Eagle, and the billing Dove;
And all the feather'd Kind, who cou'd ſuppoſe
(But that from Sight the ſureſt Senſe he knows)
They from th' included Yolk not ambient White aroſe.
There are who think the Marrow of a Man,
Which in the Spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the Pith corrupted will become
A Snake, and hiſs within the hollow Tomb.
All theſe receive their Birth from other Things;
But from himſelf the *Phœnix* only ſprings:
Self-born, begotten by the Parent Flame
In which he burn'd, Another and the Same;
Who not by Corn or Herbs his Life ſuſtains,
But the ſweet Eſſence of *Amomum* drains:
And watches the rich Gums *Arabia* bears,
While yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears.
He, (his five Centuries of Life fulfill'd)
His Neſt on Oaken Boughs begins to build,
Or trembling Tops of Palm, and firſt he draws
The Plan with his broad Bill, and crooked Claws,
Nature's Artificers; on this the Pile
Is form'd, and riſes round, then with the Spoil
Of *Caſia*, *Cynamon*, and Stems of *Nard*,
(For Softneſs ſtrew'd beneath) his Fun'ral Bed is rear'd:

Fun'ral and Bridal both; and all around
The Borders with corruptleſs Myrrh are crown'd,
On this incumbent; 'till ætherial Flame
Firſt catches, then conſumes the coſtly Frame:
Conſumes him too, as on the Pile he lies;
He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.
An Infant-*Phœnix* from the former ſprings,
His Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings
Shakes off his Parent Duſt, his Method he purſues,
And the ſame Leaſe of Life on the ſame Terms renews.
When grown to Manhood he begins his Reign,
And with ſtiff Pinions can his Flight ſuſtain,
He lightens of its Load, the Tree that bore
His Father's Royal Sepulcher before,
And his own Cradle: This (with pious Care
Plac'd on his Back) he cuts the buxome Air,
Seeks the Sun's City, and his ſacred Church,
And decently lays down his Burden in the Porch.
A Wonder more amazing wou'd we find?
Th' *Hyæna* ſhows it, of a double Kind,
Varying the Sexes in alternate Years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin *Camelion* fed with Air, receives
The Colour of the Thing to which he cleaves.
India when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring God
For planted Vines the ſharp-ey'd *Lynx* beſtow'd,
Whoſe Urine, ſhed before it touches Earth,
Congeals in Air, and gives to Gems their Birth.
So *Coral* ſoft, and white in Ocean's Bed,
Comes harden'd up in Air, and glows with Red.
All changing Species ſhould my Song recite;
Before I ceas'd, wou'd change the Day to Night.

Nations

Nations and Empires flouriſh, and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time ſoftens hardy People, Time again
Hardens to War a ſoft, unwarlike Train.
Thus *Troy* for ten long Years her Foes withſtood,
And daily bleeding bore th' Expence of Blood:
Now for thick Streets it ſhows an empty Space,
Or only fill'd with Tombs of her own periſh'd Race,
Her ſelf becomes the Sepulcher of what ſhe was.
Mycenè, *Sparta*, *Thebes* of mighty Fame,
Are vaniſh'd out of Subſtance into Name.
And *Dardan Rome* that juſt begins to riſe,
On *Tiber*'s Banks, in time ſhall mate the Skies:
Widening her Bounds, and working on her way;
Ev'n now ſhe meditates Imperial Sway:
Yet this is Change, but ſhe by changing thrives,
Like Moons new-born, and in her Cradle ſtrives
To fill her Infant-Horns; an Hour ſhall come
When the round World ſhall be contain'd in *Rome*.
For thus old Saws foretel, and *Helenus*
Anchiſes' drooping Son enliven'd thus;
When *Ilium* now was in a ſinking State;
And he was doubtful of his future Fate:
O Goddeſs-born, with thy hard Fortune ſtrive,
Troy never can be loſt, and thou alive.
Thy Paſſage thou ſhalt free through Fire and Sword,
And *Troy* in Foreign Lands ſhall be reſtor'd.
In happier Fields a riſing Town I ſee,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er ſhall be:
And Heav'n yet owes the World a Race deriv'd from Thee.
Sages and Chiefs, of other Lineage born,
The City ſhall extend, extended ſhall adorn:

But from *Iulus* he muſt draw his Breath,
By whom thy *Rome* ſhall rule the conquer'd Earth:
Whom Heav'n will lend Mankind on Earth to reign,
And late require the precious Pledge again.
This *Helenus* to great *Æneas* told,
Which I retain, e'er ſince in other Mould
My Soul was cloath'd; and now rejoyce to view
My Country Walls rebuilt, and *Troy* reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the Fall: Decreed by Loſs to Gain;
Enſlav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
'Tis time my hard-mouth'd Courſers to controul,
Apt to run Riot, and tranſgreſs the Goal:
And therefore I conclude, Whatever lies,
In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,
All ſuffer Change; and we, that are of Soul
And Body mix'd, are Members of the whole.
Then when our Sires, or Grandſires, ſhall forſake
The Forms of Men, and brutal Figures take,
Thus hous'd, ſecurely let their Spirits reſt,
Nor violate thy Father in the Beaſt.
Thy Friend, thy Brother, any of thy Kin,
If none of theſe, yet there's a Man within:
O ſpare to make a *Thyeſtæan* Meal,
T'incloſe his Body, and his Soul expel.
Ill Cuſtoms by degrees to Habits riſe,
Ill Habits ſoon become exalted Vice:
What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin
So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?
Deaf to the Calf that lyes beneath the Knife,
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life:
Deaf to the harmleſs Kid, that e're he dies
All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy Childrens Cries.

Where will he ſtop, who feeds with Houſhold Bread,
Then eats the Poultry which before he fed?
Let plough thy Steers; that when they loſe their Breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their Death.
Let Goats for Food their loaded Udders lend,
And Sheep from Winter-cold thy Sides defend;
But neither Sprindges, Nets, nor Snares employ,
And be no more Ingenious to deſtroy.
Free as in Air, let Birds on Earth remain,
Nor let inſidious Glue their Wings conſtrain;
Nor opening Hounds the trembling Stag affright,
Nor purple Feathers intercept his Flight:
Nor Hooks conceal'd in Baits for Fiſh prepare,
Nor Lines to heave 'em twinkling up in Air.
Take not away the Life you cannot give:
For all Things have an equal Right to live.
Kill noxious Creatures, where 'tis Sin to ſave;
This only juſt Prerogative we have:
But nouriſh Life with vegetable Food,
And ſhun the ſacrilegious Taſte of Blood.
Theſe Precepts by the *Samian* Sage were taught,
Which Godlike *Numa* to the *Sabines* brought,
And thence transferr'd to *Rome*, by Gift his own:
A willing People, and an offer'd Throne.
O happy Monarch, ſent by Heav'n to bleſs
A Salvage Nation with ſoft Arts of Peace,
To teach Religion, Rapine to reſtrain,
Give Laws to Luſt, and Sacrifice ordain:
Himſelf a Saint, a Goddeſs was his Bride,
And all the Muſes o'er his Acts preſide.

The Story of HIPPOLYTUS.

By Mr. CATCOTT.

Advanc'd in Years he dy'd; one common Date
His Reign concluded, and his Mortal State.
Their Tears Plebeians, and Patricians ſhed,
And pious Matrons wept their Monarch dead.
His mournful Wife, her Sorrows to bewail,
Withdrew from *Rome*, and ſought th' *Arician* Vale.
Hid in thick Woods, ſhe made inceſſant Moans,
Diſturbing *Cynthia*'s ſacred Rites with Groans.
How oft the Nymphs, who rul'd the Wood and Lake,
Reprov'd her Tears, and Words of Comfort ſpake!
How oft (in vain) the Son of *Theſeus* ſaid,
Thy ſtormy Sorrows be with Patience laid;
Nor are thy Fortunes to be wept alone,
Weigh others Woes, and learn to bear thine own.
Be mine an Inſtance to aſſwage thy Grief:
Would mine were none!-----yet mine may bring Relief.
You've heard, perhaps, in Converſation told,
What once befel *Hippolytus* of old;
To Death by *Theſeus*' eaſie Faith betray'd,
And caught in Snares his wicked Step-dame laid.
The wondrous Tale your Credit ſcarce may claim,
Yet (ſtrange to ſay) in me behold the ſame,
Whom luſtful *Phædra* oft had preſs'd in vain,
With impious Joys, my Father's Bed to ſtain;
'Till ſeiz'd with Fear, or by Revenge inſpir'd,
She charg'd on me the Crimes her ſelf deſir'd.
Expell'd by *Theſeus*, from his Home I fled
With Heaps of Curſes on my guiltleſs Head.

Forlorn,

Forlorn, I ſought *Pitthëan Trœzen*'s Land,
And drove my Chariot o'er *Corinthus*' Strand;
When from the Surface of the level Main
A Billow riſing, heav'd above the Plain;
Rolling, and gath'ring, 'till ſo high it ſwell'd,
A Mountain's Height th' enormous Maſs excell'd;
Then bellowing, burſt; when from the Summit cleav'd,
A horned Bull his ample Cheſt upheav'd.
His Mouth, and Noſtrils, Storms of briny Rain,
Expiring, blew. Dread Horror ſeiz'd my Train.
I ſtood unmov'd. My Father's cruel Doom
Claim'd all my Soul, nor Fear could find a Room.
Amaz'd, awhile my trembling Courſers ſtood
With prick'd-up Ears, contemplating the Flood;
Then ſtarting ſudden, from the dreadful View,
At once, like Lightning, from the Seas they flew,
And o'er the craggy Rocks the rattling Chariot drew.
In vain to ſtop the hot-mouth'd Steeds I try'd,
And bending backward, all my Strength apply'd;
The frothy Foam in driving Flakes diſtains
The Bits, and Bridles, and bedews the Reins.
But tho', as yet untam'd they run, at length
Their heady Rage had tir'd beneath my Strength,
When in the Spokes, a Stump intangling, tore
The ſhatter'd Wheel, and from its Axle bore.
The Shock impetuous toſt me from the Seat,
Caught in the Reins beneath my Horſe's Feet.
My reeking Guts drag'd out alive, around
The jagged Stump, my trembling Nerves were wound,
Then ſtretch'd the well-knit Limbs, in Pieces hal'd,
Part ſtuck behind, and part the Chariot trail'd;

'Till, midſt my cracking Joints, and breaking Bones,
I breath'd away my weary'd Soul in Groans.
No Part diſtinguiſh'd from the Reſt was found,
But all my Parts an univerſal Wound.
Now ſay, ſelf-tortur'd Nymph, can you compare
Our Griefs as equal, or in Juſtice dare?
I ſaw beſides the darkſome Realms of Woe,
And bath'd my Wounds in ſmoking Streams below.
There I had ſtaid, nor ſecond Life injoy'd,
But *Pæan*'s Son his wondrous Art imploy'd.
To Light reſtor'd, by medicinal Skill,
In Spight of Fate, and rigid *Pluto*'s Will,
Th' invidious Object to preſerve from View,
A miſty Cloud around me *Cynthia* threw;
And leſt my Sight ſhould ſtir my Foes to Rage,
She ſtamp'd my Viſage with the Marks of Age.
My former Hue was chang'd, and for it ſhown
A Set of Features, and a Face unknown.
Awhile the Goddeſs ſtood in doubt, or *Crete*,
Or *Delos*' Iſle, to chuſe for my Retreat.
Delos, and *Crete* refus'd, this Wood ſhe choſe,
Bad me my former luckleſs Name depoſe,
Which kept alive the Mem'ry of my Woes;
Then ſaid, Immortal Life be thine; and thou,
Hippolytus once call'd, be *Virbius* now.
Here then a God, but of th' inferior Race,
I ſerve my Goddeſs, and attend her Chace.

EGERIA *transform'd to a Fountain.*

But others Woes were uſeleſs to appeaſe
Egeria's Grief, or ſet her Mind at eaſe.

Beneath the Hill, all comfortleſs ſhe laid,
The dropping Tears her Eyes inceſſant ſhed,
'Till pitying *Phœbè* eas'd her pious Woe,
Thaw'd to a Spring, whoſe Streams for ever flow.
The Nymphs, and *Virbius*, like Amazement fill'd,
As ſeiz'd the Swains, who *Tyrrhene* Furrows till'd;
When heaving up, a Clod was ſeen to roll,
Untouch'd, ſelf-mov'd, and big with human Soul.
The ſpreading Maſs its former Shape depos'd,
Began to ſhoot, and Arms and Legs diſclos'd,
'Till form'd a perfect Man, the living Mold
Op'd its new Mouth, and future Truths foretold;
And *Tages* nam'd by Natives of the Place,
Taught Arts prophetic to the *Tuſcan* Race.
Or ſuch as once by *Romulus* was ſhown,
Who ſaw his Lance with ſprouting Leaves o'er-grown,
When fix'd in Earth the Point began to ſhoot,
And growing downward turn'd a fibrous Root;
While ſpread aloft the branching Arms diſplay'd,
O'er wond'ring Crowds, an unexpected Shade.

The Story of CIPPUS.

By Sir SAMUEL GARTH, *M. D.*

Or as when *Cippus* in the Current view'd
The ſhooting Horns that on his Forehead ſtood,
His Temples firſt he feels, and with Surprize
His Touch confirms th' Aſſurance of his Eyes.
Strait to the Skies his horned Front he rears,
And to the Gods directs theſe pious Pray'rs.
If this Portent be proſp'rous, O decree
To *Rome* th' Event; if otherwiſe, to me.
An Altar then of Turf he haſtes to raiſe,
Rich Gums in fragrant Exhalations blaze;

The panting Entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding Fumes pronounce a Myſtery.
Soon as the Augur ſaw the Holy Fire,
And Victims with preſaging Signs expire,
To *Cippus* then he turns his Eyes with ſpeed,
And views the horny Honours of his Head;
Then cry'd, Hail Conqueror! thy Call obey,
Thoſe Omens I behold preſage thy Sway.
Rome waits thy Nod, unwilling to be Free,
And owns thy Sov'reign Pow'r as Fate's Decree.
He ſaid-----and *Cippus*, ſtarting at th' Event,
Spoke in theſe Words his pious Diſcontent.
Far hence, ye Gods, this Execration ſend;
And the great Race of *Romulus* defend.
Better that I in Exile live abhorr'd,
Then e'er the Capitol ſhou'd ſtyle me Lord.
This ſpoke, he hides with Leaves his Omen'd Head.
Then prays, the Senate next convenes, and ſaid,
If Augurs can foreſee, a Wretch is come,
Deſign'd by Deſtiny the Bane of *Rome*.
Two Horns (moſt ſtrange to tell) his Temples crown;
If e'er he paſs the Walls, and gain the Town,
Your Laws are forfeit, that ill-fated Hour;
And Liberty muſt yield to lawleſs Pow'r.
Your Gates he might have enter'd; but this Arm
Seiz'd the Uſurper, and with-held the Harm.
Haſte, find the Monſter out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the Senate can decree;
Or ty'd in Chains, or into Exile thrown;
Or by the Tyrant's Death prevent your own.
The Crowd ſuch Murmurs utter as they ſtand,
As ſwelling Surges breaking on the Strand:

Or

Or as when gath'ring Gales ſweep o'er the Grove,
And their tall Heads the bending Cedars move.
Each with Confuſion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his Fellow's Brows, and find the Man.
Cippus then ſhakes his Garland off, and cries
The Wretch you want I offer to your Eyes.
The Anxious Throng look'd down, and ſad in Thought,
All wiſh'd they had not found the Sign they ſought:
In haſte with Laurel Wreaths his Head they bind;
Such Honour to ſuch Virtue was aſſign'd.
Then thus the Senate.----Hear, O *Cippus*, hear;
So Godlike is thy Tutelary Care,
That ſince in *Rome* thy ſelf forbids thy Stay,
For thy Abode thoſe Acres we convey
The Plough-ſhare can ſurround, the Labour of a Day.
In Deathleſs Records thou ſhalt ſtand inroll'd,
And *Rome*'s rich Poſts ſhall ſhine with Horns of Gold.

The Occaſion of ÆSCULAPIUS *being brought to* ROME.

By Mr. WELSTED.

Melodious Maids of *Pindus*, who inſpire
The flowing Strains, and tune the vocal Lyre;
Tradition's Secrets are unlocked to you,
Old Tales revive, and Ages paſt renew;
You, who can hidden Cauſes beſt expound,
Say, whence the Iſle, which *Tiber* flows around,
Its Altars with a heav'nly Stranger graced,
And in our Shrines the God of Phyſic placed.
A waſting Plague infected *Latium*'s Skies;
Pale bloodleſs Looks were ſeen with ghaſtly Eyes;
The dire Diſeaſe's Marks each Viſage wore,
And the pure Blood was changed to putrid Gore:

In vain were human Remedies apply'd;
In vain the Power of healing Herbs was try'd:
Weary'd with Death, they ſeek Celeſtial Aid,
And viſit *Phœbus* in his *Delphic* Shade;
In the World's Centre ſacred *Delphos* ſtands,
And gives its Oracles to diſtant Lands:
Here they implore the God, with fervent Vows,
His ſalutary Power to interpoſe,
And end a great afflicted City's Woes.
The holy Temple ſudden Tremors proved;
The Laurel-grove and all its Quivers moved;
In hollow Sounds the Prieſteſs, thus, began,
And thro' each Boſom thrilling Horrors ran.
'Th' Aſſiſtance, *Roman*, which you here implore,
'Seek from another, and a nearer Shore;
'Relief muſt be implored, and Succour won,
'Not from *Apollo*, but *Apollo*'s Son;
'My Son, to *Latium* born, ſhall bring Redreſs:
'Go, with good Omens, and expect Succeſs.
When theſe clear Oracles the Senate knew;
The ſacred Tripod's Counſels they purſue,
Depute a Pious and a choſen Band,
Who ſail to *Epidaurus*' neighb'ring Land:
Before the *Græcian* Elders when they ſtood,
They pray 'em to beſtow the healing God:
'Ordain'd was he to ſave *Auſonia*'s State;
'So promiſed *Delphos*, and unerring Fate.
Opinions various their Debates enlarge:
Some plead to yield to *Rome* the ſacred Charge;
Others, tenacious of their Country's Wealth,
Refuſe to grant the Power, who guards its Health.
While dubious they remain'd, the waſting Light
Withdrew before the growing Shades of Night;

Thick Darkneſs now obſcur'd the dusky Skies:
Now, *Roman*, cloſed in Sleep were mortal Eyes,
When Health's auſpicious God appears to Thee,
And thy glad Dreams his Form celeſtial ſee:
In his left Hand, a rural Staff preferr'd,
His Right is ſeen to ſtroke his decent Beard.
'Diſmiſs, ſaid he, with Mildneſs all divine,
'Diſmiſs your Fears; I come, and leave my Shrine;
'This Serpent view, that with ambitious Play
'My Staff encircles, mark him every way;
'His Form, tho' larger, nobler, I'll aſſume,
'And changed, as Gods ſhould be, bring Aid to *Rome*.
Here fled the Viſion, and the Viſion's flight
Was follow'd by the chearful Dawn of Light.
Now was the Morn with bluſhing Streaks o'er-ſpread,
And all the ſtarry Fires of Heav'n were fled;
The Chiefs perplex'd, and fill'd with doubtful Care,
To their Protector's ſumptuous Roofs repair,
By genuin Signs implore him to expreſs,
What Seats he deigns to chuſe, what Land to bleſs:
Scarce their aſcending Prayers had reach'd the Sky;
Lo, the Serpentine God, erected high!
Forerunning Hiſſings his Approach confeſt;
Bright ſhone his Golden Scales, and wav'd his lofty Creſt;
The trembling Altar his Appearance ſpoke;
The Marble Floor, and glittering Cieling ſhook;
The Doors were rock'd; the Statue ſeem'd to nod;
And all the Fabric own'd the preſent God:
His radiant Cheſt he taught aloft to riſe,
And round the Temple caſt his flaming Eyes:
Struck was th' aſtoniſh'd Crowd; the holy Prieſt,
His Temples with white Bands of Ribbon dreſt,
With reverent Awe the Power divine confeſt:

The God, the God, he cries! all Tongues be ſtill!
Each conſcious Breaſt devouteſt Ardour fill!
O Beauteous! O Divine! aſſiſt our Cares,
And be propitious to thy Votaries Prayers!
All with conſenting Hearts, and pious Fear,
The Words repeat, the Deity revere:
The *Romans* in their holy Worſhip join'd,
With ſilent Awe, and Purity of Mind:
Gracious to them, his Creſt is ſeen to nod,
And, as an Earneſt of his Care, the God,
Thrice hiſſing, vibrates thrice his forked Tongue;
And now the ſmooth Deſcent he glides along:
Still on the antient Seats he bends his Eyes,
In which his Statue breaths, his Altars riſe;
His long-lov'd Shrine with kind Concern he leaves,
And to forſake th' accuſtom'd Manſion grieves:
At length, his ſweeping Bulk in State is born
Thro' the thronged Streets, which ſcatter'd Flowers adorn;
Thro' many a Fold he winds his mazy Courſe,
And gains the Port and Moles, which break the Ocean's force.
'Twas here he made a Stand, and having view'd
The pious Train, who his laſt Steps purſu'd,
Seem'd to diſmiſs their Zeal with gracious Eyes,
While Gleams of Pleaſure in his Aſpect riſe.
And now the *Latian* Veſſel he aſcends;
Beneath the weighty God the Veſſel bends:
The *Latins* on the Strand great *Jove* appeaſe,
Their Cables looſe, and plough the yielding Seas:
The high-rear'd Serpent from the Stern diſplays
His gorgeous Form, and the blue Deep ſurveys;
The Ship is wafted on with gentle Gales,
And o'er the calm *Ionian* ſmoothly ſails;

On

On the ſixth Morn th' *Italian* Coaſt they gain,
And touch *Laciniæ*, graced with *Juno*'s Fane;
Now fair *Calabria* to the Sight is loſt,
And all the Cities on her fruitful Coaſt;
They paſs at length the rough *Sicilian* Shore,
The *Brutian* Soil, rich with metallic Ore,
The famous Iſles, where *Æolus* was King,
And *Pæſtus* blooming with eternal Spring:
Minerva's Cape they leave, and *Capreæ*'s Iſle,
Campania, on whoſe Hills the Vineyards ſmile,
The City, which *Alcides*' Spoils adorn,
Naples, for ſoft Delight and Pleaſure born,
Fair *Stabiæ*, with *Cumean* Sybil's Seats,
And *Baia*'s tepid Baths, and green Retreats:
Linternum next they reach, where balmy Gums
Diſtil from maſtic Trees, and ſpread Perfumes:
Caieta, from the Nurſe ſo nam'd, for whom
With pious Care *Æneas* rais'd a Tomb,
Vulturne, whoſe Whirlpools ſuck the numerous Sands,
And *Trachas*, and *Minturnæ*'s marſhy Lands,
And *Formiæ*'s Coaſt is left, and *Circe*'s Plain,
Which yet remembers her enchanting Reign;
To *Antium*, laſt, his Courſe the Pilot guides;
Here, while the anchor'd Veſſel ſafely rides,
(For now the ruffled Deep portends a Storm)
The ſpiry God unfolds his ſpheric Form,
Thro' large Indentings draws his lubric Train,
And ſeeks the Refuge of *Apollo*'s Fane;
The Fane is ſituate on the yellow Shore:
When the Sea ſmil'd, and the Winds raged no more,
He leaves his Father's hoſpitable Lands,
And furrows, with his rattling Scales, the Sands

Along the Coaſt; at length the Ship regains,
And ſails to *Tibur* and *Lavinum*'s Plains.
Here mingling Crowds to meet their Patron came,
Ev'n the chaſt Guardians of the *Veſtal* Flame,
From every Part tumultuous they repair,
And joyful Acclamations rend the Air:
Along the flowry Banks, on either Side,
Where the tall Ship floats on the ſwelling Tide,
Diſpos'd in decent Order Altars riſe;
And crackling Incenſe, as it mounts the Skies,
The Air with Sweets refreſhes; while the Knife,
Warm with the Victim's Blood, let's out the ſtreaming Life.
The World's great Miſtreſs, *Rome*, receives him now;
On the Maſt's Top reclin'd he waves his Brow,
And from that Height ſurveys the great Abodes,
And Manſions worthy of reſiding Gods.
The Land, a narrow Neck, it ſelf extends,
Round which his Courſe the Stream divided bends;
The Stream's two Arms, on either ſide, are ſeen,
Stretch'd out in equal length; the Land between.
The Iſle, ſo called, from hence derives its Name:
'Twas here the ſalutary Serpent came;
Nor ſooner has he left the *Latian* Pine,
But he aſſumes again his Form divine,
And now no more the drooping City mourns,
Joy is again is reſtor'd, and Health returns.

The Deification of JULIUS CÆSAR.

But *Æſculapius* was a foreign Power:
In his own City *Cæſar* we adore:
Him Arms and Arts alike renown'd beheld,
In Peace conſpicuous, dreadful in the Field;

His rapid Conqueſts, and ſwift-finiſh'd Wars,
The Hero juſtly fix'd among the Stars;
Yet is his Progeny his greateſt Fame:
The Son immortal makes the Father's Name.
The Sea-girt *Britons*, by his Courage tam'd,
For their high rocky Cliffs, and Fierceneſs fam'd;
His dreadful Navies, which victorious rode
O'er *Nile*'s affrighted Waves and ſeven-fourced Flood;
Numidia, and the ſpacious Realms regain'd,
Where *Cyniphis* or flows, or *Juba* reign'd;
The Powers of titled *Mithridates* broke,
And *Pontus* added to the *Roman* Yoke;
Triumphal Shows decreed, for Conqueſts won,
For Conqueſts, which the Triumphs ſtill out-ſhone;
Theſe are great Deeds; yet leſs, than to have giv'n
The World a Lord, in whom, propitious Heav'n,
When you decreed the Sovereign Rule to place,
You bleſt with laviſh Bounty human Race.
Now leſt ſo great a Prince might ſeem to riſe
Of mortal Stem, his Sire muſt reach the Skies;
The beauteous Goddeſs, that *Æneas* bore;
Foreſaw it, and foreſeeing did deplore;
For well ſhe knew, her Hero's Fate was nigh,
Devoted by conſpiring Arms to die.
Trembling and pale, to every God, ſhe cry'd,
Behold, what deep and ſubtle Arts are try'd,
To end the laſt, the only Branch that ſprings
From my *Iülus*, and the *Dardan* Kings!
How bent they are! how deſperate to deſtroy
All that is left me of unhappy *Troy*!
Am I alone by Fate ordain'd to know
Uninterrupted Care, and endleſs Woe?

Now from *Tydides*' Spear I feel the Wound:
Now *Ilium*'s Towers the hoſtile Flames ſurround:
Troy laid in Duſt, my exil'd Son I mourn,
Thro' angry Seas, and raging Billows born;
O'er the wide Deep his wandring Courſe he bends;
Now to the ſullen Shades of *Styx* deſcends,
With *Turnus* driv'n at laſt fierce Wars to wage,
Or rather with unpitying *Juno*'s Rage.
But why record I now my antient Woes?
Senſe of paſt Ills in preſent Fears I loſe;
On me their Points the impious Daggers throw;
Forbid it, Gods, repel the direful Blow:
If by curs'd Weapons *Numa*'s Prieſt expires,
No longer ſhall ye burn, ye veſtal Fires.
While ſuch Complainings *Cypria*'s Grief diſcloſe;
In each celeſtial Breaſt Compaſſion roſe:
Not Gods can alter Fate's reſiſtleſs Will;
Yet they foretold by Signs th' approaching Ill.
Dreadful were heard, among the Clouds, Alarms
Of ecchoing Trumpets, and of claſhing Arms;
The Sun's pale Image gave ſo faint a Light,
That the ſad Earth was almoſt veil'd in Night;
The *Æther*'s Face with fiery Meteors glow'd;
With Storms of Hail were mingled Drops of Blood;
A dusky Hue the Morning Star o'erſpread,
And the Moon's Orb was ſtain'd with Spots of Red;
In every place portentous Shrieks were heard,
The fatal Warnings of th' infernal Bird;
In every Place the Marble melts to Tears;
While in the Groves, rever'd thro' length of Years,
Boding and awful Sounds the Ear invade;
And ſolemn Muſic warbles thro' the Shade;

No

No Victim can attone the impious Age,
No Sacrifice the wrathful Gods aſſuage;
Dire Wars and civil Fury threat the State;
And every Omen points out *Cæſar*'s Fate:
Around each hallow'd Shrine, and ſacred Dome,
Night-howling Dogs diſturb the peaceful Gloom;
Their ſilent Seats the wandring Shades forſake,
And fearful Tremblings the rock'd City ſhake.
Yet could not, by theſe Prodigies, be broke
The plotted Charm, or ſtaid the fatal Stroke;
Their Swords th' Aſſaſſins in the Temple draw;
Their murthering Hands nor Gods nor Temples awe;
This ſacred Place their bloody Weapons ſtain,
And Virtue falls before the Altar ſlain.
'Twas now fair *Cypria*, with her Woes oppreſt,
In raging Anguiſh ſmote her heav'nly Breaſt;
Wild with diſtracting Fears, the Goddeſs try'd
Her Hero in th' etherial Cloud to hide,
The Cloud, which youthful *Paris* did conceal,
When *Menelaüs* urged the threatning Steel;
The Cloud, which once deceiv'd *Tydides*' Sight,
And ſav'd *Æneas* in th' unequal Fight.
When *Jove*-----In vain, fair Daughter, you aſſay
To o'er-rule Deſtiny's unconquer'd Sway:
Your Doubts to baniſh, enter *Fate*'s Abode;
A Privilege to heav'nly Powers allow'd;
There ſhall you ſee the Records grav'd, in length,
On Ir'n and ſolid Braſs, with mighty Strength;
Which Heav'n's and Earth's Concuſſion ſhall endure;
Maugre all Shocks, eternal and ſecure:
There, on perennial Adamant deſign'd,
The various Fortunes of your Race you'll find:

Well I have mark'd 'em, and will now relate
To thee the ſettled Laws of future Fate.
He, Goddeſs, for whoſe Death the Fates you blame,
Has finiſh'd his determin'd Courſe with Fame:
To thee 'tis giv'n, at length, that he ſhall ſhine
Among the Gods, and grace the worſhip'd Shrine:
His Son to all his Greatneſs ſhall be Heir,
And worthily ſucceed to Empire's Care:
Our ſelf will lead his Wars, reſolv'd to aid
The brave Avenger of his Father's Shade:
To him its Freedom *Mutina* ſhall owe,
And *Decius* his auſpicious Conduct know:
His dreadful Powers ſhall ſhake *Pharſalia*'s Plain,
And drench in Gore *Philippi*'s Fields again:
A mighty Leader, in *Sicilia*'s Flood,
Great *Pompey*'s warlike Son, ſhall be ſubdu'd:
Ægypt's ſoft Queen, adorn'd with fatal Charms,
Shall mourn her Soldier's unſucceſsful Arms;
Too late ſhall find, her ſwelling Hopes were vain,
And know, that *Rome* o'er *Memphis* ſtill muſt reign:
What name I *Afric* or *Nile*'s hidden Head?
Far as both Oceans roll, his Power ſhall ſpread:
All the known Earth to him ſhall Homage pay,
And the Seas own his univerſal Sway:
When cruel War no more diſturbs Mankind;
To civil Studies ſhall he bend his Mind,
With equal Juſtice guardian Laws ordain,
And by his great Example Vice reſtrain:
Where will his Bounty or his Goodneſs end?
To Times unborn his gen'rous Views extend;
The Virtues of his Heir our Praiſe engage,
And promiſe Bleſſings to the coming Age:

Late ſhall he in his Kindred Orbs be placed,
With *Pylian* Years and crowded Honours graced.
Mean time, your Hero's fleeting Spirit bear,
Freſh from his Wounds, and change it to a Star:
So ſhall great *Julius* Rites divine aſſume,
And from the Skies eternal ſmile on *Rome*.
This ſpoke; the Goddeſs to the Senate flew;
Where, her fair Form conceal'd from mortal View,
Her *Cæſar*'s heav'nly Part ſhe made her Care,
Nor left the recent Soul to waſte to Air;
But bore it upwards to its native Skies:
Glowing with new-born Fires ſhe ſaw it riſe;
Forth ſpringing from her Boſom up it flew,
And kindling, as it ſoar'd, a Comet grew;
Above the Lunar Sphere it took its Flight,
And ſhot behind it a long Trail of Light.

The Reign of AUGUSTUS, *in which* OVID *flouriſh'd.*

Thus rais'd, his glorious Off-ſpring *Julius* view'd,
Beneficently Great, and ſcattering Good,
Deeds, that his own ſurpaſs'd, with Joy beheld,
And his large Heart dilates to be excell'd.
What tho' this Prince refuſes to receive
The Preference, which his juſter Subjects give;
Fame uncontroll'd, that no Reſtraint obeys,
The Homage, ſhunn'd by modeſt Virtue, pays,
And proves diſloyal only in his Praiſe.
Tho' great his Sire, him greater we proclaim:
So *Atreus* yields to *Agamemnon*'s Fame;
Achilles ſo ſuperior Honours won,
And *Peleus* muſt ſubmit to *Peleus*' Son;
Examples yet more Noble to diſcloſe,
So *Saturn* was eclipſed, when *Jove* to Empire roſe

Jove rules the Heav'n's; the Earth *Auguſtus* ſways;
Each claims a Monarch's and a Father's Praiſe.
Celeſtials, who for *Rome* your Cares employ;
Ye Gods, who guarded the Remains of *Troy*;
Ye native Gods, here born and fix'd by Fate;
Quirinus, Founder of the *Roman* State;
O Parent *Mars*, from whom *Quirinus* ſprung;
Chaſte *Veſta*, *Cæſar*'s houſhold Gods among,
Moſt ſacred held; domeſtic *Phœbus*, thou,
To whom with *Veſta* chaſte alike we bow;
Great Guardian of the high *Tarpeian* Rock;
And all ye Powers, whom Poets may invoke;
O grant, that Day may claim our Sorrows late,
When loved *Auguſtus* ſhall ſubmit to Fate,
Viſit thoſe Seats, where Gods and Heroes dwell,
And leave, in Tears, the World he rul'd ſo well!

The POET *concludes.*

The Work is finiſh'd, which nor dreads the Rage
Of Tempeſts, Fire, or War, or waſting Age:
Come, ſoon or late, Death's undetermin'd Day,
This mortal Being only can decay;
My nobler Part, my Fame, ſhall reach the Skies,
And to late Times with blooming Honours riſe:
Whate'er th' unbounded *Roman* Power obeys,
All Climes and Nations ſhall record my Praiſe:
If 'tis allow'd to Poets to divine,
One half of round Eternity is mine.

F I N I S.